



# WARLOCK OF THE MAGUS WORLD

BOOK 11

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EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

# Warlock of the Magus World

(巫界术士)

by

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# Synopsis

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-What happens when a scientist from a futuristic world reincarnates in a World of Magic and Knights?

An awesome MC is what happens!

A scientist's goal is to explore the secrets of the universe, and this is exactly what Leylin sets out to do when he is reincarnated.

Dark, cold and calculating, he makes use of all his resources as he sets off on his adventures to meet his goal.

Face? Who needs that... Hmmm... that guy seems too powerful for me to take on now... I better keep a low profile for now.

You want me to help you? Sure... but what benefit can I get out of it? Nothing? Bye.

Hmmm... that guy looks like he might cause me problems in the future.

Should I let him off for now and let him grow into someone that can threaten me..... Nahhh. kill-

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# Chapter 1001 - Giant Serpent Church

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The plague had cut the population of the Sakartes Empire in half, and their military power had sharply declined as well. Leylin's Hope Stronghold continually absorbed the nutrients of Debanks Island and grew ever more prosperous. However, he estimated that a new wave of power would soon arise.

'The earth-bound spirits and totem spirits should be planning something massive...' Leylin stroked his chin and pondered. The spirits of Debanks Island were in fact borne of the wandering spirits of the various regions. Their strength was somewhat limited to the area they came from and the knowledge they possessed.

Leylin had only slain the spirits of small tribes thus far, even the strongest among the totems containing a shred of divinity. Even if such a spirit possessed a domain, Leylin did not fear it in the least.

However, the Sakartes Empire had several powerful spirits with strength approaching the level of demigods. In their own domains, their powers would be amplified to put them on par with true gods! Put bluntly, if Leylin stepped into the boundaries of the Sakartes Empire he would be mobbed to death by godlike spirits.

On the contrary, if those spirits dared to venture out from their domains, they would at most have the strength of demigods. Their strength would even deteriorate in the vicinity of Hope Stronghold.



Due to these conditions, Leylin was not eager to challenge them. Instead, he would continually weaken them and erode their forces. To him, these spirits were like caged beasts. He could weaken them easily with the power of faith and mortal armies, so there was no need to hurry.

With the aid of the plague, Leylin's forces grew without any resistance, slicing through their opponents like hot knives through butter.

There were even occasional natives who had thrown off their faith in their totem spirits and requested entry into the stronghold. One tribe's nobles themselves had abandoned their beliefs to come seek shelter.

After all, Hope Stronghold represented life to the mere mortals. Outside of it, one could only wait for death. Under such immense pressure, only the most zealous worshippers of the totems would be unwilling to convert.

The spirits did not have any solution to Leylin's plan at all. Given their powers, the priests and clerics they had nurtured would at most be able to save a small part of the nobility. The commoners would be left to die. What was even more shameless was that Leylin's pathogen could infect a person even after they had been healed previously!

Debanks Island had now turned into an island of plague. The natives who didn't comply with Leylin could only hide in their city corners or altars, waiting for the inevitable plague to strike. Once most of them had abandoned their faith, the totem spirits and

earth-bound spirits would be a bunch of sitting ducks.

A demigod couldn't sustain their divine force on the backs of zealots, priests, and nobles. Their holy magic would decrease, causing more people to die. It was a vicious cycle. As their control over their worshippers dwindled, so did the domain of their powers.

Right now, Leylin's influence had spread to almost a quarter of the island. Although it started at the corner of a region, the totem spirits of the empire were unable to do anything about it. Meanwhile, Leylin's influence only grew more as each day passed. Leylin felt like he didn't even need to personally attack them. The regional spirits would go extinct purely due to a lack of worshippers.

On the other hand, it wasn't as if these spirits lacked countermeasures against him. Although large scale battles were impossible since the inception of the plague, they had passed down oracles with a strategy to stop the natives from moving over to Leylin. They were spreading rumours that it was Leylin himself who had spread the plague, which ironically was the truth.

“The giant serpent from the west cruelly dug out the hearts of our people, using their fresh blood to make a sacrifice to evil. That is how this devil of a plague was born...”

“The fair-skinned devils never came with good intentions. They covet our wealth and fertile lands, and are even prepared to use our lives in doing the bidding of their gods...” Such rumours were very prevalent on Debanks Island, some even making their rounds

within Hope Stronghold.

However, it was precisely from these actions that Leylin detected something abnormal.

‘Life and reproduction are the most primordial desires of living beings. The strength of this desire leaves even gods in awe...’ He looked at the bustling Hope Stronghold and grinned widely.

‘And the desire to live is far greater than the desire to reproduce... Even if I proclaim that I am indeed killing the natives and using their flesh and blood for sacrificial rites, they still have a strong will to live. As long as they are able to undergo my baptism and get rid of the plague, there will still be many natives who come over... Before the gods find an antidote to this plague, this situation will be irreversible. As for the rumours, they can at most increase the workload of Tiff and the church.’

The pathogen Leylin had devised was backed by his ability as a Magus, and the power of bloodlines from another world. In addition, it was only effective on the natives. It was almost impossible for those gods to find a cure for it.

“Almighty Lord... You are the colossal snake which will devour the world, the torchbearer of massacre. One day, you will turn into the stars in the sky...” Tiff entered from a large door behind Leylin, dressed in pristine white robes.

In this vast and boundless world, Leylin had finally established a church with a proper schedule. Constant battle and conquest had



given him a great number of worshippers, and the acolytes had undergone a baptism as well. They were now equipped to carry out his bidding.

He had given Tiff a group of clerics, and placed a member of his own family in charge of administration, leading to immense gratitude from both parties. Apart from that, he had a foundation of zealots in huge numbers and a church. Everything else would just fall into place.

Leylin had named it the Colossal Serpent Church, with an image of a Targaryen as the insignia. Tiff was taking care of the holy scriptures and the like. Given that he'd been infused with Leylin's soulforce and was the second legendary of the church, he had naturally been appointed as the pope.

With Tiff's contributions in nurturing the acolytes, the position was his anyway. This was in line with Leylin's plans, and Isabel would never fight over this position.

"What is it?" Leylin turned around, the occasional imposing aura radiating from his body.

"We have already captured a few suspects spreading rumours to taint your reputation," While Tiff had an inkling of the greater ploy at play, neither him nor Leylin would openly admit to it. In cases like this, unless they caught the perpetrator himself in the act of spreading the pathogen, what evidence would suffice?

As for the cure and holy water, they could justify it by saying that

Leylin's divine force countered the pathogen. He had not cultivated the domains and godhoods of plague and disease anyway, so he wasn't afraid of an investigation.

Truth be told, if the gods did try to get to the bottom of this, the Goddess of Plagues would become a scapegoat for Leylin. Who asked her to enjoy doing malicious things like spreading plagues and diseases in the first place?

An epidemic not backed by divine powers was unheard of in the World of Gods, where such a thing entailed ascending to godhood in that very domain. After all, what Leylin had done came from another world.

"Almighty Lord, should we punish them?" Tiff asked in a low voice.

The punishment would naturally be their life. After all, Tiff had originally been from the dark world, and had done countless things like this. Even the purest of good gods had people in the church carry out their dirty deeds.

"Tiff..." Leylin's voice was extremely gentle, but it carried a dignity that could not be opposed. Tiff stiffened and listened earnestly. "The church is open and above board. We will grant a fair trial even to those vile rats from the darkness, especially in such matters..."

"I understand..." Tiff put on his best thinking face and left respectfully. Leylin's meaning was for him to convict them of their

crimes immediately, only publicly. He could not fool the sages and intelligent people, but so what? In every era the commoners made up the largest part of the population.

Making the Arrest official, and substantiating it with some proof, Leylin could use his rulership to convict them. He and the church needed a white cloth to cover themselves in, and if they disposed of people on the sly it would only lead to more rumours. However, if his prestige and reputation were to pick up, those people who could see past his ploys could no longer overcome this surging wave.

Sometimes, superficiality was extremely important. With his troves of data and memories, Leylin was way ahead of the gods of Debanks Island in controlling the hearts of others.

Several days later, the trial began under the watchful eyes of the people, who bustled to watch the scene.

Tiff did not press them to admit their crimes, instead charging them for ‘smearing the holy name and causing distrust amongst the worshippers.’ It caused a huge buzz amongst the gathered people.

# Chapter 1002 - Invasion

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Hope Stronghold and the baptism of its god was the only salvation of the natives of Debanks Island. Only where the light of the Winged Serpent God shone could they avoid the plague. They could even continue living healthily, unafraid of suddenly vomiting blood and ending up dead by the roadside.

Once Tiff exposed these suspects of their crimes, it immediately drew public outrage. The masses jeered and shouted, and if not for the peacekeeping troops on standby these convicts would long since have been ripped into shreds.

These unlucky suspects were adjudged guilty. Not only did they spread rumours and dig for information on Leylin's background, they were even looking for the origins of the holy water, an extremely important mission. Each and every one of these acts was an attempt to smear the reputation of the church.

As expected of the holy protectors, these suspects whom the natives had seen on a daily basis were quickly captured. All evidence pointed towards their guilt. Although they wanted to deny these alleged crimes and confess to their other wrongdoings, they discovered that nobody would believe them.

The stereotype that bad people committed more misdeeds was a prevalent one, and the truths they spoke were dismissed. Very soon, Tiff righteously announced the crimes of these spies, and sent them to burn at the stake. This was accompanied by jubilant cheers from the public. The rumours floating around were very soon suppressed by this event.

Leylin had less and less interest in the dealings of mortals these days. The natives only had two choices anyway; they could either convert to his faith or die from the plague. With the only options offered death and salvation, it was extremely easy to conquer Debanks Island.

Having lost their worshippers, the totem spirits had turned into a thing of the past. They had no more chances to turn the tide.

However, these spirits were no fools. With their existences threatened, they would choose to gamble with their lives...

The very night Tiff ordered the execution of the criminals. The sky was bright and clear, with not a single cloud blocking the vast river of stars and the silver moon. Moonlight and starlight dimly shone upon Hope Stronghold, giving everything they touched a silver glow.

Tiff and Isabel had just ended their daily duties. Suddenly, they felt their hearts constrict and palpitate, as if some prehistoric beast was drawing towards them from the distance. A nervousness made their hair stand on end as they made their way to the windows.

“This is...” they gaped.

A trail of fire lit up the sky, its dazzling rays lighting up the horizon and basking Hope Stronghold in its radiance. At the end of this golden light were several figures with monstrous auras that left the two of them somewhat suffocated.

“The tribal gods! They came here directly...” Tiff cried hoarsely.

These totem spirits weren't foolish enough to let Leylin chop them apart. With the immense pressure he put on them, they decided to band together in a ferocious counterattack. Their sources had confirmed that Leylin was the one behind all this. If Leylin's main body was killed in a holy war, then everything would be over.

“God...” Tiff clenched his crest subconsciously, with apprehension in his eyes.

Even if those spirits had left their strongholds, they were still demigods. Although their powers had waned, they planned to overcome Leylin with sheer numbers. Although Tiff knew he couldn't lose his grip in such times, his heart still skipped a beat.

“It's the Flaming Guardian!” “Almighty Akaban, the sun god...”

The phenomenon in the skies had alerted the natives, and when many of them looked up into the skies they saw the demigods they had forsaken. They cried out in fear, calling the names of the gods they used to worship.

“There is no need to fear, children...” A voice sounded from the Targaryen statue, travelling to the depths of each worshipper's soul. It seemed to come to life, the voice carrying a soothing energy which calmed them down immediately.



Hss! A phantom Targaryen appeared in midair, facing the enemies.

“Leave this to me. Focus on the natives’ fight on the other side...” Leylin transmitted into Tiff’s and Isabel’s minds. Done with that, he raised his head and sized up what would be the most powerful opponents he’d faced since his arrival in the World of Gods.

‘Once I eliminate them, the entire Debanks Empire will fall into my hands...’ Leylin’s eyes reddened as the Nightmare Eye appeared on his forehead. Splendid golden rays lit up his body, seemingly on the verge of burning up. The powerful aura caused a few opposing totem spirits to change their expressions.

Ooo— Few totem spirits had come in the first place, they likely knew that divine beings could do little to him. The ones here were all demigods, blazing with their unique godfires.

At the middle was a gigantic flaming chariot with a half-naked native on top. He wielded a golden lance and had a grave face, emitting the distinct aura of a king as his eyes glinted with wisdom.

What was more surprising to Leylin was that the blazing horse that pulled his chariot was also a demigod, yet it stayed under the native and allowed itself to be used as a mount. On the sides of the flaming chariot were a double-headed lion with golden fur standing on end as well as a scorpion that seemed to be made of pure gold.

‘Four demigods... Is this all the hidden divine power of Debanks Island?’ Leylin met their gazes without weakness nor fear.

“Intruder, undo this sickness! I, the founding emperor of the Sakartes Empire, the Sun God and King of All Kings, Controller of All Flames, Mountains and Rivers, Akaban, can grant you a dignified death if you comply!” the demigod on the war chariot exclaimed in his tongue, holding onto the reins of the blazing horse. Since demigods could comprehend all languages and writings, there wasn’t an issue with communication.

‘Hm? His mind isn’t corroded by the faith of the natives?’ Leylin was slightly surprised, ‘Is it because he was a native soul who merged with the faith of the empire, becoming a valiant soul after death?’

As Leylin pondered over Akaban’s threats, the demigod lion and scorpion snarled terrifyingly. Scanning him more closely, Leylin could not help but feel great pity. ‘What a pity... While you’re doing all you can to comprehend godhood, you’re too ambitious. That won’t help you break through the restraints of the natives and become a true god...’

Akaban was obviously very wise in strengthening his domain, but he was still unable to become a true god. It showed how tedious this path was. Leylin conjectured that there were two plausible reasons for the failure. Firstly, there were the flaws with the natives’ souls. On the other hand, Akaban himself might be too ambitious.

The domains of the sun and moon could actually contend against greater gods, but Akaban still wasn't satisfied with them. He wanted to spread over into other roles, becoming an overlord. Pitifully, the meagre bit of faith the natives could provide wasn't enough to do so. It left him stuck as a demigod.

Had Akaban chosen domains related to the natives or savagery, he might long since have become a true god. If that were the case, Leylin would have had nothing to do with Debanks Island.

'Akaban... your misfortune is my greatest fortune!' Having thought this through, Leylin seemed to hold the pearl of wisdom. The look of absolute confidence he had evidently stabbed at Akaban's ego.

"What can a mere divine being of another race, someone who isn't even a demigod, do to resist attacks from all sides?" Given that he was a founding emperor, there were no such words as modesty or consideration in Akaban's vocabulary. He looked at convenience and benefits.

With a wave of his hands, the double-headed lion and golden scorpion surrounded Leylin. Akaban himself rode the chariot to roam the battlefield, bundles of golden flames splashing everywhere and forming a resplendent scene in the night.

The blazing horse, itself a demigod, whinnied, and a shadow of a sun rose up behind Akaban. The imposing aura curbed much of Leylin's energy, and Akaban prepared to deal Leylin the final blow.

Chik! Chik! The golden scorpion cried out without end. Its tail shot forth, containing toxins within that were much more potent than the wizards' Finger of Death. The double-headed lion roared as well, using its innate skills. One head spat out flames, while the other spat out blue lightning.

Most importantly, their domains rippled out, beginning the process of crushing Leylin.

# Chapter 1003 - Advancement

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“Surrender. You will lose in a mere contest between domains.” Akaban’s voice echoed throughout the battlefield. He was circling Leylin leisurely, aside from the two demigods in combat.

He had the valiant spirit of an emperor, and before becoming a demigod he had clearly been a tactician. His words were designed to affect Leylin’s mind. Sadly, Leylin’s own hardships had given him a will that was harder than diamond. Such challenges were pointless, only revealing Akaban’s lack of confidence to him.

‘Are you worried about any trump cards that I have? Or is it my background on the mainland?’ The gears in Leylin’s mind whirred, and he soon understood what the other party was thinking. Akaban seemed to know a little about the gods on the mainland, which was why he was guessing at Leylin’s identity.

Unfortunately, Leylin was now completely alone. Even if he were to be killed here, nobody would cause trouble for Akaban... Besides his main Warlock body, that is.

‘I can wipe out all four of them easily if I use the floating city, but then it won’t be a secret anymore...’ Leylin looked deep in thought. He had amassed a tremendous number of cards up his sleeves, and the jaws of the other gods would probably drop if they found out about it.

The floating city had shifted to the area outside Debanks Island, awaiting his next commands. At its peak performance, the floating

city could contest against true gods! Taking care of a few demigods was like playing around.

Unfortunately, such power would be sensed by the other gods, making things difficult for him in the future.

“Massacre domain!” Leylin chose to fight it out with his own strength. The dark red domain burst forth from him, allowing him to get a huge boost in strength. He was now on home ground, after all.

The dark red domain that held the power of tyrannical bloodlust abruptly expanded, and even pushed the domains of the two demigods away. They were now on equal ground.

‘Such pure bloodlust, and the strength of this domain...’ Watching from the sidelines, Akaban immediately seemed to be put deep in thought, as if he’d gotten some inspiration from Leylin’s domain.

‘Is it the purity? I was too greedy in the past... To become a true god, I’ll need to completely grasp at least one aspect.’ This inspiration seemed to change Akaban’s body, making his divine form more solid. This was the most terrifying part about him, he could learn and improve even in battle!

If Akaban could walk out of this battle, then he would be able to get rid of the heterogenous elements in his domain and obtain a divine domain. That would make him a true god!



‘Unfortunately... you won’t get that chance!’ Leylin laughed wildly, the legendary spell in his hands seemingly cast instantaneously.

### Meteor Explosion! Crushing Palm!

A dazzling explosion and a large palm drowned out the two demigods fighting him. Enraged howls sounded out amongst the bright spell lights as Leylin used Dimensional Leap to arrive in front of Akaban. A golden staff appeared in his hands.

Chiu! Chiu! Lights flickered, and a flaming golden bird came into existence. Its gigantic wings flapped out flames like they were petals as its large beak began to peck at Akaban.

“A divine being’s soul? Is that what you’re counting on? How naive!” Facing such an attack, Akaban merely frowned slightly. The horse in front of the chariot abruptly snorted, absorbing all the scattered flames.

“Seeing that you gave me pointers on my path, let me send your truesoul to the astral plane!” The golden lance in Akaban’s hand pierced forward, striking the beak of the large flaming bird.

A crisp shattering sound rang out, and the flaming bird’s beak began to fragment like glass, revealing the golden staff underneath. The beak of the bird had actually been the staff’s tip.

“Be it the strength of your domain or your accumulation of

divine force, you cannot match up to me...” Akaban seemed to sigh, his golden lance mercilessly striking the crystal at the top of the staff.

Chiu! Chiu! The large flaming bird soul in the crystal emitted a miserable cry, and the core that held a slight hint of gold shattered. However, Akaban felt that something was off.

“Haha... Thank you very much, you helped me take care of the last bit of resistance. I would have found it rather difficult to tame it!” Light flickered, and Leylin’s figure quickly left. The flaming bird at the tip of the staff exploded, and reformed.

However, unlike before it seemed to lack intelligence, looking rather stiff. Bundles of flames enveloped the staff, and energy undulations with more than legendary might rippled out.

All this happened in what seemed to be the blink of an eye. Leylin had made use of Akaban’s strength and completely subdued the flaming bird, even refining the Red Dragon Staff once more.

“The name Red Dragon Staff now no longer suits you. Let’s call you the Blazing Scepter!” Leylin sized up his work in satisfaction. As he had used the soul of a divine being and had help from a demigod, even if it wasn’t a divine weapon yet the Blazing Scepter was much stronger than other legendary items.

‘A divine weapon needs the flesh and divine force of a god to be completed...’ Leylin sighed in thought.

Meanwhile, Akaban was thoroughly enraged in front of him. “Wretched sinner! How dare you make a fool of me!”

His fury was like that of a regent, and a large hole opened up in the night skies. Blue lightning, each bolt as thick as a human arm, fell continuously. Akaban felt the ultimate humiliation in being made use of to refine a weapon, and teased by a mere divine being.

The wrath from such disrespect could only be eased with the fresh blood and soul of the sinner!

“I will show you the sin you have committed!” The warhorse snarled, and the flaming chariot charged forth. Akaban’s lance danced as the lightning in the skies gathered at its tip.

Roar! Chik! Chik! Meanwhile, the two demigods Leylin had occupied for a while pounced over as well. Although they looked a little pitiful, there weren’t any injuries. The joint attack of the four demigods pushed the air out of the region, forming a strange vacuum.

The pressure on Leylin rose rapidly, and the force that surged towards him from all directions seemed to want to tear him apart.

“As expected, a divine being trying to fight a demigod will lose...” Leylin could only smile wryly, and then began to look resolute.

“Did you only just notice? It’s too late! Your body shall be placed under my golden throne to be used as an eternal decoration...”

Akaban roared. Along with the other three demigods, his attacks soon drowned Leylin out.

Lightning, flames, poison... All sorts of forces mixed in with the power of divine force. The domains formed a colourful, spotted, and chaotic region of energy. Leylin's aura quickly weakened within, to the point that it completely disappeared.

“Even I won't be able to deal with the attacks from four demigods...” Akaban withdrew the golden lance in his hands, “It's a pity that I didn't get the method to undo the plague, but I now know that becoming a true god is possible... Hm? Wait!”

Akaban's expression quickly changed, as he sensed the descent of powerful World Origin Force.

Whoosh! The skies quickly darkened, and the stars and silver moon quickly hid their luster. It was as if a berserk dragon was travelling through the dark clouds, and compared to it Akaban's lightning was like that of a kid playing house.

“The descent of World Origin Force... This is the appointment of a demigod!” Akaban had experienced this once before, and naturally would not get this wrong.

Just as he was about to do all he could to interrupt the process, an absolute and powerful strength burst forth. Traces of the conscient of the World Will sent him and the three other demigods flying.

The gods truly were the darlings of the world, and when they advanced they naturally caught the attention of the World Origin Force. The isolating energy that came was not something four demigods could deal with.

The World Origin Force that had come roaring in immediately attracted the attention of a few powerful gods. While the advancement of a demigod was nothing much, there were a few existences who still noticed him.

“This... it feels like a demigod, and the location is at the the south of the south seas, the natives’ territories. Has a totem spirit or natural spirit advanced?” To the gods, the totems of the natives were like a group of useless things. They were weak and could not leave their respective areas, which was why they were not worthy of attention. Several streaks of godly conscients gathered in the skies, and then dissipated like this had nothing to do with them.

However, no matter how careful Leylin was, his reputation of being the youngest legendary wizard was sound, and he had caught the attention of some existences.

Golden light flickered on Faulen Island, within Waukeen’s church. It turned into a woman dressed in luxurious golden robes.

‘I could never be wrong. This aura is that of the wizard! Has he become a demigod?’ Waukeen’s eyes crinkled in a smile, ‘Interesting! His name as a genius will probably resound through the continent once more...’

At this thought, Waukeen called out sternly. “My servants!”

“Mistress!” A few priests of wealth knelt and listened to the goddess’ commands.



# Chapter 1004 - Demigod

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Leylin had no time to care about the events outside. He was currently immersed in an extremely peculiar state.

Becoming a demigod was as difficult as scaling into the skies, but it was no issue for Leylin. He'd amassed enough divine force a while ago, but he'd lacked a turning point. That turning point appeared today. The immense pressure of four great demigods allowed him to break past his limits, and pushed the ignition of his godfire.

Becoming a demigod required cooperation with the laws of the world. It was a very valuable experience for Leylin.

‘In the moment of becoming a demigod, one is shrouded in World Origin Force and laws. It is probably the safest place...’ Leylin did not worry about the events outside, immersing himself in his senses. This was just him becoming a demigod. When he attempted to become a true god with a divine realm, even a greater god would not dare attempt anything on him that moment.

The gods usually waited for the process to complete, attacking the new god at their weakest. Compared to their eternal life, a period of patience was minuscule. Just the same, Akaban's group chose to watch on, keeping some distance so as not to infuriate the World Origin Force.

“The sea of origin force has descended...” A golden light glinted in Akaban's eyes as he saw a large sea of origin force that was even

greater than the Weave. It surged forth and whistled, forming songs of praise.

‘Based on the current situation, the chances of his success are high...’ Akaban frowned, sensing that he now had another impressive enemy. But then, he laughed involuntarily.

Unlike him, the three beasts did not have many worries. ‘Even if that divine being successfully becomes a demigod, he’s still a newbie who can’t control divine force properly yet. How could he be a match for the four of us combined?’

They only felt an instinctual fear right now, unable to help growing intoxicated from studying the process in the hope of benefits. It was a rare opportunity to watch the sea of World Origin Force surrounding the ascent of a new god, and no god would let it pass them by.

‘These fellows...’ Akaban shook his head, shutting his own eyes and using his divine vision to observe the web of origin force. This gushing sea of energy represented everything in the World of Gods, showing Akaban its secrets from behind the veil.

However, this intoxication only lasted for a moment. Akaban’s eyes widened in shock as he turned in Leylin’s direction. The origin force had already formed a spiral like a black hole, its might leaving his heart thumping in fear.

‘What a huge tide of origin force... This is already comparable to a true god... Does that mean his accumulations far surpass my

own?’ The strength of Leylin’s ascent was several times greater than his own. The implications left Akaban in no mood to appreciate the World Origin Force further.

Few in the history of the World of Gods could have drawn such a tremendous sea of origin force as a mere divine being. Although Akaban did not know what this meant exactly, his expression turned dark.

However, no matter how complicated his feelings were now, he could only watch the whistling origin force surge and roll, before being sucked into the black hole with Leylin at the centre.

.....

[Beep! Unknown energy detected, host’s soul has experienced a transition. Secondary system updating...]

The A.I. Chip went to sleep.

Legendaries of the World of Gods were equivalent to Morning Stars of the Magus World. High-ranked legendaries were comparable to Radiant Moons, while divine beings were at the Breaking Dawn realm. A demigod was close to rank 7!

In other words, Leylin’s clone was now as strong as his main body in the Magus World. It was quite natural for the accumulated

energy to allow the A.I. Chip to upgrade itself.

Leylin was already beginning to anticipate the day he could return this upgraded secondary system to the original. When they combined, they would surely possess terrifying abilities!

Originally, the powerful cheat that had helped him become a Magus, the A.I. Chip, was all-powerful amongst those below rank 7. However, beings of laws had thinking speeds that did not lose out to the supercomputers of his previous world.

A series of inexplicable changes occurred as they traversed through space and time, and the A.I. Chip had fused with Leylin's soul. It could now develop with him. The chances of such an event were so small it would likely never occur again in the multiverse.

This miraculous property had allowed the A.I. Chip to upgrade itself multiple times, assisting Leylin. It could give him the upper hand at decisive moments during battles with other beings of laws!

'It's good for the A.I. Chip to sleep for a while anyway. I want my main body to feel the power of laws again...' Leylin slowly withdrew his divine conscient. The golden lustre on his body had grown even more dazzling, causing him to seemingly turn into a god made of gold. It made each and every action of his seem holy.

Lights converged, and began to blaze underneath the sea of origin force. Leylin had taken in Beelzebub's worshippers from the mainland, and established a base in the outer seas. Just the faith from that could support a demigod.

But he wasn't satisfied with just that. He'd crossed the seas to occupy a portion of Debanks Island, and he now had over 300,000 native worshippers! They were indebted to him for saving them from the brink of death, so their faith was very enthusiastic. Even with the flaws in their souls, the power of this faith was still massive, more than enough to support a new god!

All these things combined, Leylin's accumulations could be said to have reached the limits of a demigod. His massacre divinity had condensed to a point unprecedented in history.

A regular divine being would just explode, unable to contain so much power. However, Leylin was different. His main body was near rank 7, and a Warlock at that. His previous experience allowed his divine will to reach all parts of his body, controlling everything.

At this moment, all the followers that worshipped Leylin felt a surge of desire in their hearts. In this state of intense longing, all of them set aside what they were doing. They faced the holy radiance in their hands, a statue in the church, or even just the skies as they began to pray.

"Our Lord, Kukulkan... You are the world serpent that devours all. With the sharp blades of your massacres, even the stars in the sky lose all their lustre before you..." An exceptionally strong wave of faith rushed forth, immediately giving rise to an even more intense change.

Rumble! The divinity on Leylin's body was now completely visible. It burnt off all his clothing, leaving him in his birthday suit. Amidst this surge of faith, he was like a huge fire in a pool of gasoline!

Rumble! Golden flames immediately appeared on his body, glowing with a sacred lustre. With the amassed power of faith and the massacre divinity, Leylin's own fleshly body fueled the resplendent glow of the flames.

Drip! Drip! Leylin closed his eyes, each and every action following that of the World Origin Force. Under the illumination of flames, his perfect body melted like wax into the flames.

The powerful aura fell silent as everything condensed down, including the golden flames. The godfire shrank to the size of a soybean but the power that bean gave off was horrifying.

This was the foundation of a god, the godfire~ Once it was ignited, divine beings would become demigods, truly demarcating themselves from mortals. They had reached the realm of the gods!

The godfire seemed to be a condensation of all laws, and it kept shrinking and growing. It was like the flames were breathing in faith, transforming it into a pure divine force.

Only with divine force were gods able to bestow divine spells upon their followers. It was what qualified them to be gods. This godfire was what allowed the power of faith to be transformed into divine force.

While Leylin had amassed a large amount of faith with the unceasing prayers, his pitiful priests had not one divine spell. They could only spread his faith through word of mouth, and if not for the 'holy water' that could cure the plague, he could probably die trying to spread his faith on Debanks Island. Doing the same in the continent would render far worse results.

The golden threads of divine force sketched an outline of a human figure, forming first the golden bones, then the flesh, veins, and the skin. This was followed by his eyes and other features, as a god's body made of divine force took form. This was a process all demigods had to go through, their lives themselves experiencing a qualitative change as their souls were refined to a higher level.

The golden divine force vanished, to reveal the divine body's true features. Muscles bulged to form elegant and beautiful lines, holding a trace of laws as if the body itself represented the origin force of some will. His facial features were distinct, and filled with a masculine beauty. Although Leylin's appearance had not changed, he now had a tremendously imposing aura to him.

# Chapter 1005 - Divine Spells

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“Is this the feeling of being a demigod?” Leylin muttered under his breath, sensing the ever more sturdy threads of faith as well as the terrifying origin force in his body coming from the godfire. He extended his right hand, and a trace of golden power appeared in the veins on his palm.

This power was something unique to him. His will could transform it into all sorts of energy, be it qi, magic, or something else.

“Divine force?” The tremendous power of faith had been transformed by the godfire, becoming a large amount of divine force that filled up Leylin’s body. He felt like he could tear the very world apart.

[Beep! Upgrade complete!]

the A.I. Chip’s voice sounded at this moment. With Leylin’s own soul advancing into the divine, the A.I. Chip had also reaped unknown rewards. Having resumed operation, it began the tedious work of updating Leylin’s hugely changed stats.

[Beep! Host has ignited his godfire, becoming a demigod. All stats +5.]



[Host's arcanist rank has risen. Now rank 27.]

[Beep! Host's stats have all reached 20 points. Intermediate Perfect Body has advanced with the bonus of becoming a demigod, and is now Divine Body.]

[Beep! Secondary system has been upgraded, computational power increased. Analysis of levels 8 and 9 of the Weave are at 100%/. Host has obtained all spell models, and will no longer forget any spells. No materials required to cast spells.]

This was evidently the boost the godfire had given to his stats. However, even Leylin himself found the extent of the increase terrifying. Because of the restrictive laws of the World of Gods, it was very difficult to increase one's stats. Once they reached a threshold, each point would grow more and more difficult to attain, and at the same time increased one's might greatly.

This stat increase of 5 points each wasn't small at all. It was a huge increase in his power, over tenfold!

[Beep! Host's stats and data have changed greatly. Recalculating...]

Almost at the instant this prompt showed, the A.I. Chip showed his stats on a screen.

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[Leylin Faulen. Race: Human (Demigod), Rank 27 Arcanist (Legendary). Strength: 21. Agility: 21. Vitality: 21. Spirit: 27. Arcane Energy: 270. Divine Force: ??? Status: Healthy. Feats: Legendary Sturdiness, Well-Versed, Dreamscape Vision, Extreme Adaptability, Divine Body. Specialties: Origin Force Detection, Arcane Amplification, Illusions.]

[The outer Weave has been analysed completely. Beginning analysis of the inner Weave.]

“With the outer Weave done, I need to begin on the divine spells and web of faith in the inner Weave. I’m already a demigod, so I have the right to use a part of the inner Weave anyway...” Leylin muttered to himself before looking at the description of Divine Body.

[Divine Body. A god’s true form is made entirely out of divine force, and can change in any way. Grants peak tolerance to all environments as well as the ability to travel to the outer planes. Grants the permanent ability to understand all languages, as well as Epic Damage Reduction and Epic Magic Resistance. Grants immunity to all spells below rank 9, as well as other spells like Timestop.]

‘Divine Body? So that’s where the true strength of a demigod lies!’ Leylin sighed in awe as he read through the information

relating to the feat. The defence the divine body provided him ensured that few beings in the mortal world could harm him. Regular and arcane spells imbued with divine force would now become his best weapons.

‘But I can’t see my divine force statistic yet. I’ll need to determine units for it, and then find the patterns and rules behind it myself...

‘Most importantly, I can finally bestow divine spells on my priests. But that’s only up to rank 5...’ As was instinctual to a god, Leylin immediately knew what divine spells he could bestow.

‘In general, they’re all blessings and cures. There’s also Devil Detection and Massacre Blessing.’ A large number of divine spells appeared before him, along with general descriptions. There were rank 1 spells like Blessing, Cure Light Wounds, and Command; then there were rank 2 spells like Bear’s Endurance and Bull’s Strength. It went up to the rank 5 Cure Light Wounds (Mass) spell and Summon Monster. There was huge variety.

The two specific spell models he named left Leylin in deep thought. The divine spells priests could cast were all virtually the same, but sometimes there were unique ones characteristic of the god that bestowed them.

These two were Leylin’s. He was proficient at identifying devils and his domain was the massacre domain. It gave his priests spells like Devil Detection and Massacre Blessing.

‘Having acquired divine force, demigods can establish churches.

It gives them a chance to eventually compete in the mainland... After all, there isn't much of a difference other than the lower level divine spells. In fact, the time of a church's establishment is the best time to join, the first worshippers will be offered the greatest perks...

Most demigods only established their churches after igniting their godfires. Leylin, however, seemed to be ahead of the pack. If not for his astonishing capabilities and the devil worshippers and natives aiding him, he couldn't have done it so easily.

Now, his church finally had a sturdy foundation, which gave him a shot at competing with other gods for faith.

There was a special title for such demigods in the World of Gods. They were called false gods. They could bestow holy spells and reply to their worshippers' prayers, but weren't true gods yet. They were often repressed by Helm, the God of Protection.

However, Leylin's church was located on Debanks Island, so he wouldn't have to fend that off. The churches on the mainland would wind up in a worse state, so much so that they would have to cease their operations and hide in the abyss. This caused originally good demigods to shift to evil as well...

The transformation ended. What seemed to be a long while to Leylin was only minutes for the four demigods.

"He's out!" Once the tidal surge of forces died out, Akaban looked solemnly at the figure that emerged. Leylin had put on an illusory

white robe now, and although his features weren't different he possessed an imposing aura. This was the authentic aura of a demigod!

“You’ve gathered a lot of faith!” Akaban looked Leylin deep in the eye, his expression betraying his jealous thoughts. The two-headed lion, the golden scorpion, and the blazing horse had similar reactions.

“I am the devouring serpent, the ruler of massacres, the monarch of the devils... The Winged Serpent, Kukulkan!” Divine force streaked past Leylin’s eyes. He did not pay any attention to the four demigods, instead letting out a divine decree. A giant half-bodied phantom appeared above Hope Stronghold, declaring Leylin’s authority and might.

Having advanced to become a demigod, he could finally get rid of the constraints that held him back when he was weak. He could now connect with his worshippers in his true form.

“Almighty lord, you are the saviour of my soul, the salvation of the mortal world...” Many clerics found after a prayer now that multiple divine spells were inside their bodies. They were like normal magic spells, and could be cast if they were willed.

Even the most foolish would realised that the Winged Serpent God had advanced and grown stronger. They immediately cheered. The large group of priests felt like they’d gotten power which could suppress everything.

Although holy spells were not as efficient as regular spells, clerics trained much faster than wizards, not to mention the number of people who would be training at the same time.

The holy spells were extremely effective at shocking the natives. No matter what plans Akaban had made, they'd now failed completely. The numerous cheers and the tidal surge of faith formed an astonishing current beside Leylin.

“Not good! Now that he's a demigod, this is his domain. Retreat!” As a regional spirit, Akaban had the same weakness as totem spirits. The power of faith he possessed waned if he left his lands, and another divine domain would suppress him.

Before Leylin had advanced, it hadn't been at evidence. Now that he had, though, the suppression was one of equal levels, and it had a frightening effect. Akaban had originally dreamed of crushing Leylin with numbers, but after seeing Leylin's true might, but this founding emperor of Sakartes shuddered in fear.

“First you taint my domain, then you want to leave? Isn't it too late for that?” The massacre domain stretched out, covering the entire sky in crimson. It had already been strong, but Leylin's advancement had maximised its potential.

“I control massacre itself! The ichor of gods will provide me strength, their wails giving me energy. Your bones will form my sceptre, and your eyes will be turned into jewels...”

These words sounded like a song of legends, and the decree of a

curse. Leylin instantly appeared before the two-headed lion.

Roar! The demigod knew that it was in danger, and let out a crazed roar from the depths of its soul. Immense divine force appeared from its jaws.

# Chapter 1006 - Kill

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[Beep! Host is under attack, activating divine forcefield!] A formless, contorted forcefield appeared after the A.I. Chip's notification, halving the two-headed lion's might. What remained had no more effect on Leylin's divine body, not even affecting his robes.

‘Divine forcefield? So in a battle between gods, the focus is now on divine force, divinity, and their domains?’ Leylin's eyes flashed as he ignored the lion's attack. He had a way to negate it, but now that he had the powers of the divine forcefield, he could do even less.

The lion roared with rage, and Akaban and the other two demigods saw an unforgettable scene.

“Let it out...” Ignoring the lion's attack, Leylin jumped on its back and ripped through his skin and flesh. Ichor splattered across the sky.

Shing! Even as cries of anguish sounded, he pulled out the lion's spine.

Such a thing would cause severe injuries even to a demigod with a divine body. After all, the divine body took an immense amount of divine force to build. Leylin had used the World Origin Force to make it the first time, but such a thing could only happen once.



“Your blood will give me strength.” Leylin’s chant reverberated in the massacre domain, as if the best of musical accompaniment.

“Your bones will form my sceptre, and your eyes will be turned into jewels!” The chant reached a high note, and the severely injured lion shuddered. Four grotesque claws appeared from the void, stabbing the two-headed lion’s four eyes.

These claws were a murky green, the skin as dry as the bark of an ancient tree. Strange curse runes were all over them, more intricate even than the runes carved by arcanists.

The four claws pressed on the lion, causing it to cry out in extreme pain. Soon, each of its four eyeballs had been forcefully extracted from their sockets, and they flew to Leylin’s palm.

“And your soul... will become the pool of energy for my divine weapon!” Leylin looked at the lion and spat out the final line in this sacrificial rite.

Boom! Golden flames filled the sky, melting the lion’s spine to form a short staff. The eyeballs shrank continuously in midair, finally embedding themselves into the crown, becoming four differently coloured jewels.

Once Leylin spoke the last line, the world itself had seemingly stopped. Formless power restrained the lion, bringing its body in front of Leylin.

“Incinerate!” A wisp of black flame began to engulf the lion. One could see the shape of the totem spirit within, forcefully being extracted from its body and transferred into the staff. The flames licked at the corpse until they reached the godfire.

Bang! The golden flames dimmed after the lion’s death. It extinguished itself on its own, the power it had contained leaving Leylin cautious.

Crackle! White lightning streaked across the sky, as if sending off this fallen demigod. Only then did Akaban and his party regain their senses.

These demigods only wished to leave this dreamy state. What had they just seen? A demigod perished! He was on the same level as Leylin, but he was slaughtered like a lamb and turned into a divine weapon.

It had happened too quickly. By the time they regained their senses and wanted to help the lion demigod, it was already dead.

Leylin ignored the other demigods, and looked at the staff embedded with with four jewels. ‘Hmm... Although it’s a weapon made from a demigod, it’s an incomplete divine weapon, at most at the same level. Still, it should be enough as the sacred item of the church in the mortal world...’

“What’s next... is you guys...” Leylin’s eyes slanted to one side as he glared, emanating an incomparably murderous aura.

Chik! The golden scorpion chirped, turning into a black gust of wind as it disappeared. The speed at which it fled made Akaban's expression turn even darker. His trustworthy comrade had actually been scared away from just a glare.

"This isn't the strength of a demigod. Who are you?" Akaban asked, teeth clenched. He knew that the void had locked in on him, so he instead chose to ask the wise question.

"Me? I am the Winged Serpent Kukulcan! The serpent which devours everything and controls all massacre. Of course, you can address me as Leylin!" Leylin grinned, and walked over to Akaban. The increasingly pressing aura left even the demigod's horse neighing in unrest.

Although they were both demigods, Akaban could only feel fear in front of Leylin!

"Are you mocking me? How could an ordinary demigod have a strength such as yours?" Akaban howled, his eyes turning red.

"You just watched me advance..." Leylin replied honestly, but it made Akaban want to puke blood. If he knew that Leylin would be this powerful after advancing, he would have killed Leylin at all costs the moment he appeared on Debanks Island. However, it was too late for regrets now.

Leylin laughed inwardly as he saw Akaban in a state of bewilderment. Although he had accumulated many trump cards,

he was ultimately only a demigod. To really crush others on the same level was impossible. However, he didn't just have one body. There was an even more powerful Warlock, nearing rank 7, in the Magus World!

Once Leylin advanced in the World of Gods, the injuries to Leylin's main body had recovered. They did share the same soul, after all. He could now provide even more strength to the clone inside the World of Gods. Hence, fighting Leylin right now was like fighting a demigod and a near rank 7 Warlock at the same time!

Furthermore, a long period of research, along with the appearance of the World Origin Force and laws, had enlightened Leylin in many areas. It allowed him to transfer Magus spells over to this world. The claws from before, the ones that butchered the two-headed lion, were an amalgamation of his learning.

However, he still wasn't very familiar with the laws of the world. He could only cast Magus spells every once in a while, and even he hadn't expected such good results. It had only been theorized before.

The extremely powerful Magus spell had killed a demigod and scared away another. Leylin could not have asked for a better result. Of course, Leylin would not reveal these secrets to Akaban, only creating a fearsome image which would be imprinted in Akaban's mind.

“Even if you are an evil god from the main continent, don't ever dream of controlling my empire...” A holy war between gods was based on the power of faith, which was the most raw and resolute

of battles. There wasn't an inch for negotiation. Akaban's gaze was resolute, as golden rays radiated from his body.

Neigh! As if understanding his determination, the blazing horse in front of the chariot neighed loudly, as a light golden domain was opened.

“Conquest domain, huh? And with such a combination...” The A.I. Chip's light flashed in Leylin's eyes, but he was not one bit unafraid.

‘That's great, it's about time to test units for divine force. A.I. Chip, begin recording!’

[Beep! Mission established. Collecting host data, monitoring divine force]

the A.I. Chip's voice intoned.

“Hah!” Akaban was riding the flaming chariot now, waving his golden lance about. The sun runes on his body were even more visible than before, as the shadow of the sun behind him grew even more radiant and searing.

“A tribal demigod is indeed just that. There's no technique at all,” Leylin said in disgust, a wave of divine force welling in his hands.

“Divine force transformation— Absolute Break!” With divine force as the source of his power, this legendary arcane spell had obtained even more power than before. A dark light instantaneously hit the tip of Akaban’s lance.

A crack soon spread from the tip of the lance, looking like a spiderweb. A moment later, the lance turned into dust. The same came into effect on Akaban’s chariot, and his blazing horse’s armour. Akaban stared in disbelief as he separated from the flaming horse.

This Absolute Break spell had obtained an unimaginable victory for Leylin.

“However, the native demigods really are destitute. Apart from the weapon and the chariot, there weren’t any other artifacts...” Leylin waved his hand, and the golden light of divine force formed a palm.

Shattering Fist! The golden fist grew larger and larger, the runes on it as clear as water. This fist seemed to be made of flesh and blood, and carried a massive amount of power as it sent Akaban flying with a trail of blood.

“This is the strongest demigod on Debanks Island? What a disappointment...” Leylin waved his hand again, and this time an incomparably large Mage Sword appeared, shining with divine force. He chose not to control this one with his spirit, instead grabbing it by the hilt.

“Die!” The Mage Sword slashed downwards, and golden light filled the spot where Akaban was struck. The immense power even split a mountain behind the demigod into two.

# Chapter 1007 - Running After Defeat

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Wooh! As the Mage Sword was about to strike him, an enormous figure appeared before Akaban's eyes in a flash of red flames.

"No!" Akaban watched his beloved mount get torn apart before his eyes, pitiful moans spilling from its gaping jaw. The flaming horse had moved in front of him, laying down its life to take the killing blow.

"Was that Flame Teleportation? I wouldn't have been able to stop you if you fled... What a pity." Although he was uttering such words, Leylin still moved to the flaming horse's side. The demigod seemed to sense its imminent death, and it turned towards Akaban. Its eyes were full of admiration and helplessness, regret that it had to leave its partner behind.

The horse then summoned up the remaining trickles of its divine force, and an enormous sphere of flames enveloped Akaban. He disappeared from sight.

"NO!" The only thing that remained was Akaban's pained roar, his regret reverberating in the plains.

This noble steed had been his partner in all his fights. He loved and trusted it more than he did his imperial concubines and offspring. Even in death, he wanted his horse to accompany him. Were it not for such passion, how would a demigod allow him to ride it?



Now, everything would be destroyed.

“So you had such affection for your steed? What a shame...” Leylin praised Akaban’s loyalty, but the Mage Sword in his hands was unhesitatingly put to use.

Whether he was a hero or a villain was all a matter of perspective. He clearly knew that with the horse’s loyalty the chance that it could be soothed into submission was practically zero. What was his course of action, then? With the grudge between them only resolvable by death, he considered the complete destruction of his opponent the most reasonable course of action.

‘He’s already escaped the outskirts of Hope Stronghold? He really is quick!’ Having shut his eyes and sensed a faint trace of Akaban’s coordinates, Leylin gave up on his plan of pursuit.

After all, Akaban was one of the tribal gods of the natives. With the power of faith in the Sakartes Empire, he was infinitely close to becoming a true god. Given Leylin’s current strength, chasing after him would be a masochistic idea.

This went the other way as well. Had Leylin not acted so stupidly in bringing his subordinates into Leylin’s divine domain, he wouldn’t have lost as badly as he had.

‘The battle of the divine has come to an end. Now, it’s time for the battle of the mortal world...’ Although he did not intend to continue his pursuit, Leylin did not plan to let Akaban off. Since

the demigod was so reliant on the natives' faith, it was time to dig his foundation out. Once he conquered the entire Sakartes Empire, Akaban would be a stray dog with no home. Anyone could slaughter him.

"Tiff!" After returning to the cathedral, Leylin immediately expressed his intentions.

"My lord! You are the stars in the heavens, and the ruler of all there is to devour. Slaughter is the sharp sword that you hold in your hand..." Tiff answered Leylin's summons before long, appearing at the center of the cathedral. His eyes were filled with emotion.

His body still had trace bloodstains on it. It was clear that the mortals had acted in tandem with the gods that had united to attack Leylin. It was a shame, though. All their schemes had disintegrated the moment Leylin ascended and bestowed his divine spells.

"How's the current situation?" Although he could mostly divine what had happened, he still needed Tiff's personal report to obtain the concrete specifics.

Tiff knelt on the ground as he respectfully reported the situation, "The Sakartes Empire conducted a surprise raid. Luckily, my Lord, we had your blessings and managed to force them into retreat. We didn't even sustain heavy losses; those who were injured healed extremely quickly with your divine spells, returning to their troops."

The difference of morale between troops who had priests and those who didn't was like night and day. The power of the healing arts was too formidable. Healing resources were rare in the prime material plane, so the divine spells of the priests were the only clutch that injured soldiers could depend on to survive the battle. The priests were also indispensable when boosting morale directly.

The native troops hardly equalled Hope Stronghold's legions. The only upper hand they had was the surprise attack, but once the clerics came into play they were utterly defeated.

After all, their shamans and other divine Professionals could only wield their divine spells within their god's domain. In Leylin's territory, the opposing troops didn't have the home ground advantage. It was pointless to discuss victory and defeat.

"Mm," Leylin nodded. "It looks like you didn't face many enemies this time. They seemed to have pinned all their hopes on the divine battle, and these troops were only used to sow chaos and serve as a distraction..." His eyes flashed with understanding as he bestowed this divine edict.

"Those despicable natives. They will inevitably pay for their actions today in blood!" Having become a demigod, Leylin's aura had grown even more powerful. It even held a trace of the power of laws.

"As you command, my Lord! Hope Stronghold will start a war. This time, we must teach them a painful lesson!" Tiff respectfully

bowed his head.

“No, not a lesson. This will be extermination! I wish to never see the word Sakartes marked on a map ever again!” Leylin’s cold reply caused Tiff’s heart to constrict in fear.

Tiff gritted his teeth, but he still replied with determination, “Your will shall be done.” After all, Leylin was the absolute authority in this place.

“Very well!” Leylin nodded, and with a wave a golden staff flew into Tiff’s hand. Its handle was decorated in the motif of a lion, and the four differently coloured jewels on its crown shone radiantly. The entire staff seemed to be encircled by a formidable power.

“Is this... a divine weapon?” Tiff asked as he looked on in bewilderment.

“Yes. It’s a weapon I refined using the enemy’s false god. The jewels on top contain the power of lightning and fire. It’s only a demigod-ranked weapon for now, but it should serve as the authority of a pope.”

“My Lord...” Tiff’s voice was choked with emotion.

“Go, I will watch you from the skies.” Leylin waved him away.

“Yes, my Lord. I will defeat the entire Sakartes Empire for you,

and conquer all of Debanks Island!” Tiff solemnly swore to Leylin.

.....

Leylin’s ascension hadn’t just affected him. Hope Stronghold itself had grown enormously stronger. With the support of the priests’ divine spells, the troops could now show a military power that was several times greater than before. As for seizing the opportunity to conquer the Sakartes Empire in battle, it was already a foregone conclusion.

With the boost from Leylin’s divine aura and divine weapons, Hope Stronghold’s main army effortlessly invaded the heart of the Sakartes Empire with irresistible force. The decadent native troops were unable to withstand a single blow.

Well, this was all really just the propaganda spread by the church. Although the outcome did not differ much from what was in the official reports, the course of events was something entirely different.

Away from their homeground, Leylin’s armies were facing enemies that had the support of a demigod and similar numbers of clerics and other divine Professionals. Their opponents possessed several hundreds of years more of accumulated resources. However, spring had arrived. Sadly, the plague that had been curbed by the bitter cold broke out vehemently once more.

In Leylin’s previous life, spring had always been the season where epidemics spread widely. The situation here was

comparable, so it was hardly surprising. The plague was even more ferocious than before as it swept across the entirety of Debanks Island, creating more and more ghost towns. With its ability to infect even those who were once cured, even the divine Professionals were left up to their ears in work.

Leylin had previously killed two demigods, and it was the same as cutting the number of available clerics in half. With the balance at such a crucial point, even a single feather's weight was of paramount importance. What then about losing half of your clerics?

Sakartes was now met with another wave of death. There were so few clerics available that even nobles were dying out, forget the commoners. The troops from Hope Stronghold who had forced their way into Sakartes numbly took over ghost town after ghost town. A high number of enemy troops had surrendered to them as well.

There was nothing else to be done. If they continued to stay, all that waited them was death. Defecting would give them the holy water that could save their lives. At the same time, those natives who had surrendered used themselves as an example to show that none of them had been turned into sacrifices, or demoted to slaves after their surrender. Naturally, this situation was not without pressure.

Furthermore, for the sake of preserving their lives, those native commoners had fallen over each other in their eagerness to riot and erupt in chaos before the troops from Hope Stronghold arrived. They had even sent people to request the Stronghold to

rescue them.

Generally speaking, the current situation was going great. It would only be a matter of time before they conquered Debanks Island. In these circumstances, Leylin chose not to personally get involved.

At this point, his personal perspective and status had already changed. He only needed to respond to the daily prayers requesting divine spells, and Tiff and Isabel would take care of everything else.

Leylin had now entered seclusion. After becoming a demigod, there were far too many differences between him and an ordinary mortal. Without much experience being one, he needed to slowly feel out his new role.

With his special senses as a god, his followers were presented before him in successive screens. They were even clearer than when he'd been a mere divine being. His connection with his priests was incomparably more convenient, and a lot quicker than before. Within the limits of the Weave, he could gather faith and bestow divine skills with ease.

“Mystra probably only has complete control of the outer Weave. She can only interfere slightly with the deeper levels...” Leylin understood the innate character of the Goddess of the Weave in that moment. She was essentially a jailor in charge of looking after the many Magi at the core. The numerous gods would never entrust their own worshippers to Mystra's control, so there were considerable limits to her influence.

# Chapter 1008 - Beginning Of Battle

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‘The inner Weave is a convenient way for a god to channel faith towards them. It didn’t reject me using it, so it seems to be open... The basic requirement is that one is a demigod?’ Leylin looked lost in thought.

‘The innermost core of the Weave, as well as Karsus’ Avatar, the rank 12 spell...’ The thought of how difficult it was to release the conscients of the numerous Magi, even Leylin frowned. He had to get rid of the entire Weave to do so, which included the outer Weave that numerous wizards counted on and the inner Weave that the gods used as a channel for faith.

Would the gods willingly abandon such a convenient channel as the Weave? Regardless of their intellectual abilities, and their ability to count the number of worshippers in their divine realms in an instant, the Weave was more than just an upgrade to their calculative abilities. It greatly reduced the cost of bestowing divine spells, and increased the convenience. Having become used to such a great advantage, could they still accept and tolerate more traditional methods?

‘Once I shatter the Weave, I’ll be going up against the entire World of Gods...’ Leylin looked grim, ‘It won’t just be true gods. All demigods, and even nature spirits or divine beings who can use the Weave will probably become my enemies as well...’

Only Leylin who was from a foreign world would have the guts to take on an entire world. However, even he had to consider his options carefully. While Distorted Shadow still had incomplete



consciences in the outer world, he had not done much in tens of thousands of years. That was only to be expected.

‘I’m afraid I’ll have to push my agreement with Distorted Shadow back...’ Leylin stroked his chin, having made up his mind.

Now that he was a demigod, the injuries to his main body should have completely healed. Having taken over Debanks Island, the faith in him had greatly increased. It could even support his ascent to godhood. Time was definitely on his side.

If this dragged on, and both his bodies reached a higher realm, the terror that would be brought forth when they fused would be enough for him to take the plunge and challenge the world!

‘The spread of faith is one thing in ascending to godhood. Another is to guide my worshippers, forming my unique role as a god.’ Leylin was now aware of the relationship between faith, godfire, divine force, and a god’s roles.

Faith was the source, being transformed by the godfire into divine force. This was the root of all gods, and the power of faith wasn’t all the same. There were slight differences, and for example the soul energy radiated by great anger was completely different from that in extreme fear. The faith in a demigod was heterogeneous, so it took a lot of effort to transform it into divine force.

A god’s roles acted as a guide, planning for the soul energy of their worshippers in advance. If godfire was an engine that

purified faith to provide a more stable source of power, a god's roles were the key to separate the diesel from gasoline.

While in general the soul energy that could be absorbed after a god classified themselves would decrease, it would grow in purity. It reduced the burden on the divine, to the point that the amount of divine force left after the transformation was actually greater than before.

After all, which was easier— burning either diesel or gasoline, or both? Most probably would know the answer to that.

‘A god's rule doesn't simply separate soul energy. It involves delving deeper into that domain, and acquiring even more terrifying might...’ Leylin could now sense the faith from the pious worshippers and their tremendous soul energy. His godfire burned more vigorously than before, a few runes representing laws beginning to appear.

When it came down to it, a god's role was an embodiment of their laws. These runes indicated that he would soon form his own! Even the incomplete golden characters allowed Leylin to gain a better understanding of the World of Gods.

‘The essence of the runes seem to tend to massacres and conquest, as well as sickness and healing. Will my first role as a deity be amongst these?’ Leylin's eyes flashed with the rays of the A.I. Chip, ‘A.I. Chip, is it possible to record this script?’

Although these law runes were incomplete, they were very

unique. They weren't three dimensional, instead perhaps near four-dimensional. The A.I. Chip of the past would have been powerless at this, but after the upgrade it's limits weren't defined yet. Leylin wanted to test what it could do.

[Beep! Mission established. Beginning scan...]

the A.I. Chip loyally intoned, large amounts of blue data streaming past Leylin.

[Beep! Target scanned. Discovered high energy force field, attempting to break through. Successful, beginning to analyse the characters of laws. Recording... Beep! Target has the properties of a 4D image, discovered interference from spacetime radiation. Data partially lost...]

[Beep! Characters have been scanned. Records only 67.66% complete.]

The large paragraph caused Leylin to grin in glee. He looked at the database of the A.I. Chip, seeing a subdirectory under laws called 'godly role runes.' Within it were the characters that had just been scanned.

Although they seemed less complete than those in the godfire, they still had the distinct charm of the original. The A.I. Chip of the past would definitely have been unable to make this scan. That it could force a partial copy gave Leylin a pleasant surprise.

‘If all these characters are analysed completely, the chances of even natives igniting their godfires to obtain godly roles should increase by 50%...’ Leylin nodded in satisfaction, and then focused on the analysis of the characters.

‘Massacre and conquest, sickness and healing?’ The results of the A.I. Chip’s preliminary scans were according to Leylin’s expectations. This was indeed the image he gave the natives of Debanks Island.

The selection of a god’s role could easily give rise to battles between gods. Based on the A.I. Chip’s conclusions, Leylin sank into deep thought. ‘The characters of laws show that most of my faith comes from massacre and sickness. They’re the most likely way for me to become a god. There’s less in terms of conquest; the natives don’t really have a concept of races and culture, and there are many battles even between their tribes. Faith in healing is the least, huh.’

Pure faith would not lie, and Leylin could only laugh wryly. From the looks of it, even if his church bestowed holy water and helped with the sickness, the natives still treated him as a personification of massacres, sickness, and death.

‘Well, faith arising from reverence is always more stable than that from love and respect...’ The grin on Leylin’s face widened,

‘Looks like I’m not fated to be in the good faction...’

Leylin had already decided to walk the path of massacres. With the power he held, he definitely wouldn’t side with the good gods anyway.

“From the power of faith alone, massacre and sickness seem more stable...” Leylin had made his choice. He valued a domain in massacres more than one in sickness. Besides, few gods had grasped it, some of them being Cyric and Malar.

Although Cyric was a greater god, he was half-crazy, paying no mind to the administration of his mortal church. It had caused the priests of murder great distress. Things were different with sicknesses and plague. Leylin would rather fight against lunatics and beasts than the Goddess of Plagues who was clear-headed. He did not wish for there to be occasional plagues in his territories.

“And... Cyric?” Leylin lowered his face, ridiculing him with soundless laughter...

.....

From the viewpoint of the gods, everything on Debanks Island was right before their eyes.

“Saintess, our vanguard has already taken over the two citadels in Ado City and Dole City. As long as we get Dul City as well, the capital of the empire shall be right before our eyes!” The troops of

Hope Stronghold were proceeding smoothly along the massive lands.

The girl Leylin had conferred a title to, Saintess Barbara, had completed her routine prayers. She was now listening to the routine reports of a native army official.

Golden light flashed on her fair forehead, causing her to be bathed in a holy lustre. Aya and her little brother stood respectfully at her side, having become her maid and servant. Out of gratitude for their saviour, as well as the need for survival, the two of them now worked for her. The Saintess seemed to admire the great relationship of the pair, and had brought them with her.

“The capital?” Aya’s eyes lit up as if she had recalled something, but that quickly dimmed.

Barbara seemed to think of something, and she asked, “Aya! You came from near the capital, right?”

“Mm! I was once a clanswoman of Ado City’s Juna Tribe. I escaped with the rest of my tribe once plague struck...” Aya spoke slowly, and her brother bowed his head as if he had recalled something terrible. Truth be told, most of the natives that had fled with them had died on the way. Sickness and famine were the greatest natural enemies of the commoners.

Less than one in ten had gotten across the mountains and waters, making it to Hope Stronghold.

# Chapter 1009 - Devil Hunter

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Recalling the hardship along the way, and how they'd made it safely, Aya felt like she was in a dream.

‘This is all due to Master Kukulkan!’ At this thought, she couldn’t help but grab the sacred crest in her hands, beginning to pray silently.

‘Mm, the imperial capital of the Sakartes Empire. If I can take that down and offer it to the master...’ An idea arose in Barbara’s mind, filling her thoughts. She wasn’t being greedy, everything was just happening too smoothly.

Although she’d brought less than ten thousand troops from Hope Stronghold, many natives suffering from sickness had requested to enter. Even those from the imperial army changed sides. On top of that, having obtained the news about the divine battle through some secret channels, even the nobles of the Sakartes Empire began to waver.

The consequence of this was that Barbara’s army expanded without effort, even getting close to the capital with easy victories. Along the way, many native refugees had taken on arduous jobs, to obtain the ‘holy water’ and the blessings of the Winged Serpent God. The secondary army also suppressed rebellions to express their loyalty.

Knowing that Hope Stronghold lacked people, Barbara accepted the offers of all the refugees and armies. In a short period of time,

their army had expanded fivefold to reach 50,000 strong.

Tiff had originally been worried of spies sneaking in, but it seemed like the natives had no such intentions. Instead, it was the huge numbers that made command and logistics a headache. There had been a few times when things were extremely chaotic.

Unable to contend with such an oversized army, the Sakartes Empire seemed to be done for. The continuous successes had naturally raised Barbara's ambitions.

'As long as I take Dolw City down, the imperial capital will lose all its protection...' Barbara planned in her mind. But then she looked at the city in the distance and was stunned.

Thick black rose into the sky, and screams could be heard in the distance. A knight darted over, looking like he had some urgent information. "Report!"

"Let him come!" Barbara waved her arms, and the guards that had held him back dispersed.

"Saintess, a few leaders of Dole City have joined hands in rebellion. They have control of the entire city now, and agree to worship the Winged Serpent God... But only if we give them holy water as soon as possible. They also hope that we can take the city's people in now that there's chaos..."

"Proceed!" Barbara sent down the order after a nod.



These scenarios had gotten her very excited at the start, but by now she was numb. There was even a feeling of disappointment, that these achievements weren't her own. Still, there were important things to do at the moment.

The takeover of the city went smoothly. Under the threat of death, there were very rare cases of false surrender. With previous experience, Barbara sent a few people to help fight the fire before meeting the leaders. After she promised holy water, the entirety of Dole City was somewhat within her grasp.

The 'somewhat' arose from the continued existence of altars and priests. It was the last resistance Dole City had to offer. Battles involving faith were far more terrifying than the rest, so Barbara didn't relent and instead headed to the altar.

"Saintess, the altar here is for two false gods. One is the giant flaming horse, Woods, and the other the founding emperor Akaban. Although the horse's priests have lost all power, the clergy of Akaban still has the support of divine force. They've managed to get a group of soldiers to guard them..."

One of the leaders who were now on their side led the way, smiling slyly. After changing sides, their totem spirits had immediately become false gods. Were Leylin here, he would definitely lament the practical nature of humans.

"I understand. Leave the rest to the church!" Barbara watched the altar that was now a defensive structure, and her beautiful

brows furrowed slightly. Although she was disgusted by the betrayal of these leaders, she had no choice but to take them in as examples for the rest.

Having lost two demigods, the priests could no longer meet the demand for healing. At this rate, death was certain. Barbara understood the betrayal for the sake of survival. Still, the remaining resistance made things a little troublesome.

“Bring the warriors of the church.” Having walked around the defensive structure, Barbara finally acknowledged that the enemy’s elite forces were truly powerful. Thus, she sent her own elites as well.

The natives had exemplary Professionals as well. There were hunters and amazon warriors that caused Isabel some trouble. Many of those guarding the altar were of the same type.

However, the Giant Serpent Church was a military church as well, and he now had a huge number of natives under him. A batch of half-naked native warriors with devil tattoos arrived in front of Barbara, each of them highly capable.

“Saintess! The warriors of our Lord shall heed your commands!”

“Good! Use your fury to expel the last remaining filth of these false gods!” Barbara commanded, standing in front.

Almost the instant the mobilisation order arrived, these natives

changed greatly. They all began to grow, their muscles bulging bit by bit as they quickly became miniature giants. The lustre of divine spells lit up their bodies, carrying the unique radiance of the Winged Serpent God.

Under the illumination of this radiance, the devil tattoos on their bodies grew more vivid, and their eyes shone with a demonic glare. These warriors had been bestowed abilities reserved for devils!

“For our Lord!” The native warriors charged forward without hesitation, their attacks as powerful as a tsunami around the altar.

“The number of our Lord’s warriors has increased greatly...” Barbara now looked reassured, and she cast divine spells alongside the other priests to boost them.

Priests and military strength were extremely important to a church. Tyr, for instance, offered a distinct path for paladins. Combining his knowledge of Debanks Island with his own strength and the A.I. Chip’s calculations, Leylin had created a whole new path of strength for his own church. They were the devil hunters!

Like the name implied, devil hunters combined a sensitivity to devils with the tracking ability of the hunters. By activating their tattoos, they could even obtain abilities similar to the bloodline powers of devils!

This profession was a fusion of warriors and sorcerers. It was very powerful, but it also had a few flaws. Those who trained in it had to have an extremely powerful will. The pain during the

branding of a devil tattoo was horrifying.

Thankfully, Leylin now had many subordinates. He had slowly selected beings from the 300,000 people, and it wasn't difficult to raise a few thousand devil hunters.

Leylin had especially created something special for this strength system. If a hunter could capture a real devil and seal it in their own body, they would obtain a lot of the devil's strength. It could even increase their rank! All true devil hunters had devils sealed within them.

Although Leylin did not have a blood feud with the devils yet, they were clearly mortal enemies. He'd created these hunters to strike all devils except Beelzebub's own followers. This would begin to weaken the strength of the Nine Hells of Baator.

Nobody would complain about such acts. Devoting effort into attacking devils was the 'right' course of action on the continent.

Barbara naturally knew nothing of Leylin's intentions. She was just sighing in shock at the astounding abilities of the devil hunters.

Those who had retreated into the church and guarded the altar were obviously fanatic followers of the false gods. There was no need to differentiate between them, it was enough to kill the whole lot.

Once the altar was purged, Barbara grimly stepped inside the hall. The green flooring was now dyed blood red, but she did not find anything wrong with it. To the natives, stealing everything from their opponents was something natural. This included their lives.

At the heart of the altar was an obsidian statue of a warrior riding a chariot. However, the horse leading the chariot had shattered a long time ago.

Buzz! Buzz! As if sensing the disrespect, a terrifying pressure arose from Akaban's statue.

"Hmph! False god!" Barbara merely glanced at the emperor disdainfully, and gripped the holy crest in her hands.

"Our Lord, the Winged Serpent. Master Kukulkan, please give me strength!" Holy light that was characteristic of Leylin emanated from the holy crest. White light flashed, and the immense pressure disappeared to reveal cracks on the statue.

"Destroy the statue, and purify everything that has to do with it!" Barbara ordered solemnly.

Soon enough, statues, holy crests, books, and even drawings hung on the wall were torn down, turning into ashes from the flames.

# Chapter 1010 - Founding A Nation

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Done with the basic cleanup of the church, they erected a statue of the Winged Serpent God. With Saintess Barbara's lead, numerous warriors, soldiers, and nobles knelt to pray.

"Praise to our Lord, the Winged Serpent God Kukulcan. You are the serpent of the world that devours everything and grasps the power of massacres. Your body extends across the universe, stretching into past, present and future. Your beautiful eyes are like the clearest of lakes, the water from which can cure everything..."

The statue of the Winged Serpent God began to glow with the prayers, setting the worshippers' minds at ease.

"Our master has responded, the statue is complete!" Barbara exclaimed in delight, and then began to pray loudly. The power of faith converged to form a tide.

Within this tide of faith, the two eyes of the statue seemed to come to life as they brightened with intelligence. Dazzling divine force spread in all directions across the church, covering the city and even the skies outside. It was as if it was cleansing something, repelling and rejecting a golden glow tinged with dark red.

"This is a battle between faith!"

From the perspective of a god, Leylin could see all this happening even more clearly. A large region, with Dole City at its heart, had

now completely escaped Akaban's control. His own power now filled the area.

Akaban's regions were now dwindling. From hereon out, the area around Dole City would no longer be his home ground, instead becoming Leylin's territory. Akaban's strength would drop if he came over, and Leylin would easily slaughter him.

Maps showed that the faith in Akaban had been reduced to a minimum. All that was left was a tiny region surrounding the imperial capital, the remaining lands surrounded and nibbled away by Leylin. The day they broke into the capital would be the day of Akaban's death.

This was the tragedy of earth-bound spirits and gods. They could not abandon their territories and followers, for only death awaited them otherwise. And for the same reason, Leylin wasn't in the least worried that Akaban would flee.

'Those true gods lead much better lives in comparison. They aren't limited to specific domains or regions for their faith, and even if they fall they can recover as long as faith in them still survives in the prime material plane, if their worshippers call the god's name from the bottom of their hearts... They're basically as tough as Magi of laws.'

As Leylin was pondering, his eyes suddenly shifted.

"Hm? That guy still dares to come here?" His body disappeared, reappearing at a church near the bounds of his territory.

\*Chik! Chik! A large golden scorpion was waiting in midair. Seeing him, it took the initiative to move out of the way, stowing its stinger and claws as if acknowledging allegiance to Leylin. Some information was transmitted into Leylin's mind.

'Looks like it isn't here to fight. Beasts have an instinct to follow the strong, huh.' The demigod golden scorpion was obviously here to pledge its allegiance. Seeing the death of the double-headed lion, as well as Akaban's constant weakening, this was an obvious course of action.

"Then... prove your worth to me!" Leylin transmitted with a divine glint in his eyes.

He already had plans to take the scorpion in. After all, it was a native god and had so many uses. Since he planned to expand his power and establish a pantheon, he needed to have gods in that category.

Akaban wouldn't work. He represented all of the natives here, and naturally had the right to succeed and rule over the region. Leylin had to destroy him. However, things were different with the golden scorpion, and he could use it as an example.

"You should be the totem of the Raring Winds, right? That large tribe of natives?" Leylin stared straight at it, "Use all your strength and join my attack on the capital of the Sakartes Empire. That will prove your loyalty. I also hope to see you around in the divine battle."



This condition evidently did not surprise the scorpion. Without any hesitation, it agreed.

“Alliances are so fragile in the face of disaster...” Leylin lamented as he watched the scorpion leave.

The rapid weakening of the powerful native gods had given him a great warning. When he built his pantheon in the future, he had to consider things more comprehensively. There was a need for firm contrast, and also a requirement for equal opportunity and justice at the minimum. Without these things, even if the gods grew powerful they wouldn't escape the fate of betrayal and abandonment.

“The last campaign will begin soon,” Leylin looked into the distance in the direction of the Sakartes Empire and made his own prophecy.

.....

With no more defences blocking her, Barbara was planning to take over the rest of Dole City in one spurt. However, that was interrupted by an order from the church.

“I should await orders? The pope and Lady Isabel are coming as well?” Barbara gasped, and then glanced at the emissary, “I will definitely abide the will of the pope!”

No matter how courageous she was, Barbara would definitely not go against Tiff and the others. When it came to status, she was still a native, while Tiff and the rest had been long-time worshippers. Although there was talk of equality and freedom, the natural gap between them was hard to overcome.

In addition, she was a mere worshipper herself. She naturally had to abide by the orders of the church. Barbara knew full well how much influence Pope Tiff had, and she was merely a worshipper who was bathed in their god's favour and come to be called a saintess. As long as she was not a Chosen of their god, she had no power to go against Tiff.

‘What should I do to gain more of the Lord's favour?’ Barbara placed her palm under her chin and sank into deep thought...

Leylin didn't bother with such trifling thoughts of his followers. As long as they wanted a better life on Debanks Island, all beings would side with him for a variety of reasons.

This battle was one that would wipe out an entire nation. A new order would be built on the ruins of Sakartes, and something like that would net a person both fame and fortune. It wasn't something to give someone like a saintess.

In reality, even Tiff did not have the qualifications to do so. There was only one person that could govern the area to combine both reason and law. And that was someone who had Leylin's blood flowing in them! For this very reason, once Tiff and Isabel brought the elite army of fifty thousand troops over from Hope Stronghold, Leylin himself arrived at the barracks quietly.

That their god personally came down for them immediately raised the morale of the soldiers to a terrifying degree. In comparison, Dole City was in a dismal situation.

Huge numbers of nobles chose to give up on the rule of Akaban and his children, pledging their allegiance to Leylin in secret. Once the Raring Winds that believed in the scorpion demigod hastened over with their elite warriors and over ten thousand men, they combined forces with Hope Stronghold. With such an army surrounding the imperial capital, even those who had resolutely believed in their emperor now faltered.

The tall city walls could not hinder the spread of the plague, and they could obviously do nothing against the crumbling will of the people.

In a mere three days, the capital of the Sakartes Empire was broken into from the inside. Flames surged into the sky from the imperial palace, causing the army that had planned to fight to halt in their tracks. They could only watch as the palace that represented the glamour and splendour of the royal bloodline vanish.

On that same day, Leylin intercepted Akaban who was planning to escape. He killed Akaban with the scorpion's help, officially ending the more than five-century rule of the Sakartes Empire. The horrifying news that their god was destroyed shocked the leaders and nobles.

Having lost someone to pledge their loyalty to, few chose to fight Hope Stronghold, especially since it had holy water that could cure the plague. Most quickly chose to side with the Stronghold.

The new capital was now called Faulen, and a whole new empire was formed after the flames of war washed away all filth.

Because it was a country formed from faith, Leylin was unwilling to pass on the responsibility to others. He became the very first emperor, and from then the rulership would be succeeded by those with his blood for all eternity.

The new empire was quickly acknowledged by the surrounding tribes. After everything that belonged to the Sakartes Empire was taken over, and his organisation had expanded to the entirety of Debanks Island, they began the intense effort of eradicating the plague and clearing land.

With the 'holy water' and the god's baptism, the grim reaper that devastated Debanks Island was finally controlled. To the commoners, the Giant Serpent Church was like the sun in the sky.

Since the war had ended quickly, and they'd taken in a large number of tribes, the initial assessment of the population in the region came up to an astonishing 920,000. The plague had taken away about half of the initial 2 million natives, but it also left behind a huge amount of wealth.

After all, the mean wealth was lower when a huge population shared limited resources. This was also the cause for life and death

battles between tribes. Now, however, the overgrown lands far exceeded the needs of the population, and the intense societal conflicts were eased.

After organising the clearing and plowing of land, as well as announcing the liberation of some slaves to take charge of their own land, the empire quickly gained a positive reputation. Leylin took in all the faith of the followers, turning it into a firm power that would support his ascension to godhood.

# Chapter 1011 - Semi-Plane

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Calendar of the Gods, Year 37671. With 5000 pirates, Leylin Faulen had taken down Debanks Island which had a population of more than two million people, destroying the Sakartes Empire to create his own country. He himself had become a demigod, becoming one of the higher-ups in the World of Gods.

Many were astonished. This youth was only 26 years of age, and yet he'd achieved something so astounding; they could only look up to him now.

Numerous elite devil hunters and native knights surrounded a group of luxurious horse chariots in the new Faulen City. The knights' crests and the caravan's flag were symbols of a giant serpent, indicating the might of royalty.

"The plague's been taken care of, and we're beginning to plow the land for spring. We're doing great!" Leylin pulled apart the curtains of the chariot, gazing at the green fields with a hint of satisfaction on his face.

Saintess Barbara knelt at his side along with beautiful maids, their eyes full of an unconcealable fervour. The empire would be governed by the blood of its god. This was the decree of Leylin's Giant Serpent Church.

To get a more stable foundation, this god himself had brought a few natives around. Almost right after the new country was established, the twenty purest and most beautiful refined girls of

Debanks Island had been sent to the palace. It didn't seem like such things would stop any time. Leylin never rejected such matters. Besides, this suited his standards better.

He was currently travelling to proclaim his strength to the entire empire. The view of his fleshly body would also draw in more worshippers. Leylin had developed a better understanding of the island's situation through his travels, and at the same time imprinted the might of the empire deeply into the hearts of the natives.

“This is the most fertile land in the empire, and it's close to the imperial capital. It's understandable for them to have such results...” Barbara said, her eyes glinting.

“It's great that they have knowledge in this area, especially when it comes to these matters...” Leylin understood the schemes of his worshippers like the back of his hand. Hearing what Barbara said, he had no idea whether to laugh or cry. However, such things were also a part of the path of faith, and Leylin had to consider his options carefully.

“Based on the way things are going, we should be able to get past this year's famine well...” After patrolling the entire country, Leylin was in a better mood. While the plague had greatly affected societal order, activity was slowly resuming normal levels. Thanks to the accumulations of the Sakartes Empire, this new country was headed in a better direction.

‘A lot of things determine the strength of an empire. There's the population, agriculture, economy, military, and faith...’ Leylin

stroked his chin, 'I have 50,000 soldiers stationed in the capital. With Debanks Island itself only having 900,000 residents, it's definitely the greatest military. On the other hand, my finances are a problem... The agriculture and economy were affected by the plague, and it will take some time to return to normal. Most importantly, there's faith...'

Leylin had dealt fatal blows to Debanks Island's totem spirits and nature spirits. All those unwilling to serve were wiped out along with their tribes. With the golden scorpion at their head, the rest became subordinate to Leylin. That took up a portion of the faith in the empire.

Leylin was more than happy for this to happen. After all, his church was still the majority with more than 80% of the faith. The nature spirits could only divide the remaining fifth amongst themselves.

On top of that, he was a demigod now. His priests had divine spells, something that the shamans of the native gods could not compare to. He had a huge leg up over the competition, and was obviously unafraid of competing with them. These gods would likely be forced to hang around near him with no other choice.

'Then there's governance. I've already rewarded the pirates greatly, with land, slaves, and noble status. However, they are still fewer in number than the original native chiefs and nobles...' Leylin shook his head.

From his position as a ruler, the population of the natives was terrifying. On the other hand, there were less than five thousand



who'd followed an outsider like him. The difference was like that between a drop of water and a lake.

Leylin had no doubt that if he did nothing, basic governance would fall to the natives in less than thirty years. Outsiders could only join in, be it passively or actively. To change this he had to bring some new people in, and kill some others. Only by bringing people from Faulen Island and killing natives could he ensure the stability of his power.

Unfortunately, Leylin wasn't just a ruler. His bigger priority was his godhood, and a massacre that dropped the number of natives would only reduce his power of faith. It would not benefit him. While he was conquering them, these natives were his enemies and it was essential to reduce their numbers. Now, however, they were part of his ascent to godhood. Killing them lost all meaning.

A god didn't care if the one governing the empire was a native or an outsider. All that mattered was that he received the same amount of faith. With the support of the church, his descendants wouldn't fall to the level of mere symbols or puppets. That would be enough.

"There is no eternal empire, but the gods have long lives," Leylin muttered. Compared to the long life of a god, even the most glorious of empires in history seemed short-lived.

[Beep! Response to today's prayers completed. Handled a total of 348,761 cases, bestowed 13,286 spells.]

The A.I. Chip's prompt caused Leylin's lips to curve upwards in a smile.

Gods had to take care of their worshippers' prayers, and bestow divine spells every day. While his now divine soul could process fast enough to take care of this himself, it wouldn't be a walk in the park. The effort would drain him.

With over 900,00 followers, a following even more enormous than that of some true gods, the amount of work he had to do was vast and complicated. However, the A.I. Chip took over the tedious work, which made things more convenient for Leylin.

Even for a true god, such difficult work took more than just their bodies and avatars. Some even designated subordinate deities to the task. The A.I. Chip performed these tasks better than most gods, and on top of that Leylin could trust it absolutely without fear of betrayal.

"Your Highness!" Heading all the way back to their emperor, the numerous youthful and beautiful maids greeted Leylin immediately. Most of them exposed their bare arms and lower abdomens, showing their smooth skin with a heated gaze.

Leave alone the girls the tribes had offered, even the maids in Leylin's palace were rather good. Some could even be the heads of noble families. Leylin didn't mind a cordial conversation with them on the average day, but now he had something more important to do.

The centre of the capital's power had been Akaban's church. It had been remodelled into a headquarters for the Giant Church after the war, dedicated to Leylin's worship. Leylin was standing on the location of the old altar, observing a gigantic piece of obsidian on the pedestal.

This rock had a metallic luster to it, and looked like a black brick. However, Leylin's astute senses found something different with it. If not for Akaban's statue being destroyed, it would never have shown itself.

'I've finally found it... Is this Akaban's trove?' Leylin placed his hand on the surface of the black brick, immediately linking his divine will to a huge space. Divine force surged in the air, clearly beginning to dissipate already. Numerous translucent souls looking to be sleeping on the surface, with some still withering away. They filled an entire layer of the place.

'The souls of Akaban's followers... I never thought I'd be so lucky as to find a semi-plane containing them. While it isn't all that large, it's still much better than most demigod weapons...' Guiding the souls of followers was the task of divine souls. Whether pious worshippers turned into petitioners, valiant spirits, or holy souls, they were all of great help to their gods. Naturally, they wouldn't easily be abandoned.

Demigods lacked their own divine realms, so many built their own demigod weapons or other items to be containers that could store the souls of their followers. Akaban was obviously very lucky to have found a semi-plane.

‘There are at least a million souls...’ Having estimated the number of souls within the brick, Leylin was shocked once again by Akaban’s accumulations.

A semi-plane was no divine realm. No matter how hard one tried to protect them, the worshippers within would still die. Akaban would only guide the most devout of followers into the plane, which eliminated a large number of natives with more general faith. Akaban’s fall had killed most of the souls, and those left over were actually the best of the best. They were the essence of the millions of native souls over the empire’s centuries of existence!

‘This is what true gods count on. I am far too weak in comparison...’ Leylin sighed and observed the semi-plane. These souls evidently only worshipped Akaban, and they were useless to Leylin unless he destroyed them to take their soul origins. However, that was too wasteful.

Instead, his greatest harvest was the semi-plane itself!

# Chapter 1012 - Emissary Of Wealth

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Demigods had confirmed their path to ascension. All that they had left to do was make their preparations.

They required faith and a divine role, but other things like a divine realm were also indispensable. If, by coincidence, one already had a semi-plane, it would take much less effort to build their divine realm.

To a true god, their divine realm was where their true body lay. No matter how much care was put into creating it, it would not be enough. Leylin already had his own plans for his divine realm, but now that he had a semi-plane he could use it to contain the souls of his worshippers.

‘I can make use of it once I’ve modified it slightly. Hm, it’s better to seal all of Akaban’s worshippers’ souls here.’ Leylin had soon determined the uses of the semi-plane. With the standard divine power to alter reality, the semi-plane began to whistle.

Golden divine force rippled the air, pushing out Akaban’s brand and alarming a few powerful souls.

“Who encroaches on the master’s country?” Golden flames blazed, and tens of native souls ascended into the skies, glaring at Leylin, “False god! This is not a place for you!”

“Ooh, valiant spirits?” Leylin knew that the souls of these natives should have been heroes of the Sakartes Empire’s past. There

could even be a few past emperors amongst them.

“Akaban has fallen. It’s about time that you, who have been abandoned by the changing eras, enter the trashcan of history...” In Leylin’s eyes, these valiant spirits were zealous worshippers of Akaban. They were useless to him. As his chant sounded, the snarling spirits suddenly froze as the spiritual force that made up their bodies fell apart, beginning to dissipate.

“How gutsy are you, to dare go against a god?” A tremendous aura exploded forth from Leylin, and the few valiant spirits that had managed to hang on disappeared.

Their existences had been supported by Akaban’s divine force. With his fall they were far weaker than before, so how could they do anything in front of Leylin?

After he took care of these last bits of resistance, the rest of the souls all became confused or fell into a deep sleep. They had no power whatsoever to rebel. Something like a hurricane swept through the semi-plane. A large black hole appeared at its heart, and many souls were swept in.

At the end, the tail of the hurricane reached Leylin’s hands. A huge number of souls were piled up into a golden crystal ball, swimming inside like tadpoles.

‘Akaban already made this place suitable for the souls of worshippers. However, it’s still lacking...’ Looking at the desolate semi-plane, Leylin frowned.

‘Divine force— change reality!’

“I command... Let there be light!” It was like magic. The moment he spoke, a dazzling light was formed amidst the chaos, expanding and chasing away all the shadows.

“I command... Let there be water!” The dry ground immediately closed up, as streams appeared and formed lakes and seas.

“With the water must come plantlife!” Tender green sprouts emerged from the barren soil tenaciously, and the greenness that was full of life spread through the area. Soon, they covered the entire semi-plane and formed large plains and forests.

“That should be it for the basics.” The tremendous amount of divine force required to alter the semi-plane was slightly strenuous for Leylin. With a flick of his sleeves, thousands of milky-white souls fell into the plane, turning into bewildered souls.

“You will stay here for now.” Amongst them were natives, pirates, and even a few that looked like devils. After hearing Leylin’s voice, they all knelt down respectfully and began to pray, “Yes, Master! You are the the serpent of the world that devours all, the master of death who guides all souls like us...”

“There is an agreement between a god and his worshippers. As the worshippers give up their faith, I must protect their souls after death...” Leylin muttered to himself. This was the responsibility gods took on. Taking care of it, he’d suddenly felt his connection

with his worshippers suddenly grow more firm.

“It’s still fine to place the followers’ souls here for now, but I still have to become a true god as quickly as possible and build my divine realm. That’s the only place souls should return to...”

The use of altars, divine weapons, or even semi-planes to contain souls was something only demigods did, and it was because they had no other options. It was a make-shift strategy that could not protect the souls of followers well.

A semi-plane was slightly better than altars or divine weapons when it came to the rate at which souls disappeared. It was usually so fast that demigods’ hearts ached. On top of that, the life in the souls would be erased slowly.

The gods obviously would not stand seeing their wealth dissipating. However, all methods to contain worshippers’ souls had this flaw, except of course for divine realms.

However, becoming a true god was still extremely tedious for demigods. Leylin couldn’t forget about the middle god Helm, whose role was to be the protector. His church prioritised attacks on false gods, and unfortunately he definitely viewed Leylin as such.

Thankfully, his main territories were in Debanks Island, and there was a proven problem with the natives’ faith. He hadn’t gathered attention yet. However, with his rise right now the secret couldn’t be kept much longer.



“No, there already are gods who’ve noted my existence...” Leylin looked towards the harbour, seeing a numerous fleet. The howling sea breeze and terrifying ocean sprays smacked on the gleaming, splendid surfaces of these large warships.

At the top of the warship was a large, bright gold coin bending in the winds. This was the Gold Ship, belonging to Gold Priest Xena under the Goddess of Wealth. Leylin had seen it before at Port Venus’ harbour, and it was now approaching the seas of Debanks Island.

“Priestess! Based on the directions of our god, we will reach the continent soon!” At the bow of the Gold Ship, Leylin saw a familiar Bishop Xena. She was dressed in a white deer skin coat, looking lost in thought.

“I understand. You may leave...” Xena waved her arms and sent the captain away, her mind like the great waves on the surface of the ocean.

‘A Giant Serpent Church is rising amongst the native islands. I must know everything about it!’ This was a divine command Lady Waukeen had given her. Only a decree from the goddess could get this gold priest to abandon Port Venus, where gold seemed to flow like a river, and instead risk immense danger to enter the native sea regions.

‘Show goodwill, but also observe carefully!’ Xena thought over the goddess’ words, looking slightly hesitant. The goddess’ hints

that the native empire had something to do with Port Venus thrilled her.

‘Though I don’t know why, I’m certain that the only one capable of doing this is the legendary young master of the Faulen Family!’ Xena had an instinct that was unique to women.

“There are ships ahead. Be on alert!” At this moment, the sailor at the observatory tower yelled at the top of his voice.

“Enemy ships? The canoes of the natives?” Having had several experiences with them, Xena found it hilarious as she gazed at the waters, but then could no longer laugh.

Tens of huge warships leaped out through the horizons, under the lead of an even larger pirate ship that was modified with magic as they surrounded them. On the warships were numerous elite soldiers and sailors.

When had the natives obtained such giant warships? Xena was puzzled, but after seeing the blood-red skull and dagger flag at the top of the giant ship, she gasped.

‘The Scarlet Tigers that are famous in the outer seas! It’s actually them? Is this their base?’ Xena had a very strong impression of these famous pirates. Some special channels had informed her that the Daughter of the Dragon was actually a legendary sorcerer, and the fear she had for them rose.

What shocked her more was that the Scarlet Tigers definitely had connections with the Faulen Family!

“If they’re showing their flag, does that mean they’re fearless now?” Xena forced a laugh and sent down the order, “Show our banner. We come bearing goodwill!”

After the signal was put up, the fleet at the other side quickly gave a response. They lined up at the two sides of the church’s ships, as if they were guards.

“They want us to maintain our speed and follow them!” The sailors quickly understood the meaning of the other side’s banner.

“Do as they wish!” Xena took a deep breath and calmed the anger within her, making a logical choice.

“They were scared so easily. I was even going to plunder the Goddess of Wealth’s ship...” On the pirate ship that headed the rest, Ronald disdainfully pursed his lips and put down the copper binoculars in his hands.

“Bring them to Port Pado. All members and attendants must be checked carefully. Be vigilant! We are now the navy of the empire, don’t get up to any tricks or I’ll cut you into pieces!”

“Understood, head!” The other pirates chuckled and giggled as they answered. It was evidently difficult for them to change their attitudes.

Those native sailors, however, were now much more respectful. They would be the backbone of the imperial navy in the future. Ronald sighed with relief, now filled with hope!

# Chapter 1013 - Having An Audience

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Port Pado.

After handing over an application and going through a strict examination, Xena and her people were finally allowed into the port proper. They were given accommodations in what seemed to be a rushed building.

Although they used wood and stone bricks, Xena could still see the shoddy work of the natives. Compared to the grass huts next to it, however, this building seemed vastly superior.

‘A port that’s under construction?’ Xena recalled the market she’d just seen. It couldn’t even compare to the commercial street of a small town, at most the gathering of a pile of stalls. The items were only sold in clay jars, and trade was with barter without any basic currency. From her point of view, this was blasphemy towards her goddess!

“These darned natives. How lazy and filthy they are!” A few attendants complained, but Xena did not think the same way. Although they’d only been in contact for a short time, she had seen how energetic Debanks Island was.

‘Goddess! Although these natives are base and weak, all their jewellery is made of gold... If this industry can be developed...’ Grasping an opportunity to make more gold was instinctual to the priests of the Goddess of Wealth.

‘I never thought this expedition would have such great harvests. However, the ocean currents in this sea region are far too dangerous...’ Xena frowned inside.

Dinner was the natives’ version of curry rice. They used banana leaves as plates, and the spice was astounding. After enjoying the sumptuous dinner, Xena summoned a high-ranked thief to her room.

A golden lustre filled the room. Although Xena didn’t believe the natives could be all that powerful, she was still very cautious.

“How is it? Have you made any discoveries?” Xena looked at the tall, slender figure in front of her that seemed to want to disappear into the shadows.

“How could we get so much information in a day? Thankfully for the blessings of our goddess, the natives didn’t seem to know how to keep secrets. We managed to get some intel through their legends and songs...” The thief’s voice was hoarse, like he was a bald eagle.

“Speak.” She frowned.

“Firstly... This place used to be called the Sakartes Empire, but a war occurred recently. Fair-skinned godly beings came from the west and defeated them, destroying their empire. That’s the direction of the mainland...”

“There’s something more surprising. There seemed to be very few of those ‘fair-skinned godly beings,’ numbering less than twenty thousand total!” the thief supplied.

“Twenty thousand?” Xena was caught between laughter and tears, “But the Scarlet Tigers have about that number of people... An empire conquered by twenty thousand people... Haha...”

She looked pleased as punch, thinking the Sakartes Empire to just be some large native tribe.

“If you knew the true might of the native empire, you definitely wouldn’t be laughing now.” The thief interrupted her coldly.

“What’s their population?” Upon hearing how serious he sounded, Xena reacted appropriately.

“Based on what they said, it would take fifty sunsets to walk from the beginning of the empire to the end. Each city has numerous tribes within, and the empire was also protected by the Sun God who governed everything, Akaban!”

The thief now looked solemn, “A conservative estimate puts the empire’s population between five hundred thousand to a million. Their outer borders were as extensive as a kingdom’s, and they were protected by a false god!”

“To be able to defeat such a powerful empire with less than twenty thousand pirates... Goodness! It would be difficult to do so

even if they were five hundred thousand pigs...” Xena exclaimed, shocked.

“Exactly! What I’m going to say next is key.” The thief now sounded slightly emotional, trembling from fear, “Remember the holy water we were sprayed with when we first got onshore?”

“That’s just water with some sort of potion. It isn’t holy water!” Xena called to attention. This was rather important when it came to religion. She would never admit to being blessed by another god, unless she was sure she wanted to betray Waukeen.

“Alright... That potion...” The thief quickly realised he had misspoken, and immediately corrected himself.

“There seemed to be a tremendous plague at the beginning of the war. Large batches of natives died, and the Winged Serpent descended suddenly, possessing the abilities to heal them. They gave the natives the holy water...”

“Winged Serpent?” Xena quickly thought of the Goddess of Wealth’s divine orders, as well as how she was required to look into the Giant Serpent Church.

“Yes. The ‘holy water’ has astounding healing abilities, and was exceptionally effective against the plague. These fair-skinned beings were seen as heroes sent down by the heavens to save them, and are supported on a large scale. That’s how they defeated the original Sakartes Empire...”



“Is that so...” Xena looked down, clearly deep in thought. She then turned to the thief, sounding serious, “Do you think... That plague has anything to do with the Plague Mistress?”

“It shouldn’t. I’ve fought the priests of her church. While she can spread sickness, it shouldn’t be so infectious... Also, her priests only know how to kill others and not save them...” The thief muttered bluntly in answer.

“Good then... Get more intel, especially related to the Giant Serpent Church...” Xena gave a long sigh and sent the thief away, staring at the oil lamp on the table as she muttered to herself resolutely.

“The Scarlet Tigers, the legendary wizard of the Faulen Family, and the winged serpent capable of healing sickness... What is the relationship between the three of them?” At the beginning, she’d thought this was just a practical joke on Leylin’s side. However, by the looks of it it seemed impossible.

“Mistress. Please give me guidance!” Xena gripped the holy crest in the palm of her hand, and began to pray piously. A golden lustre enveloped the entire room, making it look misty.

.....

“So it’s the Goddess of Wealth... I’ve had the greatest amount of contact with them. Port Venus has Waukeen’s Church, so it’s natural for them to have recorded my aura...” Leylin wasn’t all that surprised. After all, it was necessary for Debanks Island to

interact with the outside world.

Debanks Island had far too much work to be done, and trade would greatly help recover its vitality. It was much better for them to be discovered by Waukeen than by Helm. After all, the goddess was neutral in alignment.

With the plentiful resources from Debanks Island, and the Faulen Empire as a whole having so many consumers, Leylin had no doubt the gold priests would be greatly attracted. However, it wasn't worth Xena risking her life.

The only thing that could spur a gold bishop on was the Goddess of Wealth, Waukeen!

“No matter what she expects, Debanks Island can definitely support itself. There's no need to fear any blockades or threats... Of course, if they can be enticed and we can get support from the trade network on the mainland, it would be great...”

Leylin moved his arms, “Send down the order. Receive them with the most politeness possible, and send them gold and cornelian-embedded utensils. Cover the floors with fleece, and welcome her to my palace...”

Leylin wasn't just the ruler of a new empire. He was also its patron god, so his orders were carried out without any hesitation. Xena and her people obtained large amounts of gifts from the natives, and seemed to be dazzled by their wealth. They made multiple stops along the way, before reaching Faulen City which

was being rebuilt.

This had been the Sakartes Empire's capital. The roads and houses were already very spacious, and were now being expanded further. The vast driveways could even let a dozen horses walk side by side and speed along.

“The planning of this imperial city... The conqueror's ambition is very obvious...” Xena mentioned Leylin indirectly. In the natives' eyes, he was someone who represented blood and massacre, but she saw more than that. Because of the natives' minimal comprehension and the communication gap, she still had no idea who he was. Still, she was certain that he was extremely courageous, with great might and possibly more slyness than a devil.

The huge disparity and powerlessness she felt caused Xena to sigh deeply. If not for the light of the goddess supporting her, she would have long since escaped from Debanks Island.

“Information on the Giant Serpent Church is very vague, but the priests definitely have divine spells. The person behind the Giant Serpent Church should at the very least be a false god...” Anything that had to do with gods would be a source of trouble. Xena could feel an intense headache coming on.

“We're here! This is our emperor's palace. Only you are allowed to enter!” Elite devil hunters blocked the rest of the emissaries at the splendid golden entrance to the palace.

As the bodyguards that would guard Leylin, these natives were definitely loyal. Their strength was also first rate, and they could even be considered heroes. Their potential power was something that left even Xena's heart thumping in fear.

# Chapter 1014 - Meeting

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The main doors of the golden court flew open, revealing an enormous hall devoid of a single soul. Spotless white fleece was laid down on the floor, as delicate as a snowflake, while bright red curtains embroidered in gold hung at the corners of the huge french windows.

This was the empire's hall of government. Normally there were learned sages, treacherous bureaucrats and those with dreams struggling here, criticising each other. All manners of plots and massacres were borne of those moments, a normal scene unable to convey any of that atmosphere.

A delicate and unique fragrance hung in the air, but the incense was not thick enough to be intoxicating. Xena seemed to grow nostalgic, and she once again transformed into a naive 19-year-old young lady.

Leylin had not been in possession of this place for a long time, but this palace still seemed to have some unique historical charm. It seemed like the very air had accumulated hundreds of thousands of years of the vicissitudes of life.

Even a gold priest like Xena was left in a trance when shrouded in this atmosphere. Just as a gap appeared in her spirits, the sound of steady footsteps drifted into her ears. It sounded like the walls were heavily besieged as several deep cracks appeared.

She saw a young man walking unhurriedly into the palace hall.

He wore white robes, tailored precisely to fit his body. His even pace and bearing revealed his extraordinary confidence.

Since the young man walked with his back towards the light, Xena could not see his face clearly. All she could sense was a brilliant radiance shining continuously from his body.

“I am Gold Priest Xena, an emissary from the mainland’s church of wealth. I request an audience with you, Your Majesty the Almighty Conqueror...” Xena had already inwardly confirmed the man’s status. She bowed deeply to show her great respect.

“No need for pleasantries. After all, we’ve met several times in the past.” The voice was far younger than she’d expected, and also one she could never forget. Xena raised her head, finally able to see Leylin before her.

“So it’s you!” Xena’s tone revealed her confidence in her own hypothesis, as well as unconcealed shock. Although she knew him to be a legendary wizard, Xena had never expected him to conquer the entire native empire with a pirate crew. Still, that wasn’t the most pressing matter...

‘This aura... A divine being, no, a demigod! Only a demigod can put me under this much pressure! A legendary wizard who’s just over 20? Hah, he’s already a demigod! How could this be possible?’

Although she was stupefied, Xena recovered her composure fairly quickly. After all, she’d dealt with many churches in the past, and had plentiful experience.

It wasn't unheard of for ordinary people to meet with unexpected success in the World of Gods, ascending into the heavens with a single leap. Cyric had only been an ordinary thief as a mortal, and now he wielded formidable divine power as the God of Murder. He'd had the luck of obtaining a fallen god's godhood, along with their divine weapon. This had instantly made him a powerful deity himself.

Compared to that, even if Leylin's progress was universally shocking it was still acceptable.

Leylin himself didn't dwell much on Cyric. The God of Murder had obtained his strength by pure luck, and his powers were nothing if not for his divine boosts. As a result, he would easily suffer the control of his own powers. He was already halfway insane, so he couldn't be considered a formidable enemy.

Furthermore, Leylin had grievously offended Cyric already. He had even killed a legendary of his church, and their hatred and desire for revenge was boundless. This was the main reason why Leylin had chosen the path of massacres. Although compatibility was one consideration, he wasn't afraid of slighting Cyric again.

It would have been a little short-sighted to ignore him, stirring up trouble instead with a mid-ranked god like the Mistress of Plagues who he had no grudge against. Besides, a godly role in plagues was more limited in scope and application than one in massacre, without much room for development.

A god could process all these thoughts in a split second. To Xena it seemed like Leylin asked his next question without hesitation, “Xena, why have you come all this way?”

Leylin currently had a formidable divine aura, and in her reverence Xena almost knelt down before him. Still, she was still a gold priest of Lady Waukeen. A trickle of power surfaced from the holy crest on her chest, lending her its strength.

“I am here to pass on my master’s sincerity.”

“Lady Waukeen’s sincerity?” Leylin looked at the bishop standing before him, a trace of playfulness flickering across his transformed golden eyes.

Not so long ago, a youngster like him had needed to cautiously weigh up the disadvantages and advantages of his schemes in front of a bishop of her rank. He’d even had no choice but to let a part of his profits go in order to rope her in. Now however, Xena could only crawl and pray for his benevolence. This gap between gods and men was so clear one could get drunk on the power.

The momentary silence caused Xena to assume that Leylin was put off. She immediately continued, “I’ve noticed Debanks Island has ample reserves of gold and silver. Your people luxuriously use pure gold for ornaments, and if these things were transported to the continent just a tenth of them would win you unimaginable profits. The accumulated wealth would allow you to build ten cities as large as Faulen...”



It had to be said: when Waukeen's priests saw enormous profit their expressions changed completely. They would discard their cowardice, daring to deal with even devils and demons. Now, an inferno raged in Xena's eyes as she faced a demigod. Her pretty little cherry lips spouted devilish words of enticement.

“Trade? Well, I can consider it...” Leylin seemed to be considering Xena's deal on the surface, but there was a different story in his mind.

‘Is it a trap? But Waukeen has always been strictly neutral. Is she just attracted to Debanks Island, or maybe its my potential?’ The fight against false gods was Helm's job. Leylin had never heard of the priests of the church of wealth actively taking such jobs.

On the contrary, the priests of wealth were often dazzled by the sight of gold. There were occasional rumours of secret deals with the devils even. Although most were groundless rumours, Leylin was keen enough to notice an inkling of truth in them.

Unlike demons and devils, false gods weren't considered particularly evil. Furthermore, even if Debanks Island had enough resources to satisfy him for now if it received the support of trade with the mainland it would recover much faster. This would also supply Leylin with a greater amount of faith.

“I can accept the trade, but you need to talk concrete details with Tiff and Isabel,” Leylin no longer hid his association with the Giant Serpent Church.

Or perhaps he didn't particularly care if other gods discovered that he was the serpent Kukulcan. Too many gods had been known to assume false identities, using avatars in the prime material plane.

"Apart from this, my master has several very, very small requests. If your Majesty can help her, my Lady will absolutely be willing to provide many things that will leave you satisfied..."

"Oh? How interesting, do continue," Leylin stroked his chin, a smile blooming on his face.

.....

After a short while, Xena quietly left with a self-satisfied expression on her face. Leylin was left alone in the great hall. A divine glow flashed across his eyes as he watched Xena's departing back, his gaze filled with pity.

Even the Goddess of Wealth had to comply with the oaths and unwritten rules of the gods. There were many things that she had to do despite her reluctance. Business with a false god, for example, was prohibited.

This was why Waukeen hadn't shown her true self. She'd sent one of her priests here, to serve as her shield at critical times. If Xena did not manage to see the truth, she wasn't likely to have a good future.

As for Waukeen's commission itself, Leylin was rather interested.

‘So she wants me to help her find several items, using them as an exchange? How interesting... First is the Sceptre of Savras?’ The image of a magic staff appeared before Leylin's eyes, before quickly shattering into pieces.

‘This divine artifact is rumoured to be able to guard against prophecies and tracking by gods. That much is true, but the main part of the sceptre could be in any corner of the prime material plane. It could even be down in Baator or the abyss. Despite all that, she still covets this the most...’ Leylin furrowed his brows rather distrustfully, ‘This woman, what on earth is she thinking?’

It was a shame that she was an intermediate god, equivalent to a rank 8 Magus of laws. Leylin could not pry apart her thoughts.

‘One thing's for sure. Be it for the trade or to hunt these items, I'll have to leave Debanks Island. I need to go to the mainland or the outer planes, is that what she wants?’ Leylin couldn't help but guess. They weren't close in any way, so he wouldn't believe that Waukeen could so generously come over and help him so suddenly.

‘If what I guess is true...’ Leylin's drooping eyelids obscured the dim light in his eyes.

# Chapter 1015 - Sceptre Of Savras

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After days of careful contemplation, Leylin summoned Xena and agreed to the Goddess of Wealth's conditions. He handed over all matters pertaining to the native empire to Isabel and Tiff, while he followed Xena's ship back to the Faulen Island. He was currently back at his wizard tower.

Although this tower had already been upgraded several times, Leylin still found it too crude. This wasn't an issue with design, rather that he'd advanced too quickly. The basic facilities of this place couldn't keep up with his demands.

Thankfully, he did not have high expectations for the environment he was to be in. With the wizard tower's isolation abilities as well as his own divine force as a cover, the preparations were complete.

Chiu! Chiu! Inside the enormous forge at the core, a golden staff floated in mid-air. Threads of pure gold flames were dispelled in the surroundings, forming the figure of a large, gorgeous bird.

What had been the Red Dragon Staff had undergone massive changes and improvements. The coarse and solid staff was now more slender, and the dragon claw at the top had been refined, forming the claw of a bird. The most important part, the soul within the crystal, was now replaced by the flaming bird.

[Beep! Red Dragon Staff has been re-smelted. Connection and

containment perfect. No conflicts in energy.]

The A.I. Chip projected large amounts of information before him.

[Item Name: Blazing Sceptre. Rank: Legendary 3. Length: 0.76m. Weight: 2900g. Materials: Dragon Crystal, Dragon Bone, Dragon Blood, Dragon Scale, Divine Spirit, Divine Blood]

[Item abilities: 1. Storage. The staff can contain spells: Rank 9 (1), Rank 7 (3), Rank 5 (5). (Currently Empty) 2. Blazing Skyfire, legendary spell. (Can be used once every twenty days). 3. Domain of Terror. 4. Blaze: Absorbing the strength of divine souls, the staff can deal a one-time mental attack or boost itself. Will harm the imprisoned soul. 5. Fire Immunity.]

[Description: This staff once imprisoned a powerful legendary dragon soul, but its owner attempted a more terrifying experiment, sealing the soul of a divine being. All who use it without permission will suffer the wrath of gods!]

‘What I gave Tiff was symbolic of the church. This suits me better...’ When he conquered Debanks Island, Leylin did indeed come into possession of the flesh and souls of other demigods. However, this staff was still his most perfect creation. Although what he’d given Tiff was a demigod weapon, it was impossible to upgrade it. This staff had a limitless future!

‘I can upgrade this staff at any time as long as the materials I have on hand are suitable. It could even become a divine weapon...’ Leylin was very confident in this.

Having completed the Blazing Sceptre, Leylin did not opt to rest, instead going to another room. He closed his eyes as if in meditation, but his mind was actually communicating with the A.I. Chip. ‘A.I. Chip, how goes the task I set you on?’

[Beep! Analysis of legendary arcane spell, Chain Contingency at 100%. Transmitting into Host’s mind, beginning preliminary branding...]

the A.I. Chip’s robotic voice sounded. It had never let Leylin down before.

‘A demigod is at the apex of the mainland. Debanks Island is too remote, and it’s impossible to dispatch large armies and labourers on the long journey here. If they want to deal with me, there are only a few methods. This is the one with the best chance of success...’ Leylin pursed his lips, and lost tremendous amounts of spiritual force and arcane energy. A continuous stream of divine force made up for these losses just in time, creating a unique cycle. It took a night of this to finally set up Chain Contingency.

While he had his own conjectures, he still chose to follow through with his plans. After all, it was foolish to offend a goddess without any evidence. Besides, he had his own plans as well, and he needed her cooperation to complete them.

‘I hope all this is all in my head... But it’s not bad to make preparations, right?’ Immense divine force surged out, erasing the spell’s aura from Leylin’s body and hiding it within the aura of the divine.

It wasn’t long after this was done that Gold Priest Xena visited him.

“Our church already has leads on the Sceptre of Savras. However, we need your help, my Lord.” Xena looked respectful as she spoke, her eyes showing that she wasn’t faking any of this.

‘Looks like this priestess thinks that her true mission is to find the sceptre...’ Leylin sighed, and then smiled, “As long as we do things according to our agreement, I’m fine with it...”

.....

At the borders of the Dambrath Kingdom, west of the werejackal mountains.

Because of the suitable food and climate, there was a large number of werejackals around this place, including high-ranked sorcerers and Professionals with greater intelligence than their peers. They monopolised the entire mountain, making the area dangerous. All who were not werejackals had one fate in this mountain: they would be torn to the bone and eaten.

There was little the Dambrath Kingdom could do about this. They'd employed a legendary, but even he'd had to retreat. The werejackal mountains became a forbidden area with the passage of time.

Rumour had it that there was a mysterious large door at the depths of the werejackal mountains, leading straight to the abyss and the werejackal god, a sovereign who loved flesh! The closer one went to the place, the more desolate the nearby villages got.

One one particular path, a group of knights were hastening on their journey. Their unruffled aura alone showed that they weren't mere elites of the kingdom. They were guarding a young man and woman in the middle, each riding a handsome horse. However, considering the might of the two, it was hard to say who was being protected.

"The lead for the Sceptre of Savras is in the town up ahead?" Leylin sniffed at the air, frowning slightly.

"Yes, my Lord!" This was Xena speaking. Ever since the priestess found out that Leylin had attained a realm she could never hope to reach, she had become increasingly respectful to him. She had even taken to addressing him as 'my Lord', and if Leylin had not stopped her, she might even have called him 'Your Highness.'

"A hunter from the village said he entered the werejackal mountains once by accident, and at the outer regions of the valleys saw a terrifying statue and the illusion of a sceptre emitting multicolour light."



“That’s all?” Leylin’s eyebrows raised.

“We dispatched our own legendaries after that, but even two weren’t enough to break through the outer regions of the valley. However, the two of them saw the sceptre as well, and it’s matching the Sceptre of Savras by more than 90%...” Xena explained, laughing wryly as she still needed Leylin’s help.

“A boundary that even legendaries can’t enter? And the sceptre’s there?” Leylin nodded. “In that case, this trip is worth it... But I’ve been staying at the outer seas recently. What’s happening on the continent?”

After hearing that this was not confidential information, Xena gave him a simple rundown of the situation on the continent. Firstly, the unrest in the north had attracted the attention of the entire prime material plane. It was possible for it to escalate even further.

The alliance of Mystra and Tyr was something all the orc gods feared. They’d first wiped out their reinforcements in Malar and a few others, then supported Alustriel’s war in the north.

After a few large battles, Alustriel had successfully gathered her revolutionary forces and taken over a decent amount of land. With the support of a few great noble families in the north, she had ascended the throne a few months ago and re-established the Silverymoon Alliance.

However, the orcs were still as powerful as before. Orc Emperor Saladin had the help of the divine weapon, the Thunder God's Hammer, and was still one of the most powerful beings in the prime material plane. If not for Alustriel blocking Saladin personally in a few battles, as well as the orc being afraid of the side effects from using the weapon, success would not have come so easily.

With all that done, the orc empire had grown enraged. They began to gather their armies after being dealt that heavy blow. At the same time, the people of Silverymoon trained hard as well, obtaining more support from the nobles and gods of the north.

It wasn't hard to imagine the even more terrifying war that would break out in the future, the greatest test for the newly reformed Silverymoon Alliance.

On top of that, there was the short-lived reappearance of the western desert's floating city. A number of legendaries had fallen there, the death of just one enough to stun the entire continent. This was something to do with a floating city! The only reason the news was this delayed was that the western desert was remote, with little in the means of communication.

A few churches had verified the theft of the floating city by a mysterious person, and they'd posted a great bounty for the same. It had caused a great flurry in the dark world. Numerous old monsters had been startled out of their shells, pursuing the traces of the lich Ilyo.

It had to be said that this was why Leylin had kept Ilyo. The lich

could shoulder the brunt of the blame.

# Chapter 1016 - Valley

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“The only things that alarmed the continent were the matter with the north and west desert. The rest are just small issues...” Xena stopped at this point, her beautiful eyes turning to gaze up at Leylin, “But of course, if news about you were to be leaked, my Lord, that would create a whole new storm...”

‘Those two things actually have something to do with me!’ Leylin thought as he rubbed his nose, but he had no plans of coming clean.

Xena lowered her voice, speaking by Leylin’s ear, “The birth of a new demigod and the conquest of over a million natives with just five thousand pirates... Either one of these events could stun the mainland, even affecting the outer planes...”

“I’d rather not for now. I don’t want to attract the attention of Helm’s church.” Leylin sternly stopped her, but this only caused a sly look in Xena’s eyes.

“Please don’t worry, my Lord. Our church has worked with those like you before, and both sides have returned satisfied...”

“Hm? I think we should discuss this in more detail tonight.” Hearing Xena seemingly hint that she could help him solve the problem with the God of Protection, Leylin’s eyes darted around. While he was unsure if everything she said was the truth, it was always better to have more knowledge...

They reached the little village Xena had spoken of without issue. Soon, however, Leylin found something strange about the place.

“There aren’t any commoners here? They’re all Professionals.” The radiance of a Professional’s soul was vastly different from that of a normal human. If the former were like a grain of sand, the latter was a firefly. Although they were both minuscule to Leylin, there was still a difference.

“Once we discovered this valley, our church bought the surrounding regions and stationed our knights to patrol and guard the area.” Xena clapped, and four dark figures charged over from the village ahead. Their agility showed that they were high-ranked knights.

“Priestess! My Lord!” The four high-ranked knights seemed extremely humble as they led the two’s horses along like servants.

The scene left Leylin speechless. He sighed after a long while, then said, “As expected of the church of wealth. They’re overbearing...”

Xena didn’t immediately respond to this, but her eyes showed her pride.

“Who’s defending the valley now?” she asked a black-armoured knight in front of her.

“It’s the Spear Crusader, Lord Jeffries!” The knight unknowingly

showed a look of worship, “We beat down a few waves of werejackals recently. A group of adventurers from the kingdom were attracted to this place as well, but none of them were powerful.”

The churches of the World of Gods possessed divine spells and limitless wealth. They also had large numbers of zealous followers, as well as true and eternal gods backing them. They could be called the most powerful organisations in the prime material plane. Even the human kingdoms had to yield to them, giving their people the right to worship.

Given the situation, about half the powerful beings of the world were undoubtedly affiliated to churches. Unlike soldiers and adventurers, paladins had better equipment, more guidance, and overall better lives. If not for this advantage, they would consider changing gods.

“We’ll rest here tonight, and enter the mountains to meet with Lord Jeffries tomorrow. What do you think of it?” Xena now acted like the master here.

“Yes, that sounds good.” Leylin had no objections, although a dark hint flickered in his eyes.

‘There don’t seem to be any traps, or they might be buried too deep...’ Night soon fell. Leylin gazed up at the starry skies and then at Xena and other knights who knew so little. His eyes showed how indifferent he felt.

“They’re all dispensable... The gods are that heartless, huh,” he muttered, his voice so low nobody heard his words.

.....

“This is the valley where the strange events took place. Lord Jeffries is waiting for you up ahead!” Xena had unknowingly become a guide. She was even attempting to rope Leylin into her church, although all she did was fated to be in vain.

“Ah, Lord Jeffries!” Xena jogged forward, bowing towards the legendary that Leylin had met before, “My apologies that you had to come all the way here to meet us...”

“Lord Leylin! It’s only been a few years since we last met, and you’ve already attained so much!” Jeffries didn’t pay attention to Xena. To legendaries, those below their rank were ants unworthy of attention.

However, Leylin was different! An intense bloodlust and threads of envy arose from Jeffries’ eyes.

All legendaries desired to become gods. While Jeffries had glory that most could not even begin to imagine, as long as he remained in Waukeen’s church he would never be able to rid himself of the shackles that bound him. Seeing Leylin having taken that important step and left him far in the dust, Jeffries had a strange expression.

‘What a pity... No matter how powerful you are, or how talented, you won’t be able to fight off fate and the gods...’ Jeffries sighed inside, steadying his faith that was on the verge of crumbling as he carried an amiable smile on his face.

“You gave me a very good impression during the ceremony, Lord Jeffries.” Leylin answered easily and conversed for a while longer. They soon entered the valley shrouded with mist.

“The elemental aura here is strange, and the mist seems to have a powerful sealing strength. Be careful!” Jeffries led the way ahead. There were more and more black vines about even as the area turned more sandy, and the grey mist around them became increasingly thicker.

‘Such great sealing strength... Even a large-scale spell formation can’t be maintained for long; it would take up too much energy. It makes sense for this to be the radiation of a divine weapon, since the Sceptre of Savras is rumoured to have powerful sealing abilities...’

“Werejackals, human soldiers, and adventurers seem to have been corroded by the mist. They’ve morphed into a different life form, so they’re difficult to deal with.” Just after Jeffries spoke, the winds howled and strange sounds echoed as a werejackal darted out of the mist. The strong smell on its body caused Xena to frown.

“What a joke!” Jeffries brandished his spear and a milky-white light hacked the werejackal into two, revealing black innards and bones.



“Once they’re corroded these things gain great vitality. It’ll take ages to kill them...” Jeffries explained. He then saw Leylin crouch on the ground in seeming interest, observing the flesh where the werejackal had been sliced apart.

“This is the contamination in the outermost regions. It’s even worse inside. If not for there being traces of a divine weapon here, I’d be prepared to tell the druids’ association and let them know of this natural pollution...” Jeffries’ annoyance could be heard from his voice.

“Oh, I’m sorry. It’s my first time seeing beings like this!” Leylin got up and apologised, and the group continued to advance amidst the mist.

“We’ve already tested this place. Even high-ranked legendaries can’t get through half of the valley...” All of a sudden, Jeffries stopped. He looked at the normal-seeming Leylin and Xena who was straining already, a strange expression on his face.

“Fight me,” Jeffries suddenly requested.

“Lord Jeffries, Lord Leylin is an esteemed guest of the church! How could you do this?” Xena exclaimed loudly before Leylin could respond.

“Hmm... You’re attacking now? I’m curious, why didn’t you bring me further in and surround me?” Leylin raised his eyebrows in doubt.

“What? Attacking now?” Xena took several steps back, suddenly realising that she knew nothing. She’d been played like a puppet.

“There’s no fun in attacking you with others. A proud legendary should never fall just like this! I’ve also wanted to battle with you for a long while now.” A milky-white spear suddenly appeared in his hands, its sharp barbed tip emitting a terrifying chill. “Besides, you’d noticed it before I even told you, no?”

“Mm,” Leylin did not deny it. “I just wanted to confirm my suspicions and see how evil you are.”

Golden rays emanated from Leylin’s body, as if giving him golden armour. The dark red massacre domain abruptly extended, causing Jeffries to breathe roughly.

“There’s no need to hide anymore. Get out here!” As Jeffries’ enraged roars sounded out, powerful energy undulations rumbled out before a few figures appeared around Leylin. The grey fog slowly condensed into a cage-like structure, revealing a barren area.

“So it’s you, Benedict. Are you done with the matters at the north?” Leylin had never expected that he’d see an acquaintance.

“Leylin! You almost wrecked the plans of our master back then, and turned into a sinner of the north!” The bishop of Tyr was standing right in front of him. This fellow had attacked Leylin once before. Behind him was a group of paladins, and next to them

were priests and wizards that worshipped Mystra.

# Chapter 1017 - Attack

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‘Mm... Waukeen, Tyr, Mystra, they’re pretty much all here... huh?’ Leylin was surprised by an unfamiliar organisation amongst them. Their armour was spotless, with red capes attached. On the breastplates and capes were the symbol of a large golden eye, seemingly never closing. The armour was threaded with gold and had gems embedded in it, making it look dazzling.

“Armour with the Eternal Light spell, as well as that symbol... Are you priests of Helm?” Divine force flashed, the powerful massacre domain causing everyone’s expressions to change.

“False god!” one of Helm’s priests spat out, and layers of light emanated from the eye at his chest. It was clearly on equal ground with Leylin, perhaps even overpowering him. Helm was the God of Protection, and his church was built to crack down on faith in false gods. Naturally, they had experience in dealing with divine beings and even demigods.

“Our mission is to crack down on the belief in false gods, purifying the origin of the world!” The priest looked pious, as he prayed with the rest of Helm’s warriors and priests. They each took a step forward, their eyes full of fervour as if they were heading to church.

Rumble! A surge of power whistled out, and a golden eye appeared in the air. It locked on to Leylin, showing an inverted reflection of him.

[Beep! Host has been marked by the God of Protection. Divine force locked, domains

weakened by 20%. Host's location will be relayed every 3 hours. Remove?] the A.I. Chip's voice sounded, and Leylin turned grim.

‘As expected of a church that deals with false gods. They’ve made ample preparations...’ Leylin was still smiling confidently, and he ordered in his mind, ‘Prepare to remove, but wait for my order. Remain in observation mode.’

Leylin was not surprised that Helm’s church had surrounded him. After all, the God of Protection’s mission was to deal with false gods. As long as news about Leylin was revealed, the zealous priests would come join in on the fun, bringing their own rations along with them.

‘Still, I never thought I was being lured into so many enemies. It looks like the gods are afraid of me... Or were they alarmed by some divination?’

“You’ll have to explain this later, Jeffries,” a priestess of Mystra said as she walked out. She had silver hair, and her eyes glinted gold. She was looking at Leylin like he was a dead man.

Jeffries answered with a cold snort. All legendaries had their own pride, so how could he bow down to someone else? On top of that, Jeffries served Waukeen, and he had nothing to do with Mystra.

“I stand by my request. If you win over me, I shall leave immediately.” Jeffries pointed his spear at Leylin, causing the priestess to turn red in her fury.

“Forgive me, but before that can I ask who planned this out?” Leylin interrupted.

“It is the will of our god!” the priestess admitted. She looked flushed.

This slightly exceeded his expectations. He wouldn't have found it surprising if Helm's church had been the ones to identify him, planning an attack. The same went if Waukeen was coveting his lands and wealth, or even Benedict who just hated evil. However, none of this had anything to do with the Goddess of the Weave. From how it seemed, she was the person who feared him most.

‘Are the prophetic abilities of the gods that great?’ Leylin immediately recalled his rank 12 arcane spell, Karsus' Avatar. He himself wasn't even as strong as a lesser god, and was unable to deal much damage to them. This spell, though, defied logic. One use of it would give him control of the Weave's power, causing Mystra to fall.

On top of that, the destruction of the Weave would release the consciences of the numerous ancient Magi from the core, causing the ancient Final War to once again rock the World of Gods.

‘Is she afraid of what I can do if I develop further? I could become a huge threat to her, so she's making the first move?’

It was impossible for Mystra to know the existence of Karsus' Avatar. The only possible explanation was that she had a premonition that Leylin would bring great danger to her. When an

ant threatened them, most people would just end it with a stomp.

This was obviously Mystra's own course of action. But since much of her strength was stuck in the north, she'd roped in quite a few other helpers. In such a situation, it was likely that Leylin would fall.

'Things would've been troublesome had I not made preparations...' Leylin ran through his thoughts, and came up with numerous possibilities.

'If I'm at my wit's end I'll definitely risk using Karsus' Avatar. That'll give me a chance of survival... But that means Distorted Shadow could also have something to do with this...' Leylin had a strong feeling that Distorted Shadow had leaked his location, as well as the degree of threat he posed.

After all, he was an ancient peak rank 8 Magus, equivalent to a greater god. How could the conscient in the ruins be the only thing he left behind? It required no effort to use the power of distortion to show the 'truth' to the goddess, or even just give her some clues.

If the process itself was much too complicated, then one could find the truth by looking at who would benefit by the result. Thinking everything over, Leylin believed that the most likely case was that Distorted Shadow had played his hand from behind the scenes.

'If it's him, I won't be able to use the ghost city as I wish. So I have to abandon plan 3...'

“So, who’s going to be first?” The pure gold Blazing Sceptre emerged, and powerful spell energy surged out. It caused everyone’s expression to change.

“Our church has arranged a spell formation specifically to subdue false gods. He can’t use the power of his domain completely! The channel of faith from his worshippers has also weakened greatly, and our Lord has marked him— AH!”

The priest of Helm soon cried out in pain, covering his eyes. Leylin had commanded the A.I. Chip to remove the mark, and it caused the golden eye in the sky to fall apart. It seemed to have affected these priests.

“Haha, good! This is the kind of opponent that I want!” Jeffries burst into laughter. He’d let go of everything in his mind at that moment, only focusing on his opponent. He let loose a sudden attack, and faint black lines appeared around the holy spear as it crushed the space around it.

Benedict seemed to be operating some spell formation as well. Large beasts the size of hills crawled out of the mist, and the legendary wizard nearby seemed to be preparing some legendary spell.

“This is what I’ve prepared for you...” Benedict now had an unnatural flush on his face. A few of the giant beasts roared as he waved a hand, the thorns on their backs emitting a chilling glint as they attacked Leylin. “I’ll let them play with you first.”



Four churches had joined hands here. Even a small attack could cause the entire prime material plane to gape. Still, Leylin's expression did not change in the face of this attack that could almost kill gods.

Chiu! Chiu! He tossed the sceptre out and the flaming bird totem appeared, bashing into the giant beasts.

“Sacred Spear? Is that considered amazing?” Leylin stared at the spear that seemed to be moving in an instant, as if dealing with it was beneath himself. Two spells were cast simultaneously with a wave of his arm, striking the tip of the spear and the black cracks surrounding it.

Greater Disjunction! Shattering Palm!

Jeffries' spear crumbled instantly against the disjunction spell, and the gigantic golden palm sent him flying. His chest caved in, and blood spurted out of his mouth.

‘He can instantly cast legendary spells?’ The legendary wizard that had come with Mystra's church noted the spells Leylin had cast, and then at the large number of materials in his hands with the spell he was halfway through preparing. His expression grew extremely dark.

“I don't care anymore!” As a wizard himself, he understood how powerful Leylin had to be to cast legendary spells instantly. After weighing the pros and cons, he immediately made his choice.

A teleportation gate open, and the legendary wizard immediately took his apprentices and hid away. He showed Leylin a few signs, a declaration of peace amongst wizards.

“You...” Mystra’s priests saw the legendary wizard leave and suddenly twitched, on the verge of coughing up blood. Although they’d known wizards lacked faith, they hadn’t expected it to be this bad!

Truth be told, there was little they could do about him. At the very least, he’d come all the way here. With his connections, attacking the legendary wizard would cause chaos within the church.

“Damn it. If the goddess’ avatar were here, nobody would dare do that...” The female priest gritted her teeth, but there was nothing she could do.

# Chapter 1018 - Teleportation

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Leylin was growing more vicious in his attacks, seemingly blinded by the killing. He was going to beat them at their own game, and after looking at which opponents were going to attack he would show his strength and intimidate the rest. He was basically exhibiting his full power here.

That was the full power of a demigod! The support of an endless stream of faith and emotion combined with his experience as a near rank 7 Magus, giving Leylin a battle might he himself was surprised by.

He tore two of the giant mist creatures apart with his bare hands, and suddenly jumped. Once he touched the ground he'd caught up to Jeffries, who was quickly retreating.

Having been hit with the Greater Disjunction, Jeffries' spear had been destroyed, as well as a silver necklace on his neck. That was followed by his robes, his boots...

"As a legendary, you still have some dignity." Leylin's evaluation was apathetic, though the movements of his hands never showed. A colourful Mage Sword formed in his grasp. This sword, moulded by his spiritual force, was now comparable even to divine weapons.

"Save our ally!" A few priests wearing the uniform of Helm's church were startled, and quickly cast a holy shield for Jeffries.

“Don’t bother me!” Leylin frowned slightly, and the Mage Sword created a few beautiful cross-shaped slashes in the air.

Swish! Two of the priests were hit by the slashes, and the many defensive spells on their bodies were ripped apart. Afterwards, their bodies were cut open. It was still a slight breather, though, and Jeffries continued to retreat.

“While I do admire you, it’s impossible for you to change your faith...” Leylin quickly chased up to him with a look of pity in his eyes. The Mage Sword in his hands pierced forward, breaking his last layer of defence.

“Hehe... I didn’t think you’d be so powerful... Cough cough... What a shame. I will never be able to see the gorgeous Summer Warbler Flower of the northern seas ever again...” Jeffries was now heavily injured, and no longer had the ability to retreat. Hearing Leylin’s words, he slowly closed his eyes to await death.

“Please pardon Jeffries, Leylin Faulen.” A slender palm grabbed Jeffries’ collar, and teleported out of the battlefield in an instant.

“Xena... no, my Lady!” Jeffries gazed at ‘Xena.’

The gold priest had originally been scared stiff, so weak she was cowering in a corner. She’d been lucky enough not to get involved in the battle, but she looked frozen and pale.

Now, although she maintained that appearance every action of

hers was filled with absolute dignity and confidence. She wasn't even a legendary; Xena could not have such a divine lustre on her body, nor could she rescue Jeffries.

The only explanation was that she'd been possessed by a powerful existence. The only being that a priest would give their mind and body up for was naturally the god they worshipped.

"Nice to meet you, Lady Waukeen!" Leylin bowed elegantly, and then easily decapitated two more priests of Helm's church. Such savagery and poise were very conflicting.

"I apologise... You were a child that I thought well of, but I already had a deal with Mystra, and I need to play by the book..." Waukeen pulled at Jeffries as she moved backwards, speaking calmly and with grace.

"It was only a singular deal, though. I can assure you that your territory will not be affected, but only if you survive this and grant them the glory of a true god..."

By the time the last word was spoken, Waukeen had already brought Jeffries away from the valley. A dazzling golden arc quickly left Xena's body, forming the image of an elegant woman wearing gold robes. Only half her body was shown.

As the one who'd been a container for her goddess, Xena had been abandoned. She paled again and fell into a coma, obviously not in a good state. It was likely that this incident would reduce her lifespan.

“Divine ability: Space-time Shift!” Waukeen’s figure pointed towards Leylin while in mid-air and then exploded, disappearing into nothingness.

Leylin, on the other hand, felt like everything was spinning. By the time he regained his senses, he was almost out of the valley, and at an area he had been in before. Tens of giant mist beasts were eyeing him like he was prey.

‘An intermediate god has such mysterious abilities...’ The corner of Leylin’s lips quirked up in a smile, ‘Was what she said at the end out of goodwill or a threat? At the very least, I can be sure that she plotted against me because of the deal. After this, they don’t owe each other anything anymore...’

“There are only three true enemies then.” Although the people from the church of wealth had left, the powerful beings who had fallen apart due to Leylin’s sudden outburst had time to regroup.

“Haha... you’re fated to fall here!” Veins visibly bulged in Benedict’s eyes, like he was a crazy gambler who’d been at it for three full days.

“Oh? You’re so confident that you can take me down?” Making quick work of the paladins and giant mist beasts, Leylin shot a glance at Benedict who looked like he had a card up his sleeve.

‘Demigods are practically the peak of the prime material plane. Unless the true bodies of the gods descend as saints, nobody can

match up to them void of a group of high-ranked legends unfearing of death. Another option is for several avatars to mount a sneak attack, but he probably won't be willing to pay such a huge price. There's only one method left...'

Even greater gods had to abide the rules of the World of Gods. Avatars weren't all that powerful in the prime material plane, and the only thing that would make a difference was their numbers. However, it was too much of a waste for a few avatars or high-ranked legends to fall for the sake of killing Leylin. Unless there was such enmity between them that it could only be resolved by death, it was unlikely for them to go that far.

"It's done!" Benedict's gleeful voice sounded at that moment, and the mist in the surroundings quickly dissipated to reveal a huge, four-sided magic formation.

Bzzt! Bzzt! One grey pillar of light rose into the sky after the other, forming a terrifying cage that sealed Leylin within. Benedict used a crystal core to control it.

"This undulation... Looks like it really is..." Leylin's eyes flashed, and he pointed straight at Benedict, "Order of Law, Death!"

"Get away!" The surrounding priests quickly yelled.

Had he let go of the crystal at this moment, Benedict would definitely have had a chance of survival. However, he did nothing. He seemed ready to die as he continued to transmit energy from his body to the core.

Bang! His corpse crumpled to the ground, and the grey pillars shrunk, turning into a sealing-cum-teleportation spell formation. With a flash of light, Leylin's figure disappeared from within.

"Benedict..." A few paladins gathered, gazing at Benedict who breathed no more. There was a slight satisfied smile on the corner of his lips.

"You shall obtain light. May your soul rest in the divine realm..." After a few sorrowful words, the rest of the survivors gathered and began to pray for Benedict.

"We may fall for eternity, collapsing on our paths as we root out evil. However, justice shall always follow!" A paladin who had broken his arm from the scuffle with Leylin sighed as he spoke. Such thinking immediately garnered the approval of Helm's church, while Mystra's priests all went quiet.

However, the silver-haired priestess suddenly exclaimed, "NO!"

"What happened?" This sudden action immediately gave rise to glares from the paladins. The priestess continued without hesitation, "There are no traces of him in our master's divine realm! The false god was not teleported there!"

Due to the powerful suppression of the prime material plane, the gap between avatars and demigods was minimal and they were almost on equal grounds. Things were different in the outer planes though. Although a lesser god's avatar wasn't much different from a greater god's here, the gap between them there was like that



between the heavens and the earth!

This was even more evident in divine realms. No matter which divine realm Leylin entered, his only fate would be death as he met the true bodies of the gods in their own nests.

This had been their plan all along. Since she was a greater god, as well as the person who planned this, the teleportation formation that had been set up led to Mystra's divine realm. That was why it was so difficult to activate.

However, while the spell formation had worked successfully, it had not achieved the expected results. The group turned grim, looking at their companions' bodies and Benedict's smile in death. It had become the greatest irony in the world.

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Two gods stood shoulder to shoulder in the vast spatial cracks. Be it spatial turbulence or the expulsion of the four elements, everything before them was automatically dispersed, forming a safe zone. This strength indicated that they were at the very least avatars of greater gods! Leylin was also extremely familiar with the two of them.

Amongst them was someone who looked like an old veteran with his right hand and eye missing. The other was a young girl who looked like a wizard, the power of the Weave surging within her body. This was Mystra and Tyr, the Goddess of the Weave and the God of Justice!

It took a long while for Mystra to open her eyes and speak, “The teleportation was disturbed. He did not reach my divine realm.”

“I checked the area here, including the dimensional cracks. There’s no sign of the floating city,” Tyr replied.

# Chapter 1019 - Hell

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“The information should be incorrect, Leylin might not have obtained the flying city Thultanthar. Either that, or he’s extremely crafty and predicted our ambush...” Mystra’s beautiful gaze pierced through the void, seeing the scenario unfolding in the world.

Had Leylin been here, he definitely would’ve broken out into cold sweat. Had he actually used the floating city to attack the backbone of these churches, the gods lying in wait for him would definitely show him why the flowers were dyed red.

This was two greater gods! Leylin had a chance to resist them in the prime material plane, but outside it there were no more restrictions. There would be no chance for him to fight back.

“Where did you obtain this information?” Tyr asked, rousing from his silence.

“One of my worshippers met a devil during his travels, and obtained the information from him. However the devil was already dead by the time I got there, and his soul had disappeared as well...”

A trace of doubt surfaced on Mystra’s face. “I feel an extremely irksome and sinister aura, more vile than the three monarchs of the deep abyss. This is a mysterious existence...”

“More sinister than evil itself?” Tyr shuddered, as if having

recalled some unwanted memory. “You should go and check the seals. Remove any contamination around the area if needed...”

“You mean...” Mystra inhaled deeply, spitting out the taboo word of times long past, “Magi...”

.....

Teleportation light flashed as Leylin stepped out of a distortion in space. A mere moment before, the A.I. Chip’s voice had sounded out, [Contingent conditions met, instant teleportation activated!]

‘Instant teleportation was indeed the safest option. I fear nobody in the main world, but I can’t be too sure in the outer planes. Right now, I’m most likely in...’ Leylin looked around. Meteors streaked past the crimson sky, dancing in the air. His surroundings were a charred mess, the desolate earth littered with small rocks. A few hills in the distance broke the even landscape.

“Huuu... This seems to be...” The air was filled with a tinge of malevolence and dread, clueing Leylin in to his whereabouts. Of course, the little streams of blood flowing around the land left no more room for doubt. ‘Baator, the Nine Hells. I knew this felt familiar!’

Leylin stretched his back lazily, before sending out a command, ‘A.I. Chip, conduct scan.’

[Beep! Mission established, beginning scan...] the A.I. Chip’s voice intoned. It was followed up instantly.

[Environment scanned, air analysis complete. Current location: Avernus, the first level of Baator.]

[Beep! Laws in the area are different from the prime material plane, analysing...]

It quickly showed the properties of the world.

[1) Gravity normal.

2) Time flow normal.

3) Space Unlimited: The nine levels of hell extend indefinitely, but are always a fixed distance from the abyss and their lower levels.

4) Divine form: An organism requires the strength of at least a lesser god to transform the Nine Hells, and this transformative control extends over the regular organisms of the region.

5) No elemental affinity: All elements are balanced in power.

6) Minor lawful evil: Any beings of the chaotic or good alignment are weakened, and devils will attack them. Beings of the lawful evil alignment receive a slight buff to powers.]

“This is indeed the territory of the devils.” Leylin inhaled deeply. He felt like he’d merged into one with the entirety of Baator, an impression he’d been given because he’d devoured Beelzebub before.

But the impression wasn’t necessarily false. His own disposition was quite aligned with the laws of hell, which meant this place could bear the weight of his ambitions. He would soar into the skies!

‘Demigods can traverse planes. I can return to the prime material plane if I want to, but since I’m already here...’ Leylin stroked his chin. ‘Anyway, Debanks Island is quite far from the mainland, and won’t be influenced easily. I can manage my worshippers and their divine spells just as easily from this place. I’ve wanted to make a

trip to Baator anyway, so I might as well get on with it...’

Baator had nine levels, called the Nine Hells. It was an ideal destination for travellers, a place where treasure hunters could satisfy their greed and paladins would seethe with rage. As a dimension it was the ultimate embodiment of lawful evil, laced with the cold, harsh cruelty of schemes and ploys.

It was the garden of various devils, including bearded devils, horned devils, ice devils, barbed devils, pit fiends and countless others. They had a hierarchy here, and apart from the devils were also hellcats, hellhounds, imps, kytons, dream eaters, demonic beasts, and even humans!

The devils of the Nine Hells abided by a hierarchical system, with status obtained through schemes and ruthless action.

“The Nine Hells of Baator, the endless abyss, and the everlasting Underdark. The underground planes of the World of Gods...” All wizards were erudite. On top of that, Leylin had Beelzebub’s memories and researched this land before, so his knowledge of and familiarity with the Nine Hells exceeded even that of those in the celestial planes.

‘Baator has a total of nine levels, a place for fallen souls. Legends say that it was once part of the abyss, from which it later separated itself. The ruler in name is Asmodeus.’ Information on Baator surfaced in Leylin’s mind.

Although Asmodeus was hailed the Supreme of the Nine Hells, he

only had control over the Ninth Hell, Nessus, a plain filled with canyons deeper than any marine trench. His control over the other eight hells was limited.

Rumours said that Asmodeus had ascended to his throne through countless battles. He'd schemed his way along, putting together an epic army consisting of pit fiends and greater devils, securing his seat as the leader of the Nine Hells with the assistance of the overlords of each level.

According to Leylin's own understanding Asmodeus did not have much control over the other hells. The overlords of each level were about the same ranking as him. Of course, Asmodeus himself wouldn't admit to this matter, making efforts to stand out amongst the rest.

As the most powerful of Archdevils, Asmodeus had unparalleled strength. He was not inferior to any of the greater gods. He'd expanded his influence over Baator in the past several thousand years, showing his wild ambition to unite it all.

When Beelzebub had gone missing from the second level, he'd grasped the chance to strengthen his control of it. Of course, the six remaining Archdevils did not agree. Jealous of Asmodeus, they'd employed a series of ploys until the Nine Hells had reached a miraculous balance. That was, of course, until Leylin flew in like a butterfly— No, he was a Tyrannosaurus Rex that would disrupt the scales. The forces here now had a new variable to consider!

‘There are eight Archdevils in Baator, with the first level being in a common area that is the frontline of bloody battles. There's even

some gods who've housed their divine realms here, like the Kobold God Kurtulmak and the Shark God Sekolah. On top of that, due to the battles with the demons Asmodeus has a great amount of influence here. The Dark Eight, his eight generals, are stationed in this place...

‘As for the second level, Dis, it's a place I'm extremely familiar with. It was Beelzebub's fief, and right now he's probably hiding somewhere inside, deep in slumber...’

With most of his divinity and divine force devoured, Beelzebub had sustained serious injuries. He was recovering even if slowly, with chances of a complete recovery. After all, he was the Archdevil of this level, someone loved by the will of Baator. The fortunes he'd amassed would be enough to tide him through this crisis.

However, Leylin aimed to complete devouring Beelzebub, taking everything in his position!

‘The third level of hell is Minauros, a filthy marsh ruled by Mammon the Lord of Greed. Legends say that if one is tainted by the greed and corruption there, they will sink deep into the marsh and eventually get swallowed by it...’

“The rest of their levels have their owners as well, with Asmodeus in the ninth...” Leylin counted on his fingers, ‘Eight Archdevils, plus a few gods and the pit fiends on the First Hell. They're the strongest in all of Baator...’



These people were exceptionally powerful, and they also had their own forces behind them. Someone able to grow their influence in hell itself was no easy character, capable of many ploys and conspiracies.

However, the more this was true, the more burning desire Leylin felt.

“I really want... really want to kill them all...” Leylin had never shied away from powerful enemies and unimaginable difficulty. On the contrary, such things only ignited his fighting spirit and his confidence. He would amass his strength steadily, and finally defeat them in one fell swoop!

# Chapter 1020 - Night Hag

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First Hell of Baator, Avernus.

A nightmare trod across the barren land that was littered with shattered rocks. Its blazing hooves left a deep imprint wherever it stepped.

Boom! A meteorite crashed into the ground, leaving a large pit. However, the horse nimbly avoided it.

This nightmare had a human on its back, the very act of taming a beast such as it indicating that this was no average person. That simple line of reasoning had saved Leylin from many problems.

The roads in this area were filled with regular souls, and even petitioners. It told Leylin that his destination was near.

Lawful evil humans from the prime material plane, if they prayed to devils, had a very high chance of entering Baator after they died. Their souls would morph, making them petitioners or even lesser devils. Some devils liked contorting these souls into grotesque forms, expressing a form of aesthetic view like they were ornaments. These creatures had rather appalled Leylin at first, but after seeing a few of them he came to ignore it.

He stopped the nightmare in front of a soul. This one had pale skin, with twisted eyes and a nose. It seemed to be suffering, but still looked at Leylin with vigour. This was the reverence it had when looking at a powerful devil.

“What’s your name? Do you remember your past?” Leylin noticed that this soul was rather plump, and the originally lavish robes indicated that he’d led a rather good life back in the prime material plane.

“Lucas... Or something else, who knows... Poor me has to arrive at the Bronze Citadel in three blood days, or my owner will not forgive me...” the soul lamented, “I was just a small merchant from the north in my previous life. I even prayed piously to the Goddess of Wealth...”

Leylin rolled his eyes inwardly. It was extremely common for merchants to turn to Waukeen. Even normal worshippers, as long as they didn’t commit heinous crimes in their pasts, would likely be redeemed and sent to her divine realm. As for Lucas, he was either lying, or pretending to be a worshipper; hence his current predicament.

This very exchange showed that these souls had learnt the trademark of the devils, of pretense and deceit.

“Bronze Citadel? That’s my destination as well.” Beelzebub’s memories said the Bronze Citadel was the core of Avernus. It was constructed boorishly, built to be an inflexible structure. The many devils in it were always prepared for war, and since they were often under siege it was expanded and repaired constantly.

“Alright then, esteemed lord, do you need a map or a guide? With the magnanimity of someone at your level, you won’t refuse a

reward, will you?” The eyes of the soul spun quickly. Even with a contorted face its intelligence and greed were apparent.

“Or perhaps... a small trade?” Lucas’s thumb and index finger grinded against each other, giving off a very wretched look.

“As expected, you really are suited to hell. Filled with greed as you are, why didn’t you enter Minauros immediately upon death?” A pillar of evil light rose up from Leylin’s body, and the surroundings were dyed crimson. Everything came to a standstill, and even the meteors crashing down from the sky were stopped in mid-air.

This was a Devil Aura. It was one of Beelzebub’s powers that had been devoured by Leylin, finally revitalised and emerging from a corner of his soul.

The A.I. Chip provided data on the ability.

[Devil Aura: Passive domain. Restricted to powerful devils, it allows the user to naturally impose fear upon others. Any lesser devils in the vicinity are put under control, confusion, and fear. Note: The aura attracts the hostility of other powerful devils. If the controlled devil already has an owner, a negotiation will be held.]

“This light that belongs only to pure evil... You... are you a pit fiend?” Lucas’ body collapsed helplessly to the ground, his eyes radiating fear, “Master... Lucas’ master!”

‘As expected, Devil Aura works differently in hell. It can’t vanquish the devil in sight immediately.’ Leylin shook his head.

As Lucas wailed for help, a contractual force arose from his body. It finally formed the figure of a night hag wearing a pointed hat.

“Jiejie... Ancient and powerful devil, has my slave offended you?” The night hag’s voice sounded coarser than an owl’s chirps, making one shudder in fear.

These night hags often appeared in Baator and the abyss during transaction, acting as merchants. Collecting souls was their favourite pastime. Although what had appeared was just a phantom, it still showed strength greater than that of a rank 15 wizard.

The night hag could not see through Leylin at all. Although he seemed to just be an evil human, the Devil Aura and his alignment could not be faked. Thus, she assumed the he was a powerful devil who’d assumed human form. Leylin’s divine force masked his identity anyway, and coupled with his own evil alignment even an Archdevil wouldn’t be able to unmask him.

“Indeed. He seems to be a little out of it, with his intelligence corrupted by greed. He actually wanted to strike a deal with me,” Leylin shook his head, “Couldn’t even understand the underlying traits of a trade. No wonder he’s just a normal soul, unable to even turn into a lesser devil...”

“Jiejie... I do hope to be someone worthy of a trade with your distinguished self... As the price for offending you, I can sell him to you for a contract, the price being one regular soul...”

The night hag looked at Leylin, but was regrettably declined, “How foolish do you think I am, to trade for this fellow using a soul...” He pointed nonchalantly at Lucas who was shuddering in fear. “It’s obvious that you cheated him, or used some kind of underhanded means to nullify the original contract with his owner...”

“What a pity...” The night hag did not show the slightest form of repentance. Just like Leylin said, the soul was something she’d picked up along the way, not worth much.

“You can deal with Lucas any way you like; just remember to repay me later.” The phantom flickered, and was about to vanish.

“Wait!” Leylin said just then, holding the night hag back. “I’m not very interested in this soul, but there is something you own that I’d very much like...”

Leylin continued, “I’m a traveller from Dis. Much of the information regarding Avernus is now out of date, so I need the freshest information about this place. I also need information about the Blood War, and detailed maps... You’ll be very satisfied with my price.”

“Jiejie... I do like generous customers!” The night hag cackled like an owl, “Ever since your lord disappeared, a lot of devils from Dis have been coming here...”

The night hag handed the information over to Leylin, even adding some details regarding Dis as if by accident. To be privy to

such information, the being had to be both strong and been a resident for a long time.

However, Leylin had Beelzebub's own memories. He knew the lands like the back of his palm, so the deceit and trickery planted within didn't affect him at all.

“Hehe... Okay then, powerful traveller from Dis. I need three regular souls, or something similar in exchange.” A green parchment floated beside the night hag. A phosphoric glow surrounded it, giving it a mysterious vibe.

‘A spatial spell? Baator seems to have some good stuff.’ Leylin's eyes flashed, and three slumbering souls appeared beside him.

“This...” The night hag gave off a fervent gaze, as if seeing good liquor. She stepped forward immediately, and continued to give her approval.

“Jiejie! Very powerful souls, indeed. It's a pity that they're branded by gods. That's a huge problem, I want at least five of them to make up for the defect.”

“Are you kidding me?” Leylin said indifferently, and his Devil Aura grew even more intense as it pushed the night hag away.

“The souls of pious worshippers are pure and powerful. Furthermore, the gods that they pray to are now dead, so there won't be any consequences. These souls are worth at least two to

three times a regular one, and I'm already offering you three. Your greed knows no bounds, Mammon would likely be a better lord for you to serve."

The night hag wasn't embarrassed at all once exposed. It was the most basic nature of a devil to haggle. She agreed to the trade in the end, but Leylin refused to sign any form of contract with her. Devils were experts at deceiving people through contracts, and Leylin was not in the mood to engage in wordplay with a night hag.

"Jiejie... We shall meet again, generous guest..." The night hag vanished into thin air, along with Lucas. Having borne the cost of the teleportation, he was sucked dry and had his body crushed by the void.



# Chapter 1021 - Bronze Citadel

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‘So she used the body on the other side of the transmission to supply energy for the delivery?’ The A.I. Chip’s light flashed as it recorded the incident, allowing Leylin to see through the ability that the night hag had displayed.

It required much less energy to send a phantom than one’s true body. Had it only been that, Lucas would still have had some hope of survival. However, the night hag had sent over a scroll of information, something that Lucas had to act as the energy for.

Lucas had completely disappeared, the price for the sheepskin scroll Leylin now held. All his energy had been poured into delivering it.

‘So not even a single petitioner’s energy is spared. Devils are truly masters of accounting and meticulous plans. If I hadn’t factored Lucas’ cost into the price, she absolutely would’ve demanded a greater payment from me...’

After this deal, Leylin’s understanding of the the cunning and shrewdness of devils had deepened.

‘However... The line of contract that I saw on his body was real. Although I had to pay a little, I got what I wanted in the end.’

[Beep! Scroll scanned. 13.86% is fake or miscellaneous, discarded. Remaining portions merged with relevant items. Organising... Transmitted to host’s memory.]

‘Looks like the night hag didn’t deceive me. Is it because of my

strength?’ Leylin stroked his chin, ‘Also, the souls of these fanatics are unexpectedly useful.’

Leylin had used the dormant souls of some of Akaban’s worshippers for the trade. Souls were an absolute, hard currency used in the abyss and hell, and in order to gain enough souls devils and demons disregarded the churches to conduct massacres. They stepped over the corpses of their comrades in their rush to the prime material plane, and were the causes of much slaughter.

Compared to the painstaking efforts of those demons and devils, Leylin had simply broken into a demigod’s shrine and acquired several hundred years of Akaban’s soul reserves. Sakartes’ reserves of pious and powerful souls had been accumulated over several hundred years, and they were a treasure that could even tempt Archdevils.

Leylin had no way of turning those believers’ souls into his own petitioners, and directly absorbing them was far too much of a waste. Using them like this could be considered as making use of trash.

‘However...’ Leylin’s lips curved into a faint smile, as if he was looking at some sinister scene in the future. ‘A native’s soul is indeed different from souls from the prime material plane. The contamination from those souls is something that even gods dread.’

The power of faith could be considered the strength of a soul, and the faith of a native was poison that even gods dared not touch. The contamination originated from the depths of their souls, and

those without Leylin's power of observation wouldn't be able to tell at all.

Needless to say, Leylin had faked the souls of Akaban's worshippers for the trade. He'd made them look no different from ordinary souls on the surface. Many demons and devils would be affected once these souls became a part of the general market, something Leylin looked forward to from the depths of his heart.

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Now that he had an accurate map, Leylin picked up his pace. As he drew closer to the Bronze Citadel, more and more devils appeared around him. It seemed like he could see armoured devils marching in their camps every day. However, perhaps it was due to his lawful alignment or his powerful aura, few came over to bother him.

He arrived at Bronze Citadel after a peaceful journey. This city was known for being cast into 12 concentric rings of sturdy bronze walls. Each ring was equipped with a powerful and sinister war machine, which was both formidable and serious.

When Leylin first laid eyes on the Bronze Citadel, he felt as if he was looking at a steel beast laying on the ground. There were many lesser devils and imps working hard to reinforce the citadel's defences alongside petitioners. One could see a lot of bone-like scaffolding and supporting pillars, and hammers and shovels were laid out nearby. The citadel was being expanded, with no end in sight.

Although all signs pointed towards a bustling scene outside, the imps, lesser devils, and petitioners were performing their work methodically. The entire perimeter of the fort was like a huge and precise machine, ordered in its motion.

Visitors lined up outside the Bronze Citadel in rows, accepting the inspection of the garrison. They entered the fort in an orderly fashion.

Had this been the abyss, everyone was likely to have broken into a riot long ago. However, devils were different. They were lawful creatures, obeying the system was in their nature. The Nine Hells especially favoured such 'good children' who abided by the rules.

Leylin could only shrug and join the queue. A group of lesser devils were in charge of this area. Most of them were barbazus, otherwise known as bearded devils. They had the goat horns and scales characteristic of devils, as well as wings of black bone. Most were armoured, and one of their hands looked like a steel hook. They were covered in thorny barbs, and the flickering cold light and poison intimidated others immediately.

These bearded devils sometimes worked as guides for evil souls, but it seemed like that wasn't available here. As a result, their tempers were rather poor. Leylin had seen several poor devils dragged away in front of him, suffering the torture and interrogation of chain devils, kytons.

The queue slowly but steadily moved forwards, and very soon it

was Leylin's turn.

“State your name, identity and proof of your allegiance...” a two-headed barbazú said from in front of him. There was an imp nearby as well, its broken wings pattering behind its back and evil eyes filled with greed. Flames continuously cycled between its mouth and the rest of its face, just as poisonous insects crawled in and out of its various orifices.

“I'm from the Second Hell, Dis. I belong to the lord's legions, under the jurisdiction of pit fiend Azlok,” Leylin parted his hair a little, and a powerful aura transmitted out to form an obscure mark.

Nobody in Baator was truly without a master. The devils were strictly restricted by the hierarchy, and each one had a hierarchy. Their superiors were governed by even more powerful devils, going all the way up to the eight Archdevils of hell.

“From Dis as well! That place is getting more and more chaotic after the Archdevil disappeared...” The imp mumbled to itself, revealing a fearful expression on its face.

Leylin's aura was undoubtedly that of a greater devil, and the imp had only just become a lesser one. Although superiors didn't have jurisdiction over their colleagues' subordinates, Leylin could easily kill it if he so wished.

Thinking back to its previous plots and the competitors who now eyed its position, the imp's heart grew cold. It subconsciously

switched to a more pandering expression.

“There’s been many devils from Dis here recently, you should take care, my Lord.”

“Mm, I hope to hide this record for now, and obtain news about my rivals,” Leylin said in a low voice while nodding.

“Oh?” The imp’s expression grew sluggish, but it was soon pulled aside by the bearded devil behind it. “Ten coins. Or other riches. I’ll give you the news immediately.”

Devils could very easily be bribed. Leylin could not help but feel slightly sorry for those poor devils who could not afford the bribe before him.

“Here, give me the information,” he carelessly took out a flaxen bag and opened it a little, revealing the lustre of the souls within.

Be it coins, items, or riches, everything had an equivalent amount of souls in Baator. The imp and the bearded devil glanced at each other, before very happily replying in unison, “No problem, we have a deal!”

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With all that done, Leylin finally entered the Bronze Citadel. Many lesser devils mingled with each other here, before leaving for the Blood War. With lower devils and petitioners thrown into the

mix, it formed a clamorous and lively bazaar.

Leylin was currently strolling through the streets, thinking back to the information he'd just received. His eyes held a trace of wistfulness.

‘The impact of Beelzebub’s disappearance was greater than I ever expected.’ Leylin could not help but inwardly sigh at this. The laws of hell were incomparably strict. The devils formed a vast and precise hierarchy, and the distinction between ranks was sternly enforced. At the peak of this hierarchy was Asmodeus, the Supreme of Baator and the master of the Dark Eight.

The Dark Eight, Asmodeus’ eight generals, had many greater devils and pit fiends beneath them, each one in possession of a great many subordinates. They put in great effort in their pursuit of status and power.

Normally, all this led to a tranquil environment. However, once one of the cornerstones of the hierarchy was lost in Beelzebub, it created a chain reaction that led to a complete collapse. His disappearance had caused the strict hierarchal network to lose a majority of its social fabric, causing chaos in Dis.

If it wasn’t for the remaining 7 Archdevils taking action to instil order, perhaps the second layer of hell would have been sucked into the abyss. The devils would have become the laughing stock of the entire world if that happened, nailed down to the rack of shame.

Still, a lot of pit fiends and other Archdevils contested for the position of Dis' Lord. Had Asmodeus been the true ruler of Baator, he could've recommended a greater devil or pit fiend from his own faction to the position, or sent his own children. However, he was only nominally the Supreme, and his authority was limited to the Ninth Hell Nexus.

Besides, Beelzebub was only missing, not dead. His authority hadn't disappeared completely yet.



# Chapter 1022 - Authorisation

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Authority or rank in the Nine Hells, put bluntly, was the right to the origin force of Baator. As such, it was of paramount importance, and became the foundation of the devils' hierarchy.

The eight Archdevils divided most of this authority between themselves. They had tight control over the devils under them, and could even decide which devils would rise and fall in rank. Because of this, without the approval of their direct subordinates, it was impossible for low-ranked devils to move up.

The lords of each hell had their own individual subordinates, and possessed an absolute right over their lives. This was evident from how Leylin could do as he wished in the prime material plane using Beelzebub's memories. He'd easily taken care of the church of gluttony.

Devil society was like a bureaucracy. Status was difficult to obtain, and it was impossible to advance in rank without pushing someone else down. This made it so that the ascension of a greater devil left another one demoted in rank. The new one would gain tens of enemies that were eyeing the same spot. It was so competitive that it was almost pitiful.

The disappearance of a lord was an unprecedented matter in Baator, unheard of since the ancient dusk of the gods. Now, the pit fiends, greater devils, and even the more powerful devils that were loyal to Beelzebub found that they had lost their powerful background. What would they do?

These people lost their senses when met with the possibility of advancing to the highest rank in Baator. In such turbulent darkness, Asmodeus and the six other Archdevils joined in and caused Dis to enter even more chaos. This was also the reason why numerous devils left.

If the Nine Hells were analogous to a region in ancient times, Asmodeus was the emperor in name. The remaining seven Archdevils possessed their own lands, subordinate kings with troops and generals of their own, the pit fiends and other greater devils.

The emperor wished for more power, but these kings all wanted to increase their territories as well. The generals under them worked extremely hard, hoping for a chance to be promoted. Some even wished to take over their master's position. Conspiracies were rife, and the most ambitious side would have the last laugh. The reward? The greatest authority in the Nine Hells.

Beelzebub's disappearance was like the loss of a king. The resulting unrest was only the tip of the iceberg. This alone put Leylin on guard.

'The Second Hell has already descended into panic. While Beelzebub still holds power, many have begun to sense his weakness...'

Leylin looked at the ordered devils as he strolled around the entirety of the Bronze Citadel, the place bustling with life. He then stopped in front of a demon's skull, as if admiring the valuable spoils of war.

‘The devils think this is a conspiracy. Beelzebub’s underlings are saying their leader isn’t as weak as the rumours state, and he’s only hiding in a dark corner waiting for everyone to come after him. He’ll capture all of them in one shot, they say... Quite a few lords have done such things since the race came into being. Even Asmodeus himself used a similar strategy once, and to great effect...

‘Other rumours say that Beelzebub has been captured by another lord, and is imprisoned somewhere having his energy extracted... These devils are really quite imaginative...

‘I stole most of his law of gluttony, as well as almost all his divinity and divine force. He’s definitely in a deep sleep right now, and no matter what happens in the outside world it’ll be hard for him to awaken...’ Leylin’s main body was the one who’d reduced Beelzebub to his current state, so there was nobody who knew the truth better than himself.

Having taken over much of his power and memories, Leylin naturally knew how grievous such an injury was. Unless Beelzebub defeated his Warlock body and devoured everything in return, it was basically impossible for him to return to his previous state. A weak lord was a form of prey that his underlings anticipated.

‘There’s numerous secret lairs and treasures made just in preparation for this. They’re all over Baator, as well as across other planes...’ Leylin had a grim look in his eyes. Because of their sly natures, their ability to set up safety nets was something nobody could compare to.

‘It seems like he’s considered the idea that someone might obtain his memories. The probability of him using those lairs is minuscule, and there could even be traps there instead...’ Numerous thoughts crossed Leylin’s mind, allowing him to quickly come to a decision, ‘Whatever it is, I have to go to Dis!’

Leylin would find the Lord of Gluttony, and devour everything that was his. It would make for the best opportunity for his main body to advance, something he would never give up on.

‘Authority amongst devils, as well as access to the World Will. How interesting!’ The astuteness he had as a Magus combined with the origin force detection of a legendary arcanist allowed Leylin to sense something. Although Baator had great amounts of World Origin Force, there was no complete will. It was possible that the World Will that controlled this origin force had been split into eight, one part each going to the lord of each level above the first.

Leylin now had access to much of Beelzebub’s powers, which gave him authority over the World Origin Force. He could demote or promote any pit fiends and greater devils. He also had the authority to kill the devils subordinate to the other lords. This was a decision of Baator’s origin, something that couldn’t be fought or changed.

‘Devils are far too pitiful compared to demons. They need the approval of their lords to advance, and it uses up a large amount of soul energy as well. The higher seats have long been filled, and one can only wait for the right chance to ascend.’

Leylin suddenly felt thankful that he hadn't been reincarnated in hell. However, further thought told him that with Beelzebub's authority there was nothing holding him back. He would advance rapidly as a devil, all the way to the highest echelons. He would control others, not the other way around.

‘As long as I kill Beelzebub and take over that last bit of law and authority, I'll immediately become the lord of Dis,’ he realised. He also knew that because of the chaos on the prime material plane, as well as the great authority in Baator, people still thought Beelzebub held on to his power. The terror of that protected the sleeping Archdevil, preventing others from killing him. It seemed rather ironic.

‘The authority to access Baator's World Origin Force...’ Leylin closed his eyes. Ever since he'd come to the Nine Hells he'd felt like he was one with the place. The world itself seemed to answer to his very breaths, its power ready to listen to him. Upon his command it would burst forth, becoming an absolute pressure that dominated everyone else.

Of course, he could not use this as he pleased, or he would face unthinkable consequences. However, Leylin had already estimated that the strength he could muster with the power of this authority was greater even than what he'd gained when he'd sacrificed the Wisdom Tree sapling to awaken the Purgatory World's World Will,

‘With this boost, even ordinary devil in hell can use the strength of a Magus of laws without restriction... It's similar to the gods. If a mortal were lucky enough to acquire godhood, they can jump past all the loops to become a powerful being of the World of Gods

straight away.'

Leylin suddenly understood how the hierarchy of the devils worked, 'Lesser, intermediate, and greater devils, as well as the pit fiends... It's all a display of how much power they have in this world. However, the lords have true access to Baator's origin force, what the rest obtain is only a slight bonus bestowed upon them by the lords they serve. It's difficult to move up and down the hierarchy of devils due to this, and with how easy it is to recall it caused the false opinion that the lords of Baator can give and take life as they wish...'

Understanding all of this, much of the fog in his mind seemed to dissipate, allowing him to see the truth of the Nine Hells, 'Asmodeus and the other six Archdevils want to take over the authority in Beelzebub's possession!'

Having come to know their true aims, Leylin would find it much easier to counter their plans. He could even connect this to other matters, 'Then Avernus should technically have a lord as well... Where is he?'

Someone with the authority to the First Hell was on the same level as Beelzebub. He would face no difficulty in taking over the place.

'Perhaps there are too many powerful devils on the level, or maybe the existence of the two true gods and their divine realms causes the authority to be split further... In that case, there might be rogue devils here that don't fit into the hierarchy.'

With authority over Baator's origin force, even if it was partial, a devil would gain complete independence. They could advance without the approval of a superior! This was obviously an existence that the eight lords would never allow to exist.

# Chapter 1023 - Network

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The deceit and slyness of the devils was something Leylin knew extremely well. If a devil had nothing restricting it, what sort of chaos would it bring to Baator? Just the thought caused him to shudder; there was never a lack of ambitious beings among the devils.

Leylin then thought of another possibility. ‘Of course, it might also be because the eight Archdevils are too scheming and powerful. They’ve divided up the authority that should’ve been sole property of the Ninth Hell, causing an equilibrium to be maintained.’

As he was considering these issues, he’d unwittingly released his aura. Along with his grasp of the authority, he’d alarmed a tremendous existence.

“Such an ancient and noble aura, this is a might only Archdevils possess. Who is it?” Loud draconic roars sounded out, and a gigantic five-coloured dragon crawled out of a cave. This cave was next to a skull that formed a huge base.

It had five sinister dragon heads, each of varying colour. Its huge claws caused tiny earthquakes with each footstep, making the legendary dragon Leylin had seen before seem like a baby.

“It’s the area’s guardian, Chromatic Dragon Tiamat.” It was obvious that the dragon strolled around the region regularly. The devils did not seem to panic.



Leylin had only leaked his aura for a mere moment before hiding himself well. Tiamat's five huge heads smelt the air, but in the end could only shrink back without any other choice. Peace and order was quickly restored on the streets. Many people continued travelling, but Leylin stood looking at the cave the dragon had disappeared into, seemingly deep in thought.

‘Guardian of the Bronze Citadel, Chromatic Dragon Tiamat. She's a humongous dragon with power comparable to gods.’

The A.I. Chip had managed to scan Tiamat in the short period she'd come out, and it now presented the information to Leylin:

[Chromatic Dragon Tiamat (Titanic) Strength: 40. Agility: 10. Vitality: 35. Spirit: 28.

Abilities: 1. Epic Dragon Breath: Each of Tiamat's five heads can attack using different types of breaths, namely frost, acid, corrosion, lightning, and fire.

2. Fierce Aura: Tiamat's presence alone causes unease in her enemies. This power is automatically under effect when Tiamat takes flight, charges, or attacks.

3: Spells. Tiamat is a rank 20 evil priest. She also holds the power of a domain as well as divine spells.

4. Magical ability. As a rank 20 sorcerer, she can use the following spells thrice a day: Command Plants, Control Weather, Darkness, Dominate, Fog Cloud, Gust, Arcane Mirage, Plant Growth, Suggestion, Swarm, Veil, Ventriloquism.

Feats: Alchemy, Deceit, Focus, Diplomacy, Intimidation, Draconic Knowledge, Sense Intent, Spell Identification, Survival, Battle Casting, Flying Attack, Heavy Damage – Adept, Instant Cast (coupled with power of domain), Acrobatic Flight.]

‘This is the might of a real legendary being that’s lived for a long time. Not only are all her stats high, she also has great experience and background. The abilities and feats alone make her comparable to demigods...’

Leylin had an interested look on his face, ‘Also, Tiamat seems to have male companions of five different evil races. When they act together, they’re strong enough to fight the God of Kobolds and the God of Sharks. Of course, that’s only outside their divine realms...’

Based on Beelzebub’s memories, the Bronze Citadel was at the very frontlines of battle between Baator and the abyss. It was often attacked by demons. Although many demons were chaotic and crazed like wild dogs, they outnumbered the devils twenty to one. They caused great damage to the citadel.

Unfortunately for them, the devils depended on order and schemes. They would never allow the demons to break into the fort, on the other hand even planning numerous campaigns into

the abyss to gain the upper hand in battle.

However, with no distinct outcome yet in the battles between chaos and order, some even suspected that this would continue to the end of the world.

This extended war also gave Asmodeus the opportunity to lay his hands on Avernus. He took advantage of his eight devil generals, gaining control over the Bronze Citadel during a siege and obtaining the authority to station them here. He now controlled half the citadel.

Rumours said that Tiamat had gradually been reduced to a mere symbol, the guardian of the Bronze Citadel.

‘The Bronze Citadel influences less than a third of Avernus, and he only took control of half of that...’ Leylin shook his head, feeling that Asmodeus’ title as the Supreme of Baator was quite the joke.

“The demons! The demons are here!” “Wild dogs! A wave of wild dogs is attacking!”

A shrieking alarm sounded out all of a sudden. Leylin frowned, his divine conscient immediately finding a large amount of chaotic power moving towards the Bronze Citadel. The demons obviously didn’t attempt to conceal themselves, and were spotted miles away.

“Begin preparing dinner.” Eight great evil auras rose up, representing the highest power in the city other than the pit fiends that were vassals of Archdevils.

‘The Dark Eight... Asmodeus’ loyal dogs are attacking... Does this mean this siege is a scheme to deal with the demons?’ Leylin’s eyes flashed. With the devils’ order and care, it was impossible for their lair to be attacked without warning. The only possibility was that they’d planned something against the demons, hoping to make use of the Bronze Citadel to wipe them out and reduce their might.

Such plans had been implemented many times already, but the demons still got tricked every time. Crazy as they were in their bloodlust, they did not even understand the concept of schemes. Besides, the glory of attacking the devils’ lair was the top priority in their simple minds.

However, Leylin soon found himself unable to laugh. Under the command of the Dark Eight, all the devils in the fort marched out, as if there was an invisible network that was passing orders.

Nupperibos followed lemures, who themselves followed spinagon. Under the lesser devils, they formed squadrons led by barbazu, imps, and excruciarchs, mid-ranked devils. These squadrons formed up behind greater devils like osyluths, barbed devils, horned devils, ice devils, and many others. At the summit were the Dark Eight, and everything combined into a hierarchy that distributed work like a beehive or ant nest. The army was very efficient, and worked in perfect harmony.

‘This is the power of authority.’ Leylin quickly understood how

this network worked. There was a natural difference in the types of beings here, as well as the power of their authority. The Dark Eight were pit fiends, the highest rank of devils. They'd also received power from Asmodeus, gaining some access to Baator's origin force. Although it wasn't direct, the power they displayed when they banded together could overwhelm anything. It allowed the devils to maintain control of the Bronze Citadel.

By this logic, any Archdevil of Baator controlled the lives and advancement of devils that were pit fiends and below. Even if these devils were under the jurisdiction of other Archdevils, they would still feel a natural pressure arising from the same origin force.

'The rules of Baator give some freedom to any other pit fiend inside the Bronze Citadel, but it still has to listen to the commands of the Dark Eight. However, it can still reject them at the cost of torture or demotion, depending on the Archdevil it follows...'

Leylin looked at the devils beside him. They all retained their wits, but still did not reject the commands of the generals. Even though these greater devils served different lords, they still carried out their orders in silence, as if this was how things should be.

'This is the authority of the World Origin Force. Every difference in rank is like the gap between the heavens and the earth...' He hadn't noticed it closely before, but once he discovered the difference Leylin immediately sensed an enormous network through his authority over the origin force. An immense will from the depths of the network connected to the Dark Eight. The connection also gave Leylin some other information, but he ignored it.

[Beep! Discovered digitised network. Automatically obtained highest authority. Organising...]

The A.I. Chip was now working at top speed.

‘If the eight pit fiends work together, they can take over the Bronze Citadel. Even Tiamat wouldn’t dare underestimate them. However...’

Leylin felt strongly that he could take over this network with but a thought, becoming an existence above the Dark Eight that commanded all the devils in the Bronze Citadel. After all, his authority came from the Archdevil of the Second Hell. Unlike the Dark Eight whose authority was second-hand, he had direct control,

Unfortunately, the moment he did that he’d expose his identity to the other lords, which didn’t serve his intentions. Once the A.I. Chip was done analysing the network, Leylin immediately commanded, ‘A.I. Chip, begin concealment!’

[Beep! Mission established. Beginning concealing process. Activating control behind the scenes]

the A.I. Chip intoned loyally.

# Chapter 1024 - City Defence

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Without a single Archdevil inside the Bronze Citadel, Leylin now held the greatest authority. He had fooled the Dark Eight with a single illusion, making them think he was a high-level leader commanding a great army. Rather, he'd secretly changed his own position given the secret authority he'd obtained, which was rather easy to do.

The A.I. Chip had been tasked with making this process even easier for him.

[Beep! Host's data has been altered, now editing the host's position within the network.]

In just a moment, the A.I. Chip's information surfaced before Leylin's eyes.

[Current identity: Greater Devil — Leycian (Horned Devil), from the plane of Dis. Allegiance: Beelzebub. Status: Temporarily commandeered by a higher level of authority: Baalzephon of the Dark 8.]

Once he joined the network, Leylin immediately joined the lesser devils who'd already been mobilised. He no longer felt like an outsider. The A.I. Chip's prompts even showed him that he had tens of lesser devils as his direct subordinates.

‘This feeling... really is exquisite. No wonder devils can often defeat superior forces that are over 20 times more powerful than them,’ Leylin mounted his nightmare and growled as he revealed the appearance of a horned devil. This was fake of course, but even an Archdevil would be fooled into thinking it wasn’t.

The nightmare neighed, expressing its bloodthirst and desire for slaughter. Its flaming hooves left deep marks behind on the street.

“Officer Leycian, Hanalin reports to you.” With the speed of the nightmare, they reached the second tier of the bronze walls in the blink of an eye. By the time Leylin arrived, a large squad had already assembled for him.

A dozen lesser devils stood at the forefront of the squad, not exchanging a single word with each other. Once they saw Leylin, they all confirmed that he was their superior.

This group was mixed. There were imps and barbazus, as well as steel devils, kytons, and an erinyes. There were also some rare falxugon and amnizu. Hanalin was the beautiful erinyes, and she stood at the front of the squad in a graceful bow.

‘So there’s even an erinyes, that’s pretty lucky!’ Leylin nodded and accepted their pledges of loyalty. Erinyes were lesser devils, a power the lower devils could not match. To advance to one required a transformation of the soul, and the criteria for that were very harsh. Erinyes were always pampered toys of greater devils.



After receiving their vows of loyalty, he was now the commanding officer of this brigade of devils.

“Mm, the rest of you— report your names,” Leylin imposingly commanded.

“I’m Al!” “Buck!” “Your servant is named Kimmel!” One lesser demon after another respectfully announced their names— of course it was not their true names, but their nicknames.

Leylin was only their current commander, and as a greater devil he couldn’t command these devils to reveal their biggest secret to him. Of course, if he’d used his authority as an Archdevil they wouldn’t have been able to resist.

“Good. Come with me beyond the walls, we are in charge of the defence of a fifteen kilometre stretch west.” Leylin only asked the lesser devils for their names. He cared not about the lower devils and captains, instead rapidly leading the group to the western section of the city wall.

Many devils were stationed along the perimeter, the only gap being the section he was in charge of. The defensive equipment had all been prepared for him ahead of time.

“Hurry. Al, you’re in charge here. Buck, here. Kimmel, you’ll be responsible for the reserve troops.” With the A.I. Chip’s help, Leylin completed his own preparations rapidly, “And you, Hanalin, you’ll serve as my communications officer.”

“I am honoured to serve,” The erinyes stood by Leylin’s side. Leylin’s current appearance was rather wicked, but also greatly charming. Her eyes were filled with admiration and reverence.

Naturally, Leylin suspected that Hanalin cared a bit more about his status as a greater devil rather than his appearance. But they were currently at the city wall, and this was not the time to flirt with his team. It seemed like once all the devils assembled into place, a line of fire could be seen in the distance.

‘This kind of formation...’ Leylin surveyed the scene from a higher position, speechless, ‘Perhaps today I can finally see the rumoured scene of military chaos? They’re running around like headless chickens!’

At the end of the wilderness was a huge legion of demons. Their formation was currently in complete chaos— No, they couldn’t even be said to be in formation. They looked like a bunch of headless ants crawling everywhere, some even moving in the wrong directions. They were tearing and biting apart their own brethren. Trampling over each other at every moment.

This sprawling mess ambled over, and it was no wonder that even if they outnumbered the citadel twentyfold the devils didn’t get worked about it. Instead, their eyes were filled with ridicule.

Even if it was like this, Leylin discovered that not a single one of the devils on the wall had rushed rashly into action, or been provoked. Even the lowest of petitioners stood still.

“Our victory is assured,” Leylin sighed in a low voice.

‘Await orders, sir! Before General Baalzephon has issued the command, none are permitted to fight the enemy!’ A messenger delivered the news of the latest command to Leylin and his eight officers.

‘It looks like the original network can only decide position and subordination. The fine details of command must be left to the devils themselves to control... No, perhaps the Dark Eight themselves have the authority to directly control the network, but the consumption of energy and authority is too great. As a result, they never use it apart from in the very beginning.’ After receiving the missive, Leylin kept the slightly restless devils under control, allowing the demons to draw even closer.

Looking from his vantage point, Leylin saw many demons in front of him closing the distance. They were mostly dretches and quasits, cannon fodder. Mixed in with the lower demons were lesser demons like vrocks, hezrou and glabrezu. There were even legendary-ranked demons, such as balors and six-armed mariliths.

Balors were powerful demons of the abyss, possessing a control of fire that allowed them to go toe to toe with pit fiends. Leylin could now see the scales of every demon down below, and the frenzy in their wicked eyes.

“Fire!” A balor cried out loudly, and many demons shot out fireballs, filling the sky with a rain of fire.

Although most of the fireballs fell on their comrades, as well as some unlucky flying demons who were shot down from the sky, some of the fireballs landed on the Bronze Citadel.

“Activate the primary energy defence,” Leylin calmly ordered. Soon after, a layer of defensive energy surfaced above the citadel’s wall, completely blocking the attacks. With the devils’ fire resistance, even the blazing heat that made it through didn’t really affect them.

With just a single wave of attacks, the demons had killed thousands upon thousands of creatures, although most of them were their own comrades. Of course, with their dim minds and confusion, perhaps they hadn’t meant to do it at all.

Following all the slaughter and death, the demons grew even more berserk. They roared and bellowed, trampling all over the corpses of their kin as they violently attacked the Bronze Citadel.

“Attack!” With the signal to attack given, many of the commanding officers let out their own roars. The entire citadel seemed to become a powerful war machine in an instant, as the devils used their armour as well as the walls and artillery to destroy large swathes of demons.

However, demons were indeed the most insane and chaotic of creatures. The disadvantage was not enough to put them in fear, instead only intensifying their bloodthirst.

‘With how it’s going, they can seize about half the wall with some difficulty, losing half of their own army in the process. However, this won’t be much use. The citadel has eleven more...’ Leylin speechlessly speculated on the fate of these demons. If they did not change their strategies, their fate was certain.

[Beep! Host has received a mission from Baalzephon! Details: Feign defeat, retreat to the 11th city wall, and defend it.]

Rare as it was, Baalzephon transmitted an order directly through the network.

‘It looks like my previous hypothesis was partly correct. Baalzephon has the authority to use the network, or perhaps he can only contact other greater devils. Which means he can only issue important missions through this network, and other orders need to be more conventional. It looks like his authority is difficult to use...’

This was Leylin not understanding the struggles of the weak. These pit fiends did indeed possess a part of Asmodeus’ authority, and could be said to be barely below the eight Archdevils. However, the control they had was false in the end. Their abilities were restricted, so how could they be as wasteful and extravagant as him?

“Hanalin,” Leylin commanded without the least hesitation.

“Sir!” The erinyes’ expression was extremely grave. After all, if they lost the war and were convicted, she had a high chance of being demoted to a nupperibo, devils who undertook the most dishonourable work. It would be a fate worse than death.

“We need to feign defeat, and retreat slowly to the 11th city wall,” Leylin ordered.

“Are we going to surround them completely?” Hanalin’s eyes held a trace of excitement, and she rapidly alerted the others to the new commands. She also tried her hardest to appear intelligent in front of Leylin.

‘She’s chock full of schemes and intrigue... Keeping her by my side would be too troublesome.’ Little did she know, Leylin had a completely negative impression of the erinyes from the beginning.

The devils’ movements were strikingly coordinated and unified. They abandoned the original wall, and began to retreat in an orderly fashion. The demons however could not see the plot for what it was, and they all fought to outdo each other as they jumped into the middle of a trap.

# Chapter 1025 - Block

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‘The Dark Eight can’t simply want to kill some demons...’ Having retreated to the eleventh city wall, Leylin’s eyes flashed as he saw the encirclement gradually taking shape. ‘If we just rely on the walls to kill the enemy, then the stronger demons will still manage to flee in the end. Just killing a group of dretches, who can be generated every day without fail, will not harm the enemy whatsoever...

‘Baalzephon is most likely targeting the demon corps’ greater demons, such as mariliths, balors, or even flame balors.’ Although the demon army had strength in numbers, that was dwindling. As they fell deeper into the trap, the greater demons followed them in as well.

.....

“Get ready! We need to teach those wild dogs of the abyss a lesson they’ll never forget!” Eight strong pit fiends congregated at the highest point of the battlefield. They were even more powerful than the rest of their kin. These were the Dark Eight, Asmodeus’ confidantes. They controlled the elites of the devils’ army, and were the generals in charge of the Blood War.

If they could suppress the demons with all their might, pushing them back into the Plain of Infinite Portals, they could obtain the favour of Baator’s World Origin Force as well as praise from Asmodeus.

A vague rumour had stirred up the Dark Eight recently, and they'd begun to build up their merits. After all, the prize was the throne of an Archdevil!

Pit fiends stood near the peak of devil society. If they coveted anything at all, it was to overthrow the reigning Archdevil of their Hell and take their throne. The Archdevil of Dis had disappeared, and Asmodeus himself had changed a little recently. They finally saw an opportunity to fulfill their desires.

"I'll need your help!" A member of the Dark Eight arrived in the vicinity of Tiamat's cavern.

"Of course. I only need you to honour your promise after everything is done." A tremendous voice boomed from the depths of the cavern, accompanied by a formidable draconic aura. Loud roars of male dragons could be heard from within as well.

"Not a problem. We have already signed a contract, after all. The reputation of the devils is well-known throughout the multiverse!" The pit fiend smiled as it left.

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"Get moving!" Leylin sensed that the atmosphere had changed, and a great wave of commands were being transmitted. The devils carried the orders out perfectly.

The devils purposefully pretended to lose, and the eleventh wall



of the Bronze Citadel was breached. The tenth wall soon followed, then the ninth, all the way until the 6th wall near the core district. Seeing that they could capture the Bronze Citadel itself, many of the demons went completely berserk. This was an unprecedented feat in their history.

The entirety of the citadel had become a big lure. It thinned the demons out, forming a trap for them to fall into to.

“Now!” The eight pit fiends appeared at the forefront of the battlefield, their thunderous voices reverberating throughout the Bronze Citadel.

Roar! A teleportation spell flashed brightly, and the enormous figure of a chromatic dragon descended upon the land. The demons who did not dodge in time were squished to pulp. This was the former master of the Bronze Citadel, Chromatic Dragon Tiamat!

“Remember your promises!” Tiamat roared into the sky, her enormous body directly blocking the gap in the city wall. Her draconic aura erupted, almost tangible in the atmosphere.

Roar! Over a hundred feet of lightning, acid, corrosive gas, frost, and flame spewed out in bursts from the five dragon heads. Tiamat seemed to transform into a fortress with massive firepower, sweeping the demons in a single strike.

“Draconic spell— Summon Companion!” A teleportation spell flashed by Tiamat’s side. Five smaller dragons appeared, swiping

at the demons all around her with their enormous claws. They sometimes used their deadly teeth to attack, the grinding noises horrifying as blood mixed with pus and scales trickled down from the sides of their mouths.

‘Oh! Tiamat is doing her best? It looks like the Dark Eight have found something that can move her heart.’ Leylin only glanced at the scene outside, and soon turned his whole attention to the battlefield directly in front of him.

The network originating from Baator’s origin force quickly got to work. It seemed like the Dark Eight no longer cared to save their energy, instead going all out in their attack. Elite troops that hadn’t been seen before now appeared to fill the gaps in the walls, wearing exquisite armour and wielding epic weapons.

Tiamat and the five smaller evil dragons were the most important pieces of the formation, and these devils sought to fill in the gaps surrounding them. The Bronze Citadel had encircled most of the demons, including the more powerful ones.

[Beep! Host has obtained a mission from Baalzephon of the Dark Eight! Content: ‘Hand over authority to your vice commander, activate all your elites and bring them to kill the greater demons!’]

“As expected. Hanalin, I leave this to you. The remaining captains, follow me!” Leylin roared and leapt down from one of the city walls, radiating his Devil Aura. The commanders of the

different sections had now left their regions in fervour, searching for demons to kill.

“Charge! Kill them all!” At this point in the battle, the powerful demons were affected by the chaos around them. They had no intention to retreat whatsoever, the language of the deep abyss reverberating around the area.

‘I’m just here to play. I’m not a true devil, so I don’t have to work as hard.’ Leylin understood his position clearly, and did not choose to go towards the balors. Those were the prey of the pit fiends. Instead of the balors, who had good bloodlines and great potential to advance, he chose to fight a marilith instead.

However, what the other devils saw was Leylin choosing a marilith that was larger than the rest. Each of her six arms wielded epic weapons, and she had near legendary might.

“Wretched devil, die!” A natural enmity triggered within her upon seeing Leylin, and the marilith came charging at him. Her six scaly arms brandished a sword each, causing a powerful gale to descend. She had the power of three assassins packed into one, and the torrential wave attacks seemed about to grind Leylin into fine pieces.

‘So weak. But her weapon itself isn’t bad, this level of swordplay is equivalent to grandmasters of the prime material plane.’ Leylin shook his head inwardly. On the surface however he let out a large roar, shooting out a dark whip that collided against his enemy’s weapon. The collision energy rippled out into the void.

‘This swordplay isn’t that bad. She should have the Weapon Proficiency and Multiweapon Fighting feats...’ Leylin discovered his enemy’s trump card in the first contact, even without using the A.I. Chip.

“Very well, I’ll play with you.” A mysterious force extended from Leylin’s fingertips, forming many small circles in midair. The whip was amplified by these circles, spinning like a hurricane as it sucked the marilith in.

Crack! Weapons broke and bones shattered within the hurricane, and a fine crimson mist sprayed out. By the time Leylin retrieved his whip, there was but a pulp of flesh on the ground alongside many small pieces of broken equipment. The marilith had already disappeared.

“Not even mildly interesting. Just a tiny bit of force and she’s dead...” Leylin sighed. He was at the level of a sage with melee weapons, and a mere marilith without even legendary strength was no match for him.

“Perhaps I can try challenging a higher difficulty. The balors seemed to be fine specimens and guinea pigs...” Leylin surveyed the battlefield.

Because of the devils’ counterattack, the demon army had suffered severe casualties, losing more than half its troops. The greater demons being targeted had caused even more confusion in their ranks, but perhaps they never obeyed rules in the first place.

As for the demons who were already crazed from the killing, they did not mind their safety as they dashed towards the high walls of the Bronze Citadel, finally dying under the siege weaponry of the walls.

At the centre of the battlefield were numerous flames. Explosions resounded in the area, with each fight isolated. The destructive force here was so great that even the demons avoided it at all cost. With Leylin's vision, he could make out through the flames that several massive devils and demons were fighting within.

“One of the pit fiends of the Dark Eight just used a powerful stealth spell and teleportation. The flame balor is hurt, and now they're wrapping up...” The flame balors who'd been surrounded wielded weapons like executioner swords and fiery whips. Each of them had left a deep impression to Leylin.

‘They are indeed the elites of the deep abyss. Compared to the pit fiends, they have a unique type of wild and domineering aura. However, their chaotic evil alignment impedes them from using every ounce of their strength perfectly...’

The flame balors were the prey of the Dark Eight, so Leylin would not interfere. He passed the centre of the battlefield, landing his sights on a regular balor.

As a pre-evolution of the flame balors, regular balors lacked that primordial chaos and the power to while flames. However, they still managed to pique Leylin's interest.

# Chapter 1026 - Balor

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A huge balor stepped over the body of an orthon. “I, Jesdric, am the strongest!” it yelled out, its huge demonic wings flapping as blood spurted out of a wound on its chest.

The orthon was a greater devil, and its sneak attack had caused a certain amount of damage. The balor’s chest was in a complete mess, the price for killing its opponent. Scales were upturned with flesh and blood on them, and one could even see pale bones and a thumping heart within. Although such injuries were not fatal to demons, the balor would still take some time to recover.

Jesdric was a powerful demon with a noble bloodline, and many devils eyed it with greed; there were even demons that did the same. As long as a demon could kill it, it would obtain a portion of Jesdric’s power. It would allow the attacker to rise in rank, even becoming a balor!

Next to the body of the orthon were also torn up demons. These were the demons that wanted to steal the kill; of course, they were torn into tiny bits.

“Come! Give me a little more flesh and souls so that I can advance!” A layer of blood-red energy appeared on Jesdric’s body, and large amounts of lava formed tiny blood vessels that covered it. This balor was evidently at the brink of advance, and perhaps just one more high-opponent would allow it to please the abyss’ World Will and let it advance to the peak of all demons, a flame balor.

Hold Monster! Sudden spell light halted the enraged roars of the balor. Its eyes filled with anger and astonishment, it saw the figure of a devil emerge from the shadows. This enemy had sinister horns, it was evidently a greater horned devil.

Fireball! Greater Entanglement! The other party did not give Jesdrick a chance to speak. Powerful flames drowned the balor with a wave of the arms, and were followed by the light of a summoning spell.

Summon Devil! Leylin's lower devil underlings appeared, attacking the balor with all their might.

"Haha, concealing spells and a sneak attack! You devils are despicable!" The balor roared, and vile energy caused the weak devils to quickly retreat.

"I'm a devil anyway. What should I do, play knight?" Leylin snorted, and a black dagger plunged into the eyes of the demon.

"AAAHH..." Pitiful ear-splitting cries sounded out. They were followed by terrifying snarls, "I'll kill you! I'll pinch your skull into powder!"

Red flames burst forth from the balor's eye, the great heat melting the dagger into liquid.

"It- It's about to evolve!" One of the lesser devils under Leylin exclaimed in astonishment, and was quickly grabbed by the crazed

balor. Terrifying flames erupted into the sky, forming a bright torch of fire.

“You will all die!” Another wave of fire shot out as the balor bellowed, and most of Leylin’s underlings died in an instant. By the time the flames reached him, Leylin used a Greater Teleportation scroll to leave the battlefield.

“Don’t even think of escaping!” With the flames now burning on its body, Jesdric looked no different from a flame balor. Catching sight of Leylin from the corner of its eye, it roared and pursued him in a frenzy.

Be it a devil or a demon, anything in its path was minced apart. Jesdric created a bloody trail behind it.

“Darned devil, don’t run!” Making use of the only eye it had left, Jesdric found that the vile devil had already escaped to the fortress wall, seemingly about to return to reinforcements. Furious, it charged forward, disregarding any danger.

Bang! However, a sudden trap on the ground caused Jesdric to lose its centre of gravity. Its enormous body fell into a deep pit that appeared out of nowhere, creating a small earthquake.

Dimensional Scan! Water Shower! Ice Breath! Devils appeared out of nowhere to surround the pit, flinging spells at the balor in the centre with vigour.



“Sir!” Hanalin headed to Leylin’s side. He’d informed her earlier to set up this trap, but she’d been surprised that the target was a balor. No, one could even believe that this was a flame balor! In that very moment, Leylin’s might was deeply imprinted into her mind.

“You did well!” Leylin nodded to show his approval, and then glanced at the balor that now had pieces of ice all over its body.

‘A.I. Chip, how’s the data gathering going?’

[Beep! Flesh sample obtained. Physical and soul scan completed]

the A.I. Chip loyally intoned.

“Okay, you’re useless now.” Leylin leapt forward, and a thin black line crossed the balor’s neck. An interwoven soul attack caused the chaos in its eyes to completely die down.

“No, it’s impossible... I, Jesdric, am the most powerful demon. I still need to evolve into a flame balor... How can I die here...” it muttered, and its huge body collapsed.

The moment he killed the demon, Leylin sensed a tremendous amount of soul energy pouring into his body. He could even sense the favour of Baator.

‘The Blood War is still the best way to evolve...’ While this bit of strength was nothing to Leylin, if he really was a devil this would have given him most of the soul energy required to evolve.

‘High risks beget high rewards. As long as I survive the Blood War between devils and demons, I’ll definitely be able to advance greatly. Its no wonder that the Dark Eight will risk complete death to lure the demons into a fight...’

Devils normally used crafty schemes and machinations, changing the battlefield to anything but the Nine Hells. There was a secret to this that only Archdevils, now Leylin, and well-informed pit fiends knew of. If a devil were killed in Baator, that would be a true death. There was no way for them to be revived, unlike from other planes where it only had a price.

In other words, the devils that died in this Blood War could not be revived, even if Asmodeus himself wanted to do so. Having taken such a huge risk, the Dark Eight were definitely eyeing something huge.

Rumble! Just as Leylin came to a realisation, a terrifying explosion rocked the heart of the battlefield. A storm of flames whistled past the region, tearing everything apart as it formed a red mushroom cloud.

‘It’s the self-detonation before a balor’s death. It looks like the Dark Eight succeeded.’ More huge explosions rang out, and Leylin was certain that four flame balors had died at the hands of the

## Dark Eight.

The only ones who could dodge these attacks were the pit fiends, who used Greater Teleportation. The remaining greater devils were wiped out alongside numerous demons.

‘Victory is decided. Four flame balors have died in succession, as well as a pile of powerful demons. Even the Archfiend of the abyss will lose his morale and mourn this for a long time...’

It was not just Leylin alone who understood this.

The moment the first flame balor exploded, an ear-splitting scream sounded as an enchanting succubus darted out of the siege of the four pit fiends. At the price of grave injuries, she streaked across the horizon while leaving a blazing trail behind.

‘That should be Red Shroud, the commander of the demon army. She’s also the most beloved daughter of the Incubus King, the Archfiend of the abyss. Unfortunately, this defeat might put her status in danger...’

Powerful beings had died, and the commander had fled. This was a fatal blow for the enemy army. As many greater devils entered the battlefield and massacred the weaker demons, time was only counting down to the demon army’s complete destruction.

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Most of the demon army was killed in the battle, the only escapees being Red Shroud and a small number of lucky demons. This included four flame balors! The disgrace of the abyss' demons was carved into the Bronze Citadel once more. Such dazzling achievements were rare even in the history of the Blood Wars.

Chromatic Dragon Tiamat had persisted to the end of this battle, blocking the fort walls. She deserved credit for her work. Leylin saw parts of her tremendous body caved in, with signs of burns all around.

A headless male dragon nearby also looked sluggish. They'd taken on the frenzied attack of the demons that were in a hurry to retreat, and the explosions from the flame balors at the end had injured them gravely.

Leylin now understood why they'd worked so hard. The Dark Eight had promised to hand over control of the Bronze Citadel to Tiamat, acknowledging her as its ruler.

He smelt a conspiracy afoot. Control of the Bronze Citadel was something Asmodeus had schemed for over a thousand years, but now he was handing it over so nonchalantly. Even a lemure could tell that something was off.

Devils only compromised as such in the face of even greater profit.

# Chapter 1027 - Promotion And Demotion

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Before the Dark Eight handed over control over the Bronze Citadel, there was first a majestic round of settling the results. As the devil army had been formed by temporary transfer of personnel, all devils would immediately regain their freedom once the battle was over.

‘It’s not quite right to call this regaining their freedom, because they retain all memories of the Blood War and think it as something they should have done... But while they still hold regard for the higher-ups, the absolute obedience they had as subordinates before has disappeared.’

Leylin glanced at the succubus Hanalin next to him. Her eyes were now clear, and while she looked like she could not wait to sidle up to him, it was obvious that she was scheming even more inside.

This went for the imps and lemures as well. However, before the devils all completely regained their order, there was something more important at hand, and that was settling all achievements and sins here.

The devils sought the beings that were ahead of them all their lives, while those that were behind them caused fear. Their hierarchy was very strict, and there was a unique power system. Hence, their advancement was not like the demons, where they could evolve after getting enough soul energy in the Blood War. Instead, it was a very complicated process.

Usually, a devil needed approval from their direct superiors to promote. However, in all situations, any devils with even higher rankings could revoke the promotion.

In other words, if a lesser devil wanted to advance, it would need approval from its weakest superior who would then perform a promotion ceremony for it. However, if a greater devil was unsatisfied with this, it could revert the recently-promoted devil to what it had been before.

The ones with greatest authority were the eight Archdevils that split up the World Origin Force of Baator. Not only did they manage the devils and the promotion of pit fiends, they could break convention with their might, promoting even lesser devils straight through several ranks.

The combined authority of the Dark Eight was great, and they could even promote greater devils. While the original superiors of these devils had the power to revoke this, most would not dare go against them.

And just like that, Archdevils could demote a devil back to its original status. This would be a symbol of shame, and was something devils feared the most. Any demoted devil lost a part of their intelligence, and would be sent to perform the most humiliating and difficult of tasks. But before that, they would face a punishment.

Pitiful cries resounded in the Bronze Citadel. There was something like a supreme court in the expansive square, where the devils took all the seats. The unlucky beings that influenced this

battle negatively were put on the prisoners' row.

There were spinagon, lemures, and other lesser devils. There were also imps, barbazus, and other lower devils as well, along with a few greater devils. Although their strengths were varied, what was common was the expression on their faces: terror!

Their crimes had been determined, and they were awaiting the punishment of being demoted. Normally only their superiors had such rights, but the Dark Eight possessed a great amount of authority that allowed them to administer the punishment. Such were the rules of Baator.

Unless an Archdevil, someone with even more power than the Dark Eight, came over to overturn their ruling, these devils would not escape punishment. However, why would such a thing happen?

"I declare you all guilty. You shall be demoted." Zapan, one of the Dark Eight, hammered the gavel. The crisp sound caused strange changes amongst the sinners.

They howled in pain, their bodies tearing apart as an invisible force surrounded them to deliver the most severe punishment. Demotion was a horrifying torture that ripped a part of a devil's intelligence away. They would become savage and foolish once more, something that devils who flaunted their intelligence found the hardest to accept.

The poor things continued to howl as the laws of Baator took

effect. The devils' bodies were broken apart, and a large number of hell worms crawled out to form their new appearance.

In general, most of the devils determined to have sinned had been demoted by one rank. A bearded would become a spinagon, and a spinagon would become a lemure. Their foreheads were branded with a symbol of shame. Be it here or with their old superiors, they would only take on the most lowly and menial jobs, the chances of being promoted again minimal.

The more unlucky ones were turned into nupperibo, xerfilstyx, and all other devils that had been demoted. Their power was also reduced greatly, and there was also a huge change to their personalities.

Many normal devils watched this with fear on their faces. It would keep them working diligently, abiding by the rules.

“Next is the promotions!” Baalzephon declared after Zapan retreated. Unlike demotions, promotions were something to rejoice over. Few were lucky enough to have this.

To the devils, every promotion was an opportunity. It normally needed a ceremony, held by their superiors who needed to approve it first. A tremendous amount of soul energy would be consumed.

At this moment, the approving superiors would be the Dark Eight, and the soul energy would be that accumulated from the Blood War.



The order of devils was simple. There was the most basic petitioners, and then the lower devils. They were the lemures, spinagons, and then the lesser devils which were the bearded devils, imps, steel devils, kytons, pain devils, amnizu, and then the greater devils that included the bone devils, orthons, barbazus, ice devils, horned devils, dogai, paeliryon and various other forms. The pit fiends were at the very top. Each devil's appearance was a rank higher than the ones behind them.

Promotions and demotions all followed this order, normally by a single step. A steel devil would become a kyton, for instance, or a kyton would become a pain devil.

A leap in promotions, such as a steel devil becoming a pain devil, was an advancement of two steps! There was also the advancement from a spinagon to a lesser devil, the bearded devil. While it was one rank, it needed a huge amount of soul energy. There were also the erinyes, succubi, and the special cases like the nupperibo and xerfilstyx that only appeared during demotions.

Leylin looked at the devils surrounding him. Most had smiles on their faces. While they would have to deal with their own superiors after they returned, they probably would not go against the authority of the Dark Eight and revoke the promotion. Hence, this was a great profit!

Even without enough achievements to be promoted, the soul energy amassed was worth it. Leylin had killed a marilith and abalor, that alone was enough for him to be promoted. Even his subordinates had a shot.

Honestly, from Leylin's point of view, this promotion ceremony was not much different from the demotion before. The original body was broken down, and a new one would be moulded. It was just as bloody, and the weak-willed would easily descend into chaos or faint. The promotion may keep memories and intellect intact, but there was a drastic change in personality. Leylin didn't care about those lesser devils, but the only one worth mentioning was Hanalin.

As most of the lower devils under Leylin had died during the attack of the balor, her achievements were second only to Leylin. She had advanced into a powerful erinyes.

This was a huge leap! Even Hanalin's previous superior should only be a succubus. Leylin could already imagine the ruckus that would be stirred up after Hanalin returned.

After all, devils were often very strict with their subordinates. Hanalin would probably be filled with hatred towards her own. She would probably constantly be thinking of ways to pull her superior down, and with this strength her plans would be more feasible.

The large-scale promotion got the Dark Eight the praise of all the devils. They were now called benevolent commanders, generous masters, and many other titles; the devils were certainly not stingy with their praise.

'The way this promotion is hosted is too magnanimous. The merits of many devils are still iffy, and they've passed everything... They aren't even considering the superiors of these devils... Leylin

thought inside. He found something different about this.

He could already predict the unrest after this wave of devils that had advanced returned to their superiors. With how scheming the devils were, this was inevitable.

Leylin's temporary senior officer, Baalzephon arrived in front of him.

“Brave warrior, you killed a balor on the verge of evolving! This achievement should be enough for you to become a pit fiend.” Baalzephon looked truly regretful, as if really feeling indignant for Leylin.

“Unfortunately, your superior, the greedy Azlok, is a crazy person filled with jealousy, so we can't allow your advancement unless he approves of it...” After these words were said, the gazes of the devils landed on Leylin, ridiculing him.

# Chapter 1028 - Incitement And Recruitment

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Leylin remained silent, but his eyes flashed, he'd acutely sensed Baalzephon's conspiracy. 'So he's instigating me, huh? He couldn't meet his purpose, so now he's full of hatred and jealousy.'

Had he been a real devil indeed, he would've fallen for the ploy by now. After all, to stop someone from advancing would make a blood enemy out of them. Furthermore, his 'superior' was a pit fiend as well. If Azlok did not agree, he could overthrow the decision of the Dark Eight and stop Leylin's advance. Given the nature of the devils, this was definitely going to happen.

'Pit fiend? The most efficient way to garner more hatred is to skip evolutions...' An ordinary devil that had just evolved would be resented by twenty to thirty others. They would look everywhere for any mistakes they'd commit, trying to get it demoted. However, if a devil had jumped ranks the hatred would be tenfold, maybe even a hundred times worse!

As for a greater devil evolving into a pit fiend, Baator had limited origin force. There could only be a certain number of pit fiends at any one time. If no other pit fiends died, Leylin's advancement would rob another potential candidate of their chance.

This scenario was likely to play out in Leylin's case. That was why greater devils would have to have rotting brains to let their subordinates advanced.

Most devils who jumped forms did not meet a good end. The only

ones that did were those who were extremely scheming themselves, proving their mettle with their brawn and brains.

“Come. Although you can’t evolve, please hold on to this; you deserve it!” Baalzephon handed Leylin a crystal that stored a holy spirit’s energy, “The energy stored inside this is enough for you to evolve into a pit fiend.”

Baalzephon was not in his pit fiend form right now. He’d instead adopted a human shape, looking extremely conniving. His poorly constructed face put on a ‘kind’ smile.

“Thank you, my Lord!” Although he felt extremely disgusted, Leylin still thanked him for the gift.

“Alright Leycian, I think you have great potential. We could have dinner one day...” Baalzephon invited. Leylin could do nothing but smile wryly and agree.

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“Goodbye, Leycian! I’m returning to Malbolge. My superior is Madam Thatcher of the Copper Citadel. You can look for me there, I’ll be excited to meet you again, soon...”

Hanalin bid her bittersweet farewell to Leylin after the tense trial. She was currently in her evolved form, with black wings and an angelic face. She looked even more seductive and charming than before.

However, Leylin had astutely discovered the change in her personality and character, obvious even from how she addressed him as an equal and even tried to lure him in. Now that she'd skipped multiple evolutions to reach her current state, her enemies were far stronger and more terrifying than before; they included her very own superior!

Her enemies would definitely be more attentive than before, looking for any loopholes that would cause her to be demoted, turning once more into an ugly lower devil. Knowing this, she was already trying to garner as much support as she could.

“Got it!” Leylin memorised her destination and the route, putting on a solemn expression. ‘It’s best to leave a backdoor, who knows whether I might have to use it in the future. I recall that the lady of the Sixth Hell is the Hag Countess.’

Leylin had been focused on Dis recently, but he couldn't eliminate the possibility of travelling to other levels in the future. If Hanalin were still alive when he did, she would be a useful connection.

Hanalín departed, satisfied with her gains. Leylin looked instead at the Bronze Citadel, with its flames reaching high in the sky. He scratched his nose as several half-dragons appeared abruptly, as well as the visages of several jackals.

‘Has the transfer of authority already begun?’ Leylin thought as he directly arrived at the Dark Eight's garrison. His identity was

verified, and he was immediately lead to Baalzephon in his vile human form.

“My lord Baalzephon! I am immensely honoured by your invitation,” Leylin bowed in gratitude. He glanced at the dining hall’s preparations— the carpet was a deep red as if it had been stained with blood, the floor-length curtains embroidered with glistening golden motifs of Baator, and chandeliers hung from the ceiling. There was even a demon’s head hung on the wall, and it looked as if it was Baalzephon’s.

The tableware was all made of the finest gold, inlaid with all kinds of diamonds and pearls. The maids were all beautiful erinyes and pleasure devils.

Several petitioners, moulded into twisted forms, pushed a cart into the dining hall, one that was entirely on fire. They bowed in respect before taking their leave, allowing the erinyes and pleasure devils clad in black and white maid uniforms to place the dishes in front of The two.

Soup was first, a bubbling milky-white broth.

“Haha, no need to hold yourself back, my friend. The taste of cold soul worms is not as palatable...” Baalzephon smiled widely, scooping out a translucent soul worm. The thing was still wriggling.

Several struggling and miserable human visages could be seen on the worm, but Baalzephon just directly swallowed it down. An

intoxicated expression appeared on his face.

Devils enjoyed enticing mortals to fall. Torturing the souls of petitioners and absorbing their immortal essence and soul force was their pleasure. After a petitioner had been sucked dry, they would be tossed into the hellforge and suffer torturous transformations. They would then become the lowest of the low—a lower devil.

Only a select few souls were able to survive the treatment, becoming lower demons. They would be a bit stronger than others of their kind, and were more likely to be promoted.

Devils used the absorbed soul force of petitioners to climb up the ranks and grow stronger. Naturally, there were those who directly swallowed them up like Baalzephon—rumour had it that he was supposedly searching for the most beautiful texture and taste in souls.

Although Leylin was not opposed to swallowing souls, his personal preferences were different from devils. He did not like this twisted torture. As a result, he glanced away and found another topic to change the subject to.

“Well, Lord Baalzephon, may I ask if you are ready to move?” Leylin gestured at the busy lower demons, imps and others of their kind. They were all toiling away, lifting several huge demon ribs with complex carvings upon them. It seemed as if it was a spoil of war that was used to commemorate some bloody battle.



“Mm. We’d signed an agreement to hand the Bronze Citadel back to Tiamat... Not even a devil would betray a binding oath to the Styx.” Baalzephon sniffed the dark red blood in the tall wine glass, elegantly swirling the liquid around in leisure.

“Please forgive me for being direct, but such a high price for the victory of a single battle— isn’t that a bit much...” Leylin had deliberated over his wording carefully.

“Haha, Leycian! You really are an interesting fellow. To be honest, many of our subordinates dare not say anything, but inwardly they must be ridiculing us eight ‘fools’...” Baalzephon’s eyes seemed to see through everything, the corners of his lips curving into a humorous smile.

“Of course not! Even if half of the Bronze Citadel was exchanged for the destruction of the demon army, and especially the four flame balors and a bunch of greater demons, it would be extremely worth it!” Leylin naturally chose to continue Baalzephon’s discourse.

“You’re right! What do those ignorant animals know?” Leylin’s words had evidently touched Baalzephon’s heart. He stood up suddenly, walking around the dining hall in excitement.

“What is the Bronze Citadel even worth to us? It’s just a dead piece of land. The only useful thing is souls. Only with more souls can we forge more devils to improve our power and kill those chaotic bastards.”

Two hellish streams of flame were shot out of Baalzephon's nostril. He looked like he truly hated the crazy and chaotic demons.

“Are you willing to assist me, Leycian?” Baalzephon looked at Leylin, his eyes blazing with fervent emotion. It seemed as if this was the main reason he had invited Leylin here.

‘If I don't agree, will he grow hostile immediately?’ Leylin seemed to go into shock, but in his heart he just laughed coldly. The solicitation of a devil was extremely unreliable. No matter how it looked, Baalzephon most likely just wanted to use him as cannon fodder.

“I am most grateful to my lord for valuing me. However, Lord Azlok is my direct superior.” Leylin's expression was rather hesitant. After all, a loyal devil would find it difficult to change factions.

“Azlok? Hmph...” Baalzephon smiled disdainfully, but did not bring up the matter any further. It was clear that he was waiting for Leylin to make a decision. Besides, he'd completely exposed his true motives, and it was not possible to reveal anything more.

‘Mm, it looks as if my past in the second layer of hell has attracted his interest. So, the Supreme of Baator, that ruler only in name, has ambition towards Dis?’ An electric beat seemed to pulse in Leylin's heart.

# Chapter 1029 - Pledging Loyalty

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Devils were usually excellent at persuasion. Their sharp tongues seemed to be coated with both honey and poison, even able to convince the purest of paladins.

Baalzephon was evidently even more brilliant than normal. Although he'd said nothing and merely snorted, it still told Leylin a great many things.

'Think about it! Azlok has been so greedy, envious and foolish to prevent all his underlings from advancing. In comparison, Lord Baalzephon is benevolent, generous and kind... Isn't the answer obvious?' Such were the thoughts Leylin was supposed to be tempted by.

Even worse, devils already held a deep-rooted hatred for their superiors. It would be strange if Leylin was completely unaffected.

"Does my lord mean... you want me to start a rebellion?" Leylin's voice was as hoarse as a wanderer about to die of thirst in the desert. Truth be told, he'd planned to side with the Dark Eight anyway and see what the Supreme of the Nine Hells was up to. Unexpectedly, Baalzephon had come up to him on his own.

"No, no. This is only an uprising, a fight against injustice!" Baalzephon twirled his fingers. "Believe me. Once you join us, Lord Asmodeus will definitely give you a suitable position... Or he could personally oversee your promotion. Becoming a pit fiend definitely won't be just a dream..."

While Asmodeus was only the Supreme of the Nine Hells in name, his title was still very useful. In addition, his power was still greater than that of the remaining eight Archdevils.

“Lord Asmodeus...” Leylin’s voice tremored, and his eyes lit up with fervour and a firm look, “In that case, I offer my loyalty to you, Lord Baalzephon!”

At the very moment that Leylin stated his allegiance, he suddenly felt the descent of Baator’s origin force. It turned into a powerful binding, prepared to imprint a means of communication between the two. It was extremely difficult for a devil to back out of a contract.

Of course, playing around with sly word games was a common tactic. Devils did not slander those who were successful at cheating others, instead mocking the losers for being stupid.

“Good! Sign this contract, and I’ll accept your loyalty.” Baalzephon was obviously prepared, and a contract that had been verified by the origin force appeared in front of Leylin.

Green phosphorescence blazed on yellowed parchment paper, forming a large number of conditions. Still, this was concise for a devil. From this aspect, Baalzephon seemed quite sincere and had not made any traps in the choice of words.

‘A devil can only be loyal to one superior. Once two oaths of loyalty are sworn, the next promotion will grow chaotic. A choice

will need to be made between the two, and one needs to be eliminated...’

Leylin snickered inside. If he was really Leycian, he would have no way to choose right now. While Baalzephon made things sound pleasant, he could very well become hostile right away if Leylin had any thoughts of rejecting him.

Unfortunately, the person Baalzephon was facing now was Leylin. Leylin, who with his authority of an Archdevil surpassed him greatly!

“Such a lax contract! Lord Baalzephon, your leniency and benevolence is well known even on the prime material plane...” The horned devil now seemed so emotional that he could not control himself, trembling as he extended his right hand.

‘A.I. Chip, begin interference!’ Leylin commanded in secret.

[Beep! Mission established! Host’s authority far exceeds target, dulling target’s origin force sense. Interference in progress...]

the A.I. Chip intoned loyally.

The moment Leylin’s finger touched the parchment piece of paper, perhaps in a millionth of a second, an astounding change

occurred. Another piece of parchment that looked exactly the same appeared, replacing the contents of the original contract. It was still a pledge of loyalty, but the punishment was much more severe. The master and servant had changed place, and Baalzephon would now pledge his allegiance to Leylin.

Given that Leylin far exceeded Baalzephon in authority, the devil did not notice anything wrong with the contract. Baalzephon could also sense a thread of loyalty from this ‘Leycian.’

An authority that surpassed Baalzephon’s own, as well as the powerful abilities of the A.I. Chip, allowed a substitute to replace the original in an instant, completing a magnificent feat in the Nine Hells. What the A.I. Chip had formed was instantly hidden in the original parchment, and all Baalzephon saw was the horned devil signing his name with his right index finger.

“Good! You made the right choice!” Baalzephon nodded with satisfaction. After sensing the thread of loyalty made of origin force, he glanced at the parchment paper. There were no changes to the green phosphorescence of the letters, save for the signature at the lower right corner.

‘Strange... why did I suddenly feel fearful?’ Baalzephon shook his head, and tossed this thought out of his mind. After ascertaining that this was the contract he had created, he entered his name at the position of the superior.

A blood-red truename formed on the paper, and it quickly burnt up. A phosphorescent green imprint disappeared into each of Leylin’s and Baalzephon’s chests.

[Beep! Fealty contract obtained. Target: Baalzephon of the Dark Eight. Note: Target has signed a contract with another superior. If host's orders clash with Asmodeus', there is a 50% chance that Baalzephon will grow confused.]

‘Good. Continue concealment.’ Leylin had now become Baalzephon’s superior, and as an Archdevil, it was a breeze for him to cover a portion of his senses.

Baalzephon obtained a simulated thread of loyalty, and was extremely satisfied.

“Very good! Tell me, Leycian, why are you here in Avernus?” Superiors were what devils feared the most. Baalzephon now believed he had complete control over the devil in front of him. If not for this devil for still having his uses, he would have long since abandoned his false pretence and interrogated him properly.

This sudden change caused ‘Leycian’ to feel a sense of foreboding.

“I... I obtained an order from Lord Azlok to search for...” Leylin’s voice showed his fear, and he cowered back.

“Search for what? Make yourself clear! Do you want me to demote you into the most lowly nupperibo?” Baalzephon’s breathing began to get rough, and Leylin could even sense the

intense emotions in his mind.

Leylin pretended to be unable to take Baalzephon's gaze, gritting his teeth as he said, "Azlok commanded that I come search for all traces of Dis's Archdevil, Beelzebub..."

"Beelzebub? Has he really gone missing?" Baalzephon grabbed at Leylin's arm, eyes glinting.

"Y-yes. Even Lord Azlok doesn't have any news about him!" Leylin now seemed like he had been scared stupid.

"Haha... haha... so the intel was right! An Archdevil has gone missing. What a wonderful thing..." Baalzephon laughed maniacally, and finally calmed down.

"Good! Tell me all you know and don't hold back, or else..."

.....

A long while later, a horned devil walked out of the bronze tower, looking lost.

'I see. So Asmodeus finally can't hold on anymore, and he wants to act?' Leylin was actually the one scheming here. He'd blurted out a large amount of fake information just now, and Baalzephon had let his guard down against him to reveal some information as well.



‘He plans for one of the Dark Eight to take over lordship and become an Archdevil?’ Leylin stroked his chin. ‘This doesn’t seem like something Asmodeus would do, but this is so great a temptation that the Dark Eight don’t consider the danger...’

Based on what Baalzephon had revealed, Asmodeus finally decided to take care of this confusion and get one of the Dark Eight to take over Dis. But the position of the Second Hell’s lord had been empty for a long while. That was an empty spot to be an Archdevil of Baator, representing the peak of Baator’s might!

He seemed to depend on the Dark Eight’s merits, including dealing blows to the demons, expanding Avernus, and so on. That was why the Dark Eight had set a trap without hesitation, wiping out a demon army. The pit fiends, dazzled with the lordship as they were, would go around attacking everything to expand the territories of Avernus.

When this happened, a mere strategic location, the Bronze Citadel, was not that important. In order to obtain Tiamat’s approval and help, the Dark Eight had not hesitated to give up the place. After all, the chromatic dragon was still one of their allies, and there were many other places in the First Hell that they could attack.

The trap at the Bronze Citadel would be the last time the Dark Eight worked together. Next they would go at it alone, hoping to obtain enough merits to be acknowledged by Asmodeus. They all wished to become the Archdevil of Dis.

‘Sadly, this is just a huge trap. Without the authority being transferred and now that they can’t get a hold of Beelzebub, would Asmodeus appointing them to the post actually do anything?’

# Chapter 1030 - Dis

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When it came to Baator, there were less than ten devils with as much knowledge as Leylin. He knew extremely well how far Asmodeus' influence extended.

Although Asmodeus was the most powerful devil, his might was restricted to the Ninth Hell. The other seven Archdevils did not bother with him. Him appointing a lord of Dis? That was just a huge joke!

Even so, many of the Dark Eight were lured by him; at the very least, they wanted the reputation of having taken over the Second Hell. Although it would be a false reign, it would at least be supported by Asmodeus.

‘In comparison, Baalzephon is more pragmatic!’ Recalling the plan that he had revealed, a smile appeared on Leylin's face.

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Leylin looked around, and quickly saw a city of iron ablaze. Red hot hellfire scorched the inner walls, and thick smoke rose to form great amounts of black fog that covered the entirety of Dis. The walls were red, and the slightest of contact with them would result in grave burns.

Even the metallic pebbles that used to form the road were experiencing high temperatures. Without immunity to fire or special shoes, the pedestrians would soon be thrashing around on

the ground in pain, before burning up.

The drafts around the street corners often carried miserable cries that seemed to come from the depths of hell. This was the lament of the prisoners in the large underground prison, including slaves, petitioners from the Blood War, and even mortals that had been kidnapped from the prime material plane.

Once the souls grew ripe with the torture and suffering, the better goods would be sent to the lofty residences around, to be enjoyed by nobility.

Many noble devils liked holding banquets. They would gather together, discussing which portion of a prisoner was more delectable, and then come up with even more exquisite 'cooking' techniques.

Just standing on the street, Leylin could feel the breathing and thumping of hearts under Dis. Unlike Avernus, he felt like he could use all the power of this plane, as if he were its owner in the first place.

The turbulent origin force of Baator moved to Leylin's will, with only the slightest bit of resistance. That was Beelzebub, still alive and possessing that last bit of laws and authority.

'Dis! If I completely devour Beelzebub, I'll be like a god in his divine realm!' The authority Archdevils had in hell could definitely compare to what true gods were like in their divine realms. Of course, this was limited to the territory they were lord of.

Leylin sighed inside. This was Dis, the second layer of Baator. It was a huge city of iron, so huge there were no boundaries at all. The city made up an entire plane!

“What are you standing there in a daze for? Aren’t you moving yet?” A grey-robed person standing beside Leylin berated him.

“Yes, my lord!” Leylin bowed humbly, while actually snickering inside. This person in disguise was naturally Baalzephon. The pit fiend obviously had not followed Asmodeus’ game, expanding the territories of Avernus. Instead, he had secretly arrived at the Second Hell.

However, his goal was abundantly clear. The pit fiend, who was one of the Dark Eight, intended to take over lordship of this hell. He wanted to find the missing Beelzebub and take him prisoner. He would then extract Beelzebub’s strength, becoming the true Lord of Dis!

Asmodeus’ orders would be nothing to him then, the lords of the Nine Hells were on the same level as the Supreme!

Evidently Baalzephon had already betrayed Asmodeus in secret, but Leylin was not the least bit surprised. After all, betrayal and schemes were nothing new to the devils, especially when it came to their superiors.

‘Honestly, Baalzephon’s going in the right direction, but there’s something wrong with his plans. He’s not the only person thinking

of doing this... Whether it's Asmodeus or other lords, they're all probably planning to lay their hands on Beelzebub...' Leylin sighed inside.

"I'm preparing to sneak into the Iron Tower and investigate. Do you have any plans?" Baalzephon pointed at a conspicuous at the centre of the city that towered into the clouds.

This was the Iron Tower, Beelzebub's palace. He seldom left the place, but it had already been decades since there was news of him last. Once tens of attempts at communication failed, and there was no reaction even when they barged in, news of Beelzebub's mysterious disappearance began to spread.

However, with how cunning the devils were, nobody knew if this was some scheme by the Archdevil. Even Baalzephon was not quite sure himself.

Of course, Leylin had given him enough confidence that he was even entering the Iron Tower to take a risk and investigate it. He hoped to gather information regarding Beelzebub's disappearance.

Leylin was egging him on to serve his own purposes. After all, finding Beelzebub and devouring him before the other Archdevils did was his main purpose in coming to Baator.

"Lord Baalzephon, there are some fairs and markets around Dis. We could find a way to sneak in from there..." Leylin earnestly gave a suggestion.

As his personal stronghold, Beelzebub's Iron Tower had a large amount of tricks and traps inside. There were golems and contracted beings guarding the tower, and within the Iron Tower itself Beelzebub was basically invincible. This was why he rarely left the area, nor did he allow any devils to enter.

From Leylin's perspective, the reason he never left was out of caution and cowardice. It was also because he was using the Manderhawke Plate to connect to the prime material plane, spreading faith and contaminating souls.

Obviously he'd also tried to make contact with many other place, finally succeeding in escaping the crystal sphere. Had his timing been right, he could even have surpassed Asmodeus in strength, using an unending supply of souls to become a true Supreme of the Nine Hells. Unfortunately, he'd med with tragedy in the form of Leylin.

'From what I sense, there's no sign of Beelzebub in the Second Hell...' Leylin thought as he followed Baalzephon. 'With him covering me, there won't be much suspicion. The other Archdevils should be furiously trying to find traces of Beelzebub, so I can temporarily use their powers...

'The Manderhawke Plate is also an important target inside the Iron Tower...' The Manderhawke Plate was a mysterious item that could weaken the crystal sphere. Even a mere imitation of the patterns in his memories helped Leylin enter the World of Gods, so in his view this plate's uses surpassed even most divine weapons.

"Market? Are you trying to make a fool of me?" A dangerous glint

appeared in Baalzephon's eyes, and the green flames of the contract appeared on his hands.

“You're part of the guard corps of the Archdevil serving under Azlok, one of Beelzebub's lackeys. That pit fiend manages the safety of the Iron Tower, do you not have any methods to enter it? Huh?”

The flames on Baalzephon's hands flickered, causing a look of pain to appear on Leylin's expression. Of course, this was fake.

“Please wait, my Lord! I'm supposed to be away right now, so it's impossible for me to get approval from Azlok...” Leylin sounded like he felt wronged.

“That's your problem. I need to enter the Iron Tower within three hell hours. If you can't do that, you'll become a foolish and ugly xerfilstyx!” Baalzephon threatened, showing the natural temperament of devils.

Devils like to treat their subordinates harshly, and even give them impossible tasks before punishing them. This was usually done to the subordinates closest to them physically, in order to ensure that nobody could pose a threat to them.

Those subordinate devils could only complete every task in fear, and grasp every single opportunity to ascend. They would use all their power to climb up the social ladder, betraying their superior at the appropriate time and staging rebellion. They would want to reach the peak of power in Baator to rid themselves of this



suffering.

In Baalzephon's eyes, however, the horned devil called Leycian still had his uses. This tactic was used unknowingly.

“Alright, I'll immediately come up with a way!” Seeing Leylin darting away like his ass was on fire, Baalzephon grinned in satisfaction. Only if he used a whip and viciously lashed at these devils would they obediently listen to him. It was also necessary that shackles were placed on them, which would prevent them from attacking their masters.

Baazelphon was actually abiding by all of a certain devil's maxims.

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Two hell hours later, Leylin had returned.

“My Lord...” The horned devil now had a flattering look and a modest smile on his face.

“I've done my best to get Azlok to believe that I've found clues regarding the whereabouts of the Archdevil, which is why I've returned to Dis. I've also made contact with some of my people and bribed them. I managed a chance to enter the Iron Tower for a thousand jingles...”

Devils could obviously be bribed, but the price caused Baalzephon

to frown. “What a greedy guy. Are you sure that his promise is true, and he won’t sell you out to your superior?”

“I can promise that. Jack even signed a contract, and swore an oath.” Leylin looked resolute.

“Good. Take this!” Baalzephon tossed a gem full of soul energy inside, and then saw the hesitant look on the horned devil’s face.

“There’s only a hundred here, but he wants a thousand...”

# Chapter 1031 - Bribe

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“Pay the rest yourself! Didn’t I reward you with a huge amount of wealth already?” Baalzephon placed his hands behind his back and left, seemingly interested in the unknown flesh being sold on the market.

The smells of all sorts of spiced meat wafted through the market. Baalzephon hummed nursery rhymes in contentment as he seemed to pass the time.

‘Not giving subordinates wealth is akin to not giving them strength... Not giving them chances, is akin to not letting them be promoted... If your subordinates have wealth and the chance to advance, then your head will become a decoration in their rooms...

‘Seems like superiors controlling their subordinates is a huge trend here...’ Leylin glanced at the pitifully tiny soul gem in his hands and snickered.

Unfortunately, all that he’d said had been a lie. While the devils that guarded the Iron Tower were Beelzebub’s trusted aides, their loyalty wasn’t spectacular, especially when their superior was weakened.

Dis was like his own backyard, and the guard legions were basically like a sieve with numerous holes. Why? It was naturally because of the prime material plane. Leylin had already subdued Beelzebub’s followers from the prime material plane, and he’d had some of them return to Baator in secret.

Besides, with the authority he had and the law of devouring, no devil would suspect anything even if he pretended to be Beelzebub himself.

‘Baalzephon isn’t the only one here. There’s still many organisations around laying low, so I can’t be too high-profile...’ Leylin sighed inside, and arrived at a luxurious residence near the Iron Tower.

A pit fiend appeared and bowed deeply to Leylin, “Master!”

“Mm. There will be huge changes here soon. Take all the subordinates who are loyal to me and leave. Also, get Jack to do what we agreed on.”

“Understood, Master of Devouring, Lord of Dis!” The pit fiend pressed his right hand to his chest and bowed, eyes full of reverence and flattery.

“Lord of Dis. I quite like that name, Azlok...” Leylin burst into laughter.

Indeed. The pit fiend standing in front of Leylin was Beelzebub’s trusted aide who was in charge of his armies. He was the greater devil in charge of the Iron Tower’s guard, Azlok! When he’d seen Leylin’s law of devouring and his control over Dis, Azlok had bent the knee instantly. He hadn’t even hesitated a moment to betray Beelzebub.

However, even Azlok had no clue of where Beelzebub had gone. The Lord of Gluttony hadn't even contacted this devil before he left. It was evident that Beelzebub had actually never truly trusted him. Or perhaps the word 'trust' was too far-fetched to use amongst devils...

Dark fumes filled the skies, causing the Iron City to be lit up purely by the fires of hell. Groups of petitioners and lemures were guided by imps to all parts of the city, modifying it to fit into the Second Hell and performing repairs. Rumour had it that the city would continue to expand under Beelzebub's wishes, with no end for all eternity.

There was no such thing as sunrise or sunset here, and the devils of Dis used specific devices to record time. However, they had no need for rest. As long as there was an opportunity to obtain souls, many would charge over for it without fatigue.

"It's time. Let's go!" Baalzephon glanced at a crimson pocket watch, and brought Leylin towards the Iron Tower.

Numerous noble residences were built around the Iron Tower, all of them looking imposing and magnificent. However, most of them were now empty, the whereabouts of their owners unknown.

Beelzebub's disappearance had been a huge blow to Dis, even if the the lesser devils hadn't noticed it yet. The greater devils were filled with ambition for the lordship, or were afraid of the unrest and left. Only one legion was still performing its duties. An

armoured lower devil watched every person trying to get close to the Iron Tower, regardless of which plane they came from.

“Enter from the west. Jack’s guarding that side today.” Leycian brought Baalzephon deeper into the city, looking like he was familiar with the route. They finally arrived at a steel sentry that had been scorched red with hellfire.

Seeing the guarded looks of them any armoured devils here, Leylin yelled a greeting towards the sentry. “Hey, Jack. Look who’s here!”

‘Prevent Teleportation, Detect Stealth, and an anti-demon formation. There’s also spells boosting the defence of the guards, giving them magic immunity...’ Baalzephon’s eyes showed awe and a trace of nervousness, ‘These defences... Even us of the Dark Eight would need to send out all our legions, spending a month or two fighting before we could get in...’

“Leycian?” a gruff voice sounded, as an enormous devil appeared in front of Leylin and Baalzephon. He was huge and swollen, with disgusting tumours on his skin and scales. His bulging eyes made him look like a toad, and his matching mouth revealed densely packed sharp teeth.

This was the peak form of a greater devil, the paeliryon. Only pit fiends and the overlords of hell exceeded him in might.

“Yep! You look just as strong as before! So... does our agreement from before still count?” Leylin handed over a large number of

soul gems.

“Of course! A thousand jingles in exchange for a chance to enter the Iron Tower. I’m always honest!” the huge paeliryon said, its roaring voice causing Baalzephon to frown. Although he didn’t mind the tiny loss, it would be terrible if the other devils discovered them.

As if noticing his worries, the large paeliryon laughed wildly, “No need to worry. Nobody here would dare to reveal anything, unless they want to be imprisoned in the dungeons and punished with eternal hunger...”

The dungeons were something all the devils of the Second Hell dreaded. Hunger, in particular, was used on those who made mistakes. With the influence of the law of gluttony, those punished thus would grow incomparably hungry, with nothing that could satiate them. They would grow so frantic they would eventually choose to gnaw at themselves!

While Beelzebub had set the law that those who could endure seven days of hunger would be forgiven regardless of their errors, none had been able to last that long. Most devils of Dis would rather be demoted into ugly nupperibo than take on this punishment, such was the terror it caused.

Hearing what their superior said, the other devils all but wished to sew up their mouths, perhaps burying their heads in the ground.

“Good! I like your attitude!” Baalzephon nodded in satisfaction, preparing to enter with Leylin.

“Wait!” However, an unexpected incident happened. After Leylin entered, Jack immediately blocked the way, “One thousand jingles for one chance. One has already entered, so the contract has been fulfilled!”

“What are you saying?” Baalzephon’s brows furrowed threateningly.

“You need to pay an additional amount!” Jack pointed at Baalzephon

“So if he doesn’t enter, I’ll get the chance to enter?” Baalzephon frowned. He did not want to attack anyone here, especially when this would reveal his identity.

“Keke... My apologies, but no!” Jack chuckled in a strange manner. The surrounding devils quickly picked up their weapons, aiming them at Baalzephon.

“You darned horned devil, I really should have turned you into a nupperibo. How could you have even created a contract with so many loopholes that devils could make use of...”

Baalzephon was in a spitting rage as he glared at Leylin, who was almost scared stupid, “You pay up the thousand jingles!”



“Apologies, master, but I don’t have any more...” ‘Leycian’ sounded on the verge of tears, causing the fury in Baalzephon to blaze.

“You piece of trash!” He now looked extremely grim and took out a soul gem, “Take it, you greedy fiend!”

The huge paeliryon hugged his hands to his chest and answered fearlessly, “Sorry, but there’s now a change to the price. It will be two thousand jingles. Also, your humiliation caused spiritual damage to me, so it will be a hundred more on top!”

“Damn it, damn it! If I get a hold of you, I’ll definitely demote you to a nupperibo and have you pick up manure in the Rotting Pit for ten thousand years...” Baalzephon’s chest heaved, but unwilling he was Jack still urged him into handing over the jingles.

“My-my apologies..” Seeing Leylin right now, Baalzephon couldn’t even be bothered to get mad. After all, if he were to kill or demote him to a nupperibo, then weren’t all his previous efforts in vain?

The other party was a greater devil after all, and he could be used as cannon fodder while exploring the tower. That was Baalzephon’s decision.

After passing through the sentry, they finally arrived in front of the Iron Tower. Beelzebub’s lair was so high that it reached the clouds, its body enveloped in a dull light that flowed around as it

changed the quality and style of the tower.

‘The throne of Dis... Here I come!’ Baalzephon gazed at the pedestal within the Iron Tower, his eyes flickering with unconcealed ambition as he quickly brought Leylin in.

# Chapter 1032 - Nessus

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‘The audience is coming in...’

Baalzephon had yet to notice the glint in the eyes of the horned devil cowering behind him. The Iron Tower was Beelzebub’s lair, a place that was filled with danger even for Leylin. While he’d already obtained Azlok’s loyalty, Azlok was merely a guardian of the outer regions of the Iron Tower, and he couldn’t enter the place himself.

If he wanted to completely scope out this lair, Leylin would need hundreds of greater devils or even many pit fiends. Leylin naturally didn’t want to purge his own subordinates, and at the same time he wanted to lure everyone coveting the lordship out of hiding. This was why he’d kept his strength hidden, entering the tower alongside Baalzephon.

Baalzephon’s actions would result in a chain reaction, breaking the initial balance in the Nine Hells. With his actions, the Dark Eight and Asmodeus would be besieged from all sides. That way, Leylin could use the powers of other devils to scope out the tower.

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Ninth Hell of Baator, Nessus. Deep gorges and valleys filled the area, forming large expanses filled with lifeless rocks. It looked like the land had been formed by a huge explosion, or perhaps a battle between existences compared to gods. Nobody knew the real truth to the day.

Inside a valley that was unimaginably deep and wide was a fort called Malsheem, standing tall with a dark, grand, and hellish beauty. The citadel was extremely large, and numerous miles wide. Its dimensions were unimaginable for all devils.

More than a million devils lived within this city, and conspiracy theorists said that they would one day start killing their way out, drowning out the entirety of Baator in Asmodeus' quest to take over all of Hell.

“Ah, Malsheem. She's so beautiful! I want to possess her and touch every bit of her skin lovingly...” A voice full of greed suddenly rang in the air, and a devil appeared. His upper body was human, while the lower half was that of a huge poisonous snake. He held what looked like a harpoon, and his triangular eyes looked full of avarice.

This was Mammon, the Lord of the Third Hell. He possessed the laws of avarice, and was one of Baator's eight Archdevils that stood tall above the rest.

“Mammon! Long time no see, old friend. It's been five hundred years since we last met, no? I remember it was in Minauros...”

An illusory devil appeared at the peak of Malsheem. He looked like an aged devil with black hair that was combed back perfectly. He had a black goatee, and his eyes shot flames. His courteous greeting was as if Mammon was a friend he hadn't seen in a long while.

“Your hypocrisy makes me want to hurl, Asmodeus!” Another Archdevil appeared next to Mammon, revealing Asmodeus’ identity. This one had flames twirling around him, seemingly like fury incarnate that could burn everything in the world to nothingness.

The old devil that had appeared atop Malsheem was the legendary Supreme of the Nine Hells, Asmodeus. This was Baator’s ruler in name.

“Oh, it’s Samuel! You’re just as angry as always...” Asmodeus seemed to think nothing of the power Samuel exuded, and his grin widened.

“When will you abandon this form, and dare meet us with your true body?” Pure white snowflakes fell one by one, instantly freezing a large portion of the valley. A devil that grasped extreme cold walked over, his eyes fearless as he met Asmodeus’ gaze with an aura exuding arrogance.

“Oh, so Levistus is here too! Cough cough... Forgive me; with the injuries to my body, it’s already amazing that I can appear in this form...” Asmodeus’ pale face now had a slight flush, looking like an old man on the verge of death from illness.

Rumour had it that the Archdevil of the Ninth Hell had sustained grievous injuries. He’d now taken the form of a high-ranked projection, an avatar of sorts.

Even so, Asmodeus' power was still the greatest amongst the Archdevils, the sight of which would shock other devils into silence.

Mammon, who controlled the third layer, Samuel who controlled the fourth. Levistus, who controlled the fifth, and the original ruler of the Nine Hells, Asmodeus. Four of the Archdevils had actually appeared here!

Ever since the conspiracies of the ruthless Blood Wars, and the incident where the abyss broke off from the Nine Hells, the Archdevils rarely met. Their fights had even affected the prime material plane, and the gods' divine realms.

With four of them meeting, people would believe that a conspiracy that would turn the world upside down was being hatched. It wasn't as if four lords of Baator meeting could result in good.

"Cough cough... May I know why you have gathered here?" Asmodeus produced what looked like presbyopic glasses as he began to flip through a thick sheepskin book. The book had a black cover, with hellfire atop it. It made it seem extremely evil. Within the book, the paper recorded numerous vile contracts!

"Of course it's about Dis, and Beelzebub!" Mammon was the first to speak, "The rest of us seven wouldn't be able to decide on the appointment of an Archdevil even if we were to have a joint discussion!"

“Is that so?” A poisonous worm crawled out from Asmodeus’ goatee, which he then picked up and swallowed. “But... From the contract of our alliance, you don’t seem to think that way...”

Asmodeus flipped to a certain contract and pointed at the clause, “So? Need me to read it and explain it to you?”

“That’s only when the Archdevil of a layer is unable to fulfill one’s task. You have the power to help them, but only temporarily!” Samuel exclaimed in anger.

“But as the Supreme of the Nine Hells... Fine, even if only in name it’s my responsibility to maintain the stability and order of Baator...” Asmodeus spoke up for himself.

“Even so, you can’t appoint someone to the Second Hell when its Archdevil is in danger. What’s worse is that you’re choosing from the Dark Eight, who don’t even have any authority...” Levistus snickered.

“They might be mere pit fiends, but if they can ensure there is order in the Second Hell, it would make sense to give them some rewards...” Asmodeus still persisted.

“All I see is them plotting and causing destruction!” The flames on Samuel’s body leapt into the sky.

“The only one who can stabilise Dis right now is Beelzebub with his authority over the place. Which of you knows where he is?”

Mammon's eyes were filled with greed.

“It's said that after getting gravely injured, he's hidden in the prime material plane. One of my followers found traces of him on the surface, and there even seems to be some interesting guide...” Asmodeus spoke nonchalantly, as if this was no secret.

Such honesty and magnanimity had the three overlords puzzled. It took a length of time before Levistus spoke up. “What are you planning?”

“That's what I should be asking you,” Asmodeus looked innocent, “You barge into my house and rudely block my door. Why is that?”

“It's obviously for the stability of Baator! You're not to interfere with Dis anymore!” Samuel yelled.

Although it was acknowledged that Asmodeus was the strongest and most mysterious of the eight lords of hell, there wasn't much of a difference between them. Still, he was the strongest devil despite his injuries. Rumours were abound that a fully healed Asmodeus could even unify all of Baator itself!

As the situation was now, Asmodeus would be able to defeat a single Archdevil in combat. Even then, he wouldn't be able to kill his opponent. Two Archdevils working together could even suppress him! With three Archdevils present here, he would definitely lose a battle.



“Give up. The Hag Countess won’t help you. Belphegor will stay at Maladomini forever, and can’t be bothered to leave and meddle in this. You might be able to rope Mephistopheles in, but you still won’t have enough numbers. You won’t win a vote amongst the lords of Baator without bribing us, and I’m quite interested in what you’re willing to pay....”

Mammon sized Malasheem up and down, “Give Malsheem to me, and I might consider it. I promise it on the honour of an Archdevil of Baator!”

“Looks like I really have no chance of winning...”

Asmodeus waved his arms around with no other choice. “Alright then. Based on the contract, I’ll stay in Nessus! However, Dis does need a substitute. How about we sign an agreement?”

Before the other Archdevils could speak, Asmodeus continued on, “Let’s all stay here till everything dies down and order resumes. Let’s not go anywhere. How about it? Isn’t that your goal?”

# Chapter 1033 - Sudden Entry

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“That’s all you have to suggest? Nothing else?” Samuel and the other Archdevils looked at each other, disbelief in their eyes.

Although Asmodeus had the Dark Eight, the other lords weren’t without their own subordinate pit fiends. Combined, the forces of the three could annihilate Asmodeus’ underlings.

Asmodeus grinned, tossing out great bait, “Nothing else. Until everything is done and dusted, we should all just stay here and let the developments play out for themselves!”

“What do you think?” Mammon looked at his two companions. He’d already been moved. After all, there was an entire level of Baator at stake here!

“You want to sow discord amongst us?” Samuel laughed, “You’re going to be disappointed...” Although he said that, nobody believed a word of it.

“Your physical form should remain here, including those of Mephistopheles and the rest,” Levistus added.

“Alright, I’ll have them sign another contract. The other lords that aren’t here shall need to stay in their territories as well, not acting until everything is settled.” Asmodeus chuckled, “So?”

“Order is everything! If we reject it, even if it’s for the sake of

Baator's World Origin Force the Nine Hells will be thrown into turmoil. The World Will will repudiate us." Levistus' analysis was calm, and he ended up answering, "I agree to this contract!"

"I concur!" "I as well!" Mammon and Samuel agreed as well. After all, this outcome far exceeded their expectations.

"Very well! The Hag Countess, Belphegor and Mephistopheles have given me their reply as well. Let the River of Styx be our witness!" Asmodeus now turned his book of contracts to a new, blank page.

Once the other three ascertained that there was nothing wrong with the contract, they nodded their heads, making the most solemn of vows to the river of the underworld...

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Right now, Leylin had no inkling of this contract made between the Archdevils of Baator. However, the ripples of this event would soon throw Baator into a flurry of events, culminating in the dawn of a new era.

"Beelzebub's Iron Tower..." Baalzephon looked at the heavy coat of darkness in front of him, his eyes filled with deceit and solemnity. "Leycian. What do you know of this place?"

This was the castle of an Archdevil! Baalzephon was but a pit fiend, and he didn't dare make any assumptions about the place.

“Lord Baalzephon, the Iron Tower has always been forbidden territory in Dis. Even my former superior, Lord Azlok the chief guard, has never stepped into this place...”

Leylin had spoken the truth. His earlier investigations and Azlok’s own testimony told him Beelzebub was someone who did not entrust things to his subordinates. Very few devils were permitted to enter the Iron Tower, perhaps a shortcoming of their race.

Legends said that the only way to enter the Iron Tower was to sign a contract with Beelzebub under witness of the Styx, foregoing everything to protect it for life. Even so, the contract restrained all these devils to the interior of the tower.

Leylin wasn’t gullible enough to say such things blindly. The reason he did was that Baalzephon still had some value.

“Legend has it that the Iron Tower contains numerous curses, and is guarded by a huge army of golems. There are ancient, powerful devils here, contracted to protect it. We’re currently in the outermost regions of the Iron Tower, the Plains of Gluttony. This place is guarded by an army of hungry spirits Beelzebub has trained, and only devils with permission are allowed to enter. Any others will have to perform a rite of autocannibalism.”

“Hungry spirits?” Baalzephon nodded his head, and felt that this new subordinate he had recruited was rather useful, “Autocannibalism is where you make an offering by eating a part

of yourself?”

Baalzephon’s face was filled with worry. He wasn’t reluctant to sacrifice a part of his body, but the most prevalent rule of the law of gluttony was that any powers sacrificed could never be regained.

Evidently, this was Beelzebub’s first line of defense. Without his permission, anyone who wanted to enter would first have to weaken themselves.

‘Are there any ways to bypass this rule?’ Baalzephon pondered, before shaking his head helplessly. How could there be a way for him to beat the cunning of an Archdevil of Baator?

‘The most important part of the ceremony is that it requires a part of one’s core power. Any other energy is useless...’ Baalzephon glanced at Leylin standing beside him, restraining himself from acting upon his impulse.

‘I’m going to lose a part of my powers before even meeting the Archdevil... This isn’t a good start...’

Just as Baalzephon was mulling over this, he felt an imminent crisis looming over him. He didn’t think twice, immediately using an instant Greater Teleportation spell inscribed into his body.

He disappeared from his original location in a flash, reappearing nearby. It seemed like the restrictions of the original realm of gluttony made it extremely difficult for him to use teleportation

magic and escape this realm.

“Damn! This interference...” Baalzephon swore foully as he raged, but he soon looked to his right shoulder in astonishment.

A large chunk of flesh was missing from that shoulder, and threads of evil energy still circulated around it. A fish-like illusory monster had suddenly appeared as he tried to teleport earlier, rending apart the fire resistance and other defences that all devils were so proud of. A single bite had reduced him to this state.

‘A creature with the Teleportation feat? No, this is a top-level ability to traverse two planes and blur the distance between them! I even sense the unique aura of a creature from the astral plane...’ Leylin had managed to gather a lot of information immediately, using Baalzephon as a big pathfinder stone.

Although he’d devoured most of Beelzebub’s memories, the devil had clearly hidden some of the most important secrets. Those scattered fragments had lacked many important details, which meant that Leylin lacked knowledge about the iron tower.

‘Besides, even if I knew all about it, perhaps there is no better way. After all, the Iron Tower itself only recognizes Beelzebub’s aura. Even Baator’s authority and devil essence would be useless here...’ Leylin smiled wryly to himself.

While Leylin was able to stabilise himself, Baalzephon, on the other hand, was about to throw a fit.

‘Damn! This creature is definitely not something from hell and has never appeared before on the prime material plane. Don’t tell me it’s some abomination borne of a god?’

Baalzephon’s knowledge did not extend to things beyond the World of Gods, let alone the astral plane. To him, an existence that possessed powers even a pit fiend couldn’t comprehend was an abomination, the flawed offspring of a god! Only something with the power of a god could create such a bizarre and powerful creature.

In a short span of time, Baalzephon was attacked several times. The loss of some of his body was but a small matter, but he sensed his own origin being lost with the passage of time. It left him extremely horrified.

‘Damn, what do I have to do to leave this place?’ Baalzephon continued to try using teleportation spells. However, those hungry spirits chased after him, biting his flesh apart and devouring his power.

Forget demons and other races, a devil’s greatest enemy was other devils. Beelzebub had specifically arranged his preparations to target his kin. Baalzephon was unfortunate, being toppled so simply.

‘Mm, how clever,’ Leylin cut a sorry figure as he stood at the side, but he was only pretending.

The hungry spirits sensed the energy on his body, not daring to

stick close to him. There were several berserk little fellows who dared make contact with him, but they were immediately dissolved by the devouring power coming from Leylin's body. They ended up becoming a part of him.

‘Mm, it seems like it's some sort of spiritual body. They are undoubtedly some sort of astral creature...’ The A.I. Chip's light flashed, and displayed the results of its investigatory research before Leylin's eyes.

‘It looks like Beelzebub relied on the Manderhawke Plate to acquire several interesting things from the astral plane...’ Greed flashed across Leylin's eyes. Soon, he heard Baalzephon's despairing roar: “There's nothing else for it, hurry up and begin the autocannibalism!”

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Even as Baalzephon struggled bitterly, something was happening within the burning Iron City of Dis. An enormous teleportation portal opened up, and troops of armoured devils marched out to take over the enormous city.

Small-scale conflicts continued to occur, but the devils who had lost their leaders and the core of their operations were far weaker than these elites. They lost very quickly, and beat a hasty retreat.

Due to Leylin's earlier arrangements, Azlok had evacuated with the devils who were still loyal to the Winged Serpent God, and luckily they had not been involved. The main army soon moved to



the vicinity of the Iron Tower, headed by seven pit fiends.

“That fool Baalzephon, he actually dared to come by himself! Does he think that he is a match for an Archdevil alone? Besides, he actually even dared to betray my lord!” Zapan of the Dark Eight snickered as he looked at the tall glowing tower which broke through the clouds.

“Hurry and take over the defences. We need to surround the tower, the main forces of the other Archdevils will get here soon!” Another member of the Dark Eight urged him on, his fiery eyes full of longing and ambition.

Asmodeus' order had arrived, and the unanimous decision of the remaining Archdevils let the Dark Eight, who stood unable to break free of their torment at the pinnacle of hell, see their only chance at lordship!

# Chapter 1034 - Cerberus

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Even the most powerful pit fiends in Baator lived under a shadow of anxiety and fear. Although they possessed formidable power, that was compared to ordinary devils. They were direct subordinates of Archdevils instead, subject to more stringent requirements and treatment. Even the slightest thoughtlessness would engender punishment.

The harsh treatment and death threats from their superiors was a curse no devil could escape— unless of course it was someone at the peak of society, an Archdevil!

Consequently, when the seven Archdevils publicised their agreement to let their underlings battle for the Second Hell, many pit fiends went wild. The Dark Eight were only the first wave of entrants, and many more devils would end up participating. Even the dragons and gods of Avernus couldn't resist the opportunity.

Be it the Dark Eight or their colleagues, everyone had become as frail as paper in front of the great temptation that was the lordship of Dis. As cunning as devils were, the backstabs and assassinations that followed were only expected. Now, even greater devils on par with the Dark Eight did not expose their backs to anyone else...

Just as the Dark Eight were taking over the Iron Tower, a desolate bugle horn resounded as an army under a different banner appeared on the horizon of the City of Iron. It was formed entirely of kytons, devils covered in twisting iron chains, and looked like an elite troop.

“The kytons of the Third Hell, underlings of the Lord of Avarice! They came so quickly!” A pit fiend of the Dark Eight lamented.

“Get ready! The army has completed their battle preparations... Additionally, shouldn't we send someone over to negotiate?” Devils preferred small-scaled conflicts over larger battles, or even ingenious diplomacy as a method to solve their problems.

“I'm afraid it's too late for that. After all, the attraction of the lordship is something that can't easily be extinguished with words alone. We need to fight, to let them see our true power,” another member of the Dark Eight proposed.

“No! I propose that we immediately send out emissaries!” Yet another devil immediately suggested something else.

“Look...”

A few pit fiends looked towards the direction the others had pointed at, and soon they discovered that two more armies had drawn closer, harbouring evil designs. The flames that burnt on their body, as well as the unique ice devils amongst them, revealed their identities.

“The armies of the Fourth and Fifth Hells?” another pit fiend lamented, “As expected. With the distance our reinforcements need to travel from the Eighth And Ninth Hells, we're at a disadvantage here. It'll take a very long time...”

“Let’s negotiate.” The Dark Eight very quickly came to an accord. Negotiation did not damage the prestige of a devil, and in the first place they never really cared about something as useless as their reputation.

Tens of pit fiends gathered together quickly. There were no blockheads among them, any such candidates long since wiped out by their subordinates’ plots. Each one was shrewd and insightful.

All the pit fiends of Baator had come to an agreement in a hurry, resolving the situation. Each of them would enter a limited portion of the tower. They would compete fairly with the Iron Tower at their centre, aiming to win the unlikely prize of becoming an Archdevil.

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Baalzephon, the first to infiltrate the Iron Tower, had currently brought Leylin to a black door. The enormous door was made of cast iron, with terribly twisted sculptures protruding out of it. The most prominent one was a model of a three-headed cerberus, filled with a sense of ruthlessness.

‘This door seems to depict Beelzebub’s rise and history,’ Leylin meticulously looked through the sculptures on the door. Looking at the characteristics of the devils and other beings there, it seemed to proclaim Beelzebub’s feats in style, embellishing them with beauty and praise.

Once they reached the door, Leylin immediately discovered that

several of the images matched with Beelzebub's memories, explicitly confirming his position.

“Dammit... DAMMIT! The autocannibalism ceremony consumed half of my energy.” Unlike Leylin who was calm and collected, Baalzephon was flustered and utterly discomforted. His deliberate curses clearly demonstrated his coercive intentions. At the very least, Leylin felt that Beelzebub's earlier arrangements had taken out three quarters of Baalzephon's strength. However, he still had more than enough strength to suppress a mere horned devil.

‘Hmm? Don't tell me that he wants to pull something on me to intentionally expose the flaws in the door?’ Leylin's eyes flashed. Devils weren't chaotic like demons were, there was a particular reason for everything they did. This was especially true between superiors and their subordinates. Even the harshest of superiors required sufficient evidence to punish their underlings.

For example, Leylin was currently masquerading as the horned devil Leycian. Although he posed a threat to Baalzephon, the horned devil had always obediently followed his master's orders and completed his job. Even the pit fiend couldn't recklessly dispose of him.

Naturally, if Leylin did not resist the coercion, and executed his own subversive plot now that Baalzephon was weak, the pit fiend could crush him without second thought.

“I feel like we've reached the core of the Iron Tower, my Lord.” It was a great pity that Leylin's current persona didn't give Baalzephon the slightest opportunity to do so. Instead, he acted

like the most devoted of subordinates, standing protectively in front of his master.

“This is the Palace of Gluttony, the core of the lord’s power. Rumours say—” Leylin happily played the role of a guide.

“What do the rumours say?” A regretful look flashed across Baalzephon’s eyes. It was clear that he felt disappointed that Leylin had not taken the bait.

However, keeping Leylin with him seemed to have been the right decision. After all, it was rare for a devil to have any understanding of the Iron Tower, even if it was just a few rumours. Perhaps it was a clue that would end up being of extreme importance.

“They say that this place is guarded by a contracted ancient devil!” A coarse voice sounded, answering Baalzephon’s question. However, it was not Leylin who had replied.

“57 years! It’s already been a full 57 years... Beelzebub has not supplied me with enough souls and flesh, and seems to have completely disappeared...” Roars of rage and dissatisfaction sounded, and a tremendous voice seemed to ring in Baalzephon’s heart.

Bzzt! The enormous iron doors in front of him rumbled, and the statue of the cerberus suddenly grew more lifelike, a bright glow surrounding it. This red eyes opened one after the other, emitting a radiance that was a thousand times more dazzling than rubies. A trace of purple greed flashed within that red, demonstrating a

thirst for blood and souls.

“This is... A hellhound!” Baalzephon retreated further and further. Hell was not limited to the devils. There were also hellcats, hellhounds, nightmares and even humans who’d moved here from the prime material plane.

These beings had strong experts amongst them, with strength on par with greater devils. One could build the most perfect of fortresses, and hire them to protect it through contract. This hellhound greatly surpassed others of its species, but had been confined by Beelzebub in this tower.

“I am the King of Hellhounds— Soul Devourer Chekov!” A tremendous clang resounded, and the cerberus leapt out of the iron door. Its body was wreathed in flames as it grew in stature, only the tip of its being still connected to the door.

“The King of Hellhounds?” Baalzephon rather speechlessly looked at the enormous Cerberus in front of him, a crafty glint in his eye, “Then why is someone who is powerful enough to lead an entire race here?”

Rumble! It was clear that Baalzephon’s words had touched a sore spot. Chekov suddenly roared, and infernal flames spread all around them.

“It was Beelzebub! That greedy devil, the cruel glutton! He deceived me!” Without waiting for Leylin and Baalzephon’s coercion, Cerberus began to hog the conversation, “He trapped

me with a fight, the loser having to serve the winner for 9900 years...”

In this moment, even Baalzephon looked at Cerberus with eyes of pity. Engaging in a game of chance with an Archdevil never ended well. The pathetic hellhound was lucky it didn't get crushed to death. It being shackled here was natural, and with almost ten thousand years of a contract it definitely wouldn't end well.

“What did the competition entail?” Leylin asked inquisitively.

“Souls. I competed with Beelzebub to see who could devour the most souls in a short span of time,” Cerberus' three heads all drooped, hanging low with an air of dejection. “Originally, my three heads could devour even a city of souls in an instant. However...”

Leylin was inwardly laughing to himself, and even Baalzephon shook his head and sighed. Competing in an eating competition with the Lord of Gluttony? One had to wonder whether this King of Hellhounds had a defective brain, or was actually a demon in disguise.

“What a sorrowful tale...” Baalzephon finally said, summing up the incident.

“Well then! None of you have the slightest trace of Beelzebub's aura on you. Are you intruders?” Cerberus' gaze glinted with danger.



“Although I hate that fellow, I regret that I must follow the rules of the contract. I will devour the souls of all intruders!” Cerberus grinned, revealing a mouthful of towering fangs and a barbed, scarlet-red tongue.

# Chapter 1035 - Treasure Vault

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The cerberus continuously radiated a powerful aura. Its might could repel even the strongest of pit fiends, and it caused Baalzephon to feel uneasy. Leylin, on the other hand, was only frightened on the surface. He was snickering in his mind.

‘Such a silly dog, it can’t even see through my disguise. No wonder a devil could manipulate it so easily...’ The fact was that Leylin’s stealth was too powerful. Even the famed cerberi of hell couldn’t sniff anything off about his soul.

“Wait... Wait! Negotiate! I think we can negotiate!” Baalzephon retreated several steps as he called loudly.

He did not have much of a chance against this King of Hellhounds. Moreover, he hadn’t found a trace of Beelzebub’s whereabouts. He wasn’t dumb enough to waste his resources and even risk his life here. Devils considered diplomacy the path of experts anyway.

“The contract was sworn upon the Styx. If you can remove it for me, you’ll have my gratitude. I’ll open the gates to the Palace of Gluttony, and share every bit of information I have about Beelzebub...” Chekov spoke from his left head, but the other two heads still snapped at Baalzephon without hesitation.

“Leycian, hold it back!” In this time of crisis, Baalzephon ordered his subordinate into danger.

“Yes, my Lord!” He saw this horned devil he’d contracted stand reluctantly in front of him. However, Leycian was smacked away by a swipe of Chekov’s paw. Even if Leycian was a greater devil, the difference between him and Chekov was still too large.

“Dammit, do I have to use one of my trump cards now?” Baalzephon hastily pulled out a silver shield.

The shield seemed to be forged exquisitely from the finest silver. Numerous runes were inscribed on it, and gems embedded as ornaments. The shield gave off an extremely holy aura, glowing with a gentle light.

The moment the shield came into contact with him, Baalzephon’s hands corroded quickly into white smoke. The pain caused him to frown. This shield was made of whitesilver, a noble element with powerful corrosive effects against all devils.

Of course, this effect depended on the target. Even buried in a pool of whitesilver would just leave a pit fiend itching.

However, the shield in Baalzephon’s hands didn’t seem to be any ordinary whitesilver item. It was imbued with great energy, and even had a hint of a god’s aura.

“An item used against devils!” Cerberus howled, and flames soon began to engulf the two figures as they engaged in a ferocious battle.

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“Well done! Keep it up!” The horned devil who was smacked to the side by the cerberus got up from his lying position.

‘One must first face the gatekeeper to enter the Palace of Gluttony. But since it’s engaged in battle now, there’s a chance to sneak in...’ After reaching this area, Leylin immediately recalled Beelzebub’s memories and grew familiar with the place. He discovered that there were several hidden tunnels, meant for Beelzebub’s escape in times of need.

And now, Leylin began to execute his plan like it was a matter of course.

‘It seems to have been a correct decision to bring Baalzephon along!’ Leylin stood in admiration of himself at he looked at the miserable figures of Baalzephon and the cerberus before disappearing into the darkness.

‘I sense more pit fiends coming here, I have to hurry...’ With the help of Beelzebub’s memories, Leylin soon skirted past the giant gate that the cerberus was guarding, coming to a circular corridor.

The ground was covered in crimson carpet, and oil lanterns flickered on the sides of the corridor. There were a large number of paintings on the walls, depicting scenarios of the underworld. Some works even showed the battles against gods in the prime material plane.

‘The winding corridor of exhibitions! I’m finally here... Beelzebub’s treasure vault!’ Leylin excitedly appreciated the oil paintings with both his hands behind his back. In Beelzebub’s memories, this was an important treasure vault. It contained about a third of an Archdevil’s wealth, and had numerous treasures gained from dangerous expeditions.

‘If only Beelzebub had stored the Manderhawke Plate in here... But that’s unlikely...’ Leylin pondered in front of a painting.

The aesthetic views of devils were often grotesque and fear-inducing from a human perspective. There was a fundamental difference in their definition of beauty, but even then the intentions of the artists were the same.

The painting in front of Leylin was rare, one of humans. A devil was lifting a kneeling human by the collar using one hand, the other holding a curved dagger up as if to pierce the human’s heart. Set to a crimson backdrop, the human clutched onto a piece of parchment holding a contract of sorts, his face convulsing in fear.

‘Is this to commemorate the temptation Beelzebub poses for humans? This person had to be a king for him to act personally...’ Leylin did not care anymore about the meaning behind the painting, and reached out with his right arm.

“To break the curse, I remember that I have to...” Leylin spat a series of syllables in a language that only an Archdevil would know. As he spoke those words, a brilliant light appeared on the oil painting and a defense mechanism that seemed to be a glass protector appeared.

“Activate!” Leylin emitted his devil aura, causing the glass to melt like ice. He stretched his right hand into the oil painting, pulling out a curved dagger.

[Beep! Host has obtained a high-energy item, beginning scan...]

The A.I. Chip’s light flashed in Leylin’s eyes, and very soon the scanning came to a conclusion.

[Epic Demonblood Dagger (+5). Weight: 666 grams. Ingredients: Pit Fiend Bones, Souls of Avarice, Crystallised Soul of Gluttony.]

[Abilities:

Offering: The owner of this dagger can extract the life and souls of their enemies, allowing them to absorb power effectively until they’re a high-ranked legendary. Rate of conversion depends on the compatibility and willpower of the wielder.

Summon Devil: The dagger contains a devil contract, and allows the wielder to summon a greater devil up to once a day.

Judgement: The wielder needs to strengthen their will and alignment towards evil every three days. If they fail, Beelzebub will appear from the depths of hell and devour their flesh and soul.]

[Description: This legendary Demonblood Dagger has evolved under Beelzebub's powers of extreme evil. No living creature can resist its temptation...]

‘An epic weapon?’ Leylin toyed with this dagger in his hands. It was evident that the dagger was an exquisite item made by Beelzebub himself, much stronger than the one that Leylin had crafted himself back on Faulen Island.

Because of how common the materials he'd used were, the Demonblood Dagger Leylin had made himself lost effect after his stats all reached 10. However, this epic dagger could enable the wielder to enter the legendary realm through devouring others! If adventurers in the prime material plane were to learn of this dagger, they would do all they could to obtain it, even if it meant losing their souls.

‘One needs to slay an opposing church's pope even to be bestowed an ordinary Demonblood Dagger. This one most likely requires one to kill someone with divinity...’ Leylin also found several heinous traps laid in the dagger. This was a personal touch of Beelzebub: anyone who wielded it would immediately be put under his control.

‘Although it's useless to me, it makes for a good item to bestow to

my men...' Leylin casually tossed the dagger into his spatial pouch. Since he'd comprehended the law of gluttony and even gained Beelzebub's powers and authority anyway, he could remove the traps with just a thought.

'Each and every one of these paintings is a treasure chest, and even other Archdevils will lust after the items within...' The next painting that Leylin walked up to depicted a bloody battle between Beelzebub and a fallen flame balor. The demon did not have even the chance to self-destruct.

"In here, there should be..." Through the same process, Leylin obtained a fiery gem that seemed to be beating.

[Flame Balor Heart: This is the quintessence of a flame balor, and can be used to forge legendary or even demigod weapons. Any weapon it is used to forge will be aligned to chaos. If a demon swallows this, it will awaken the flame balor bloodline, gaining the chance to evolve into one,]

the A.I. Chip stated.

'Not bad. Demons will go red with desire as they fight over this. After all, it isn't easy to find the carcass of a flame balor...' Leylin stowed the fiery gem away, looking into a different direction.

"You let me pillage the items just like that. Are you really a protector of this place?"



“Haha... I have no chances against an Archdevil at all. After all, this was part of the contract I signed with Beelzebub...” As the ancient voice sounded, a withered looking figure stepped out from the darkness.

This figure assumed a human form, seeming like an old man who was about to turn into a tree. There were wrinkles all over his face, and he seemed to pose no danger at all.

However, how could someone that Beelzebub contracted to look after his treasures be easy to deal with?

Leylin nodded. “You’re much smarter than that dog,” he said in praise.

# Chapter 1036 - Borke

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“It’s my honour to be complimented by an Archdevil!” The old devil bowed humbly to Leylin, with all the formality of a noble. His eyes were filled with solemnness.

“You were already here when I took the first item. Now, tell me... Why are you here?” Leylin’s eyes squinted, and the old devil shuddered as he formed cold sweat.

“Freedom! Of course it’s for freedom! Being confined in this dark, icy place and having to guard the treasures...I’ve already done more than enough!” The old devil clenched his teeth and cursed vehemently.

“I sensed the terrifying powers of the law of gluttony on you, along with a part of Beelzebub’s powers and aura. I can pledge my allegiance to you, letting you obtain everything in here, and also inform you of all of Beelzebub’s secrets. I want a small favour in return: Annul the contract on my body. If you want, I could even serve you for a hundred years...”

“Hmm, these are great conditions!” Leylin looked in interest at the cunning demon in front of him, perhaps the strongest guardian in the City of Iron, “How are you so sure that I can annul the contract for you?”

“Beelzebub had used his identity as the lord of Dis to confine me...” The devil blinked, “As long as Dis obtains a new owner, they’ll have the authority to annul the contract...”

‘Devils really are extremely cunning...’ Beelzebub himself would never have set a rule like this. It was likely a condition that this old devil had fought for himself. Since he’d signed the contract reluctantly, this devil didn’t have much loyalty to Beelzebub. On the other hand, Beelzebub had been extremely confident of sitting on his throne forever. Before his demise, that is.

“Alright, I accept your conditions!” Leylin agreed because he wouldn’t face any losses at all. However, he did not sign any contract: once he officially became the lord of Dis the contract with this old devil would shift to him. At that time, he could do whatever he wanted with him.

Leylin had no capacity for trust in devils, especially long-lived ones like this. That was another reason why he wouldn’t sign a contract.

“My Lord!” Evidently, the old devil understood his intentions, and could only smile wryly in return.

“So then, tell me your name. Since you’re the guardian of this place, do you know of the Manderhawke Plate?” Leylin wasted no time, getting to the point directly. In front of his might, the old devil couldn’t retaliate at all.

“My name is Borke, my Lord.” A strange expression appeared on the devil’s face, “Of course I know the Manderhawke Plate, it was originally mine. But Beelzebub, that disgusting, conniving thief! He stole it away from me...”

“Yours?” Leylin was somewhat taken aback. After all, Beelzebub’s memories regarding the Manderhawke Plate had been sealed strongly. Leylin himself didn’t have much information regarding the item. Now that he had met the original owner, his interest was piqued.

“Okay, Borke, tell me. How did you get your hands on the Manderhawke Plate then?” Leylin had an extremely strong urge to research the background of that object. That clay disc could change one’s destiny.

Noticing the glint in Leylin’s eyes, Borke sounded out a feeble protest, “My Lord, that’s mine...”

“Was. Past tense. It’s currently in Beelzebub’s hands, no? Also, do you want your freedom or not?” Leylin eyes slanted. He had never held any trust for devils, so he would crush any plans they had, again and again.

Borke was most likely being dishonest with him, already engaging in wordplay. However, no matter what sort of ploy he set up he would have to give some amount of true information.

“That... It was many underworld years ago, so far into the past that I have even forgotten the history of that era. The City of Iron had not yet been built, and Dis was just a barren land...” Borke muttered, his eyes seemingly lost in some distant memory.

“As a devil my lifespan is that of Baator. I’m effectively immortal,

and before we harvested souls from the prime material plane my hobby was to journey across the endless barren lands. The Manderhawke Plate was something I chanced upon in a ravine during my travels...

“I used it to travel to various planes, and I advanced into the peak of devil kind, becoming an ancient devil. It was then that I met the Lord of Gluttony, and after that...” Regret welled in Borke’s eyes.

Leylin’s eyes flashed, ‘Looks like this devil only discovered the plate’s ability to connect to other planes. He hasn’t tried breaking through the crystal sphere of the World of Gods.’

Travelling between planes was one thing, but it was completely different to break through the crystal sphere. However, regular devils would never consider such a thing. Leylin realised that Borke had a very vague understanding of the Manderhawke Plate, and likely couldn’t even use it as well as Beelzebub had. Naturally, he would not know anything about it having the ability to change destinies.

‘There’s a chance he’s trying to fool me as well, hoping to get it back another day...’ Numerous thoughts flashed past Leylin’s mind as he continued to plunder the treasure vault relentlessly. After all, this was a portion of the treasures accumulated by an Archdevil of Baator. Even demigods would be tempted.

“Ignore that for now. Do you know where he is?”

“He’s disappeared for sometime. Last time he returned, he’d

come back from another plane, gravely injured...” Borke didn’t withhold any information in this regard. He needed Leylin to free him from his current position anyway.

“I searched for his soul through our contract, and I know he’s extremely weak right now. Even a mere pit fiend could defeat him!” Borke exaggerated the extent of Beelzebub’s injuries, for fear that Leylin might back down. “However, he has hidden himself well. Even I myself am unable to find any traces of his whereabouts...”

The old devil laughed malevolently, regret and greed appearing on his face. It seemed like he wouldn’t have hesitated to strike if he’d found Beelzebub himself.

“So even you don’t know where he is. Is there not even a clue?” Leylin’s brows furrowed. Things had become more troublesome now.

“Apologies, my Lord! Due to the restrictions of the contract, I can only move about within the circular corridor and its vicinity... Even if he’s hidden in a part of the Iron Tower, I wouldn’t be able to notice it. In any case, Beelzebub is the owner of this place...” Borke’s explanation was backed by logic, but somehow Leylin felt that he was holding back some information. Was it not a necessity given the crafty nature of devils?

Rumble! At this moment, space rippled as an explosion rocked the tower, the reverberations of the sound causing the items within to vibrate. Both Leylin and Borke turned around, looking towards the Palace of Gluttony.

‘This aura... Pit fiends! There should be at least ten of them to break Beelzebub’s seal!’ Leylin had estimated their strength immediately, ‘This degree of unity... It seems like there’s something happening that I’m not aware of...’

‘However...’ Leylin looked at Borke who resumed his calm after an initial shock, and smiled. He too adopted a calm disposition.

Borke noticed that Leylin had not taken the bait, and felt regretful. However, he still fulfilled his duty and explained the situation. “Beelzebub’s defences can’t be broken that easily by a group of pit fiends. Moreover, there isn’t any treasure there. There are certainly many guardians in the area, each no weaker than the cerberus...”

“Where are Beelzebub’s experimental lab and resting area? Mark it down for me!” Although Leylin wasn’t influenced by the plans of these hotheaded devils, he would have to take action now. He did not wish for anything to land in their hands.

‘It’s just a pity that...these remaining treasures...’ Leylin’s figure faded into the void, leaving behind Borke who looked deep in thought as he watched Leylin disappear.

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“Baalzephon! I have never seen you in such a miserable state...” A few greater devils mocked Baalzephon. Chekov’s carcass lay at a side, and teleportations or dimensional leaps would allow one to

grasp it by the claws.

“Zapan... and Lyle, you’re all here...” Baalzephon’s expression changed numerous times, finally changing into a gentle and agreeable smile, “I was about to inform you guys... that there is a great discovery here...”

“Oh really?” Zapan cared little for Baalzephon, and the other members of the Dark Eight too watched on in mockery.

“Open the Palace of Gluttony!” Zapan commanded, and many large paeliryon and various other devils ran forward in a disorderly manner. They caught the carcass of the cerberus, tossing it into the air and smearing its blood on the giant metal gates.

The huge amount of blood was quickly absorbed by the gate, and it greedily sucked Chekov dry. A crack appeared in the centre of the gate, spreading to both sides.



# Chapter 1037 - Advance

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“We’re finally here. The Palace of Gluttony, the core of the Iron Tower...” Zapan muttered, his eyes blazing as the gates opened.

“What are you doing?” A loud shout sounded suddenly, and Zapan saw Baalzephon’s body turn into a blur as it zipped between the cracks of the gate. However, the other pit fiends watched on without the slightest inclination of stopping him.

Rumble! A blinding flash radiated out, and thunder boomed as Baalzephon’s body was struck by golden lightning. It disintegrated into nothingness. The only thing he left behind was a barely audible cry of rage as he screamed, “No!”

“Tch! How can the defence mechanism of an Archdevil’s core territory be breached so easily?” Another pit fiend shook his head in disdain and mocked the Dark Eight, “Such a foolish devil can also become one of the Dark Eight... Ahahah...”

Devils normally competed across the different hells. They had no qualms with bringing their counterparts down.

“Damn it, do you want to fight?” Corin of the Dark Eight stood out, his eyes showing fury.

“Alright alright, Corin!” Two other pit fiends stopped him, “We share goals right now. Any internal strife will stop us from entering the Palace of Gluttony, and gaining access to the lord’s lair...”

“Alright then!” The other pit fiends heaved a sigh of relief upon seeing Corin recollecting his cool. However, their eyes showed that they now harboured even more schemes.

‘This general... His rage earlier was most likely just an act. Did he do it so he could get better terms?’ ‘Someone with empathy? Ha!’ Although many of the devils present were second guessing themselves, the pit fiends finally came to an agreement to break into the palace together.

The void flickered right after they left, revealing Leylin’s figure.

“Haha... Should I say it’s as expected of devils?” His gaze settled on something in the distance as he shook his head, giving off a mysterious smile. Gods were high and mighty, able to peer into the future.

An army of devils appeared within Avernus, launching a frenzied attack at the two divine realms within. Five dragon corpses were piled up in the Bronze Citadel, like small mountains as they surrounded the Chromatic Dragon, Tiamat. She roared furiously, “You despicable liars!”

The armoured devils were fearless, as if the rage of this dragon couldn’t affect them. They poured forth like a torrential wave, eventually cutting off Tiamat’s five heads. Once the last crimson head fell to the ground, Tiamat’s body crashed down with an epic thud, causing a minor tremor inside the Bronze Citadel. Chromatic Dragon Tiamat, who’d just received full authority over the Bronze

Citadel, had perished.

“Commander, Tiamat’s death has been confirmed!” This news was quickly sent to an unknown pit fiend.

“Very well, occupy the whole city, and begin cleansing it of werewolves, wereleopards, and dragons. Any who resist are to be killed immediately, there will be no need for further updates.” The commander of the army was a size smaller than his peers, but his eyes were cold as frost. A red scar streaked across his face, making him look malevolent. The bridge of his nose was extremely tall and sharp. The devil seemed complicated, possessing savagery and tyranny but at the same time tenacity and experience.

“Yes!” The messenger had no intention of disobeying his commands. Very soon, the order had been spread throughout the Bronze Citadel. Wails and cries resounded as Tiamat’s kith and kin, those half-beasts who had been attracted by her evil, were purged. The majority of them would definitely not live past the night, and those that did would become slaves to the devils, toiling somewhere with no day and night.

A huge conspiracy began to engulf the Nine Hells with Tiamat’s death. Similar events were occurring in the Third through Fifth Hells, and a large undercurrent erupted into the limelight, as if planning to devour all prey at one go.

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Dis, the City of Iron.

“Argh...” Another assassin cried in anguish as he was swallowed by darkness. However, the expressions of the pit fiends were extremely calm, as if a common sight.

“The Sentinel’s Passage is the best guarded place after the hall of gluttony. Rumours say that we’ll be able to reach Beelzebub’s palace if we follow this road...” Dagos of the Dark Eight had assumed human form, looking like a scholarly and well-mannered sage. However, his evil aura betrayed his disguise.

“Our mission ends with this wave, the rest depends on you!” Dagos spoke to the other pit fiends.

“Of course... We will abide by the rules. You, get over there!” A pit fiend walked forward and pointed at a paeliryon subordinate.

The pit fiends had all agreed that using their subordinates as cannon fodder was the most optimal way, and they would count the losses and each sacrifice some of their men.

“My Lord...” The paeliryon which was extremely massive looked on at the darkness, its face extremely solemn.

“Cut the bullshit. Do you want to become a lower devil?” The pit fiend roared, revealing its aura.

Devils had great control over their subordinates. They could promote or demote them, and using their auras with the threads of

loyalty, the pit fiend could force this paeliryon into danger regardless of circumstance.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! Devils were extremely meticulous and cautious, and most traps would not faze them. However, that wasn't true for traps laid by an Archdevil. This particular paeliryon was extremely nimble and cautious as it ducked past several traps, even seeing the end of the passage. However, it was soon engulfed by a silvery liquid that fell from the sky. It screamed in anguish, its veins and bones visible as the liquid corroded its entire body...

“It's Devil's Solution. To think he used it here...” Zapan had grown rather irritable. After all, most of the traps had been laid against devils themselves, causing great casualties. This also confirmed that devils themselves had only one type of opponent—other devils.

The defenses of the Iron City had to be maintained however, and they were limited in numbers. With the pit fiends sending out their subordinates one after the other to activate all the mechanisms, they would be able to overcome them sooner or later.

“We're finally out!” Everyone was relieved after exiting the passage, especially the greater devils that had survived the ordeal.

However, the smiles on their faces very soon turned still. What was in front of them was a large field. Rows of metal and lava golems stood neatly in formation, making up an army. A black figure seemed to be sending out orders from the centre.

“Fuck, the information was inaccurate! Didn’t they say everything would be alright after we got past Sentinel’s Passage?” A pit fiend hurled vulgarity as it berated its fellow devils.

Devils found it instinctual to push blame, even harming others when met with difficulty.

“You trespassers shall soon feel the glorious wrath of Lord Beelzebub. This army of golems...” A booming voice sounded from the golem army. It sounded rather young, but still carried a dignified tone.

The golems raised their head once the voice sounded, as if possessing their own souls. They immediately launched an attack. The devils quickly suffered another wave of heavy casualties.

“We can’t teleport in here, shit!”

“These are arcane golems, and have some diamonds embedded within them. O’ Supreme of Baator, has the Lord of Gluttony obtained a flying city?”

“There’s no other choice/ Have the subordinates hold them back, we need to try and break through!” Devils were expert leaders and diplomats, and many of them sought a straightforward attack. However, their current opponents were extremely effective against their kind, leaving them feeling helpless.

However, the temptation of a lordship was currently dangling in

front of them like a carrot, causing them to lose sight of the precarious situation.

Pit fiends found it normal to send their subordinates out as sacrifices, using them to escape danger. Some of them had even brought a large group of greater devils along just for this purpose. They were running out of cannon fodder, however, and Beelzebub was yet to be seen.

“Die! Fireball!” “Summon Hellfire!” “Summon Devil!”

With the urging of their superiors, the greater devils could only put all they had into a frontal collision with the golem army. Broken limbs and flaming pieces of metal flew in the air as brilliant flashes dazzled the battlefield.

# Chapter 1038 - Discovery

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‘It seems to be a mere imitation of a Netherese golem...’ Leylin hid in the darkness, watching the big duel in the square. With the advantage given by Beelzebub’s memories and the fact that the golems were fixated on the pit fiends, the chances of him being discovered were minute.

He could stalk behind this pit fiend, using it at the last moment to break past the blockade of golems in the square.

‘Only after the greater devils are all dead will the pit fiends be fatally wounded...’ Looking at the pit fiends who were still alive, Leylin shook his head inwardly. Many of the greater devils had taken the brunt of the golems’ rampage, and even some pit fiends were unlucky enough to be left behind and trapped in one’s vicinity.

With the golems’ personalities, it would be completely suicidal for their colleagues to rescue them. Consequently, those pit fiends ended up with a tragic death, finally falling to Beelzebub’s traps.

Even members of the Dark Eight had fallen amongst the other pit fiends. The palace of an Archdevil was not something they could go after carelessly, even if it had fallen out of its owner’s control.

And yet despite all this, many of the pit fiends had ambition written all over their faces.

A tall statue stood before them, looking over their broken flesh.



It had multiple pairs of eyes, and six strange fingers. A grin was on its face, spread from ear to ear, and all one could see were rows upon rows of jagged fangs.

“The Lord of Gluttony... This definitely has to be his palace!” Zapan’s eyes grew wide, and he greedily looked at the small palace building behind the statue.

The building was in the style of the devils. It was distorted and terrifying, with strange and intricate descriptions. There was still a little hellfire burning atop it, seemingly going to continue burning to the end of the world.

‘The lord’s bedchambers. It’s rumoured that a lot of his treasures are hidden here. It’s an extremely important clue...’ Many pit fiends immediately began breathing heavily, and began to distance themselves from each other. Even the Dark Eight began to do the same.

They had all taken great risks to come here, all for the inheritance of the Archdevil. They wished to grasp the power of gluttony, obtaining mastery over the origin force of hell. Only then would they qualify to become a Lord of Baator.

In that pursuit, every other devil here was a competitor. Even former colleagues weren’t in the least bit worthy of their trust.

The pit fiends exchanged glances. There seemed to be some invisible signal as they all rushed into the palace in unison. Devilish power fuelled fireballs that rained down on their peers,

their earlier partnership put aside now that they were here. This wasn't infighting: they'd never been united in the first place.

“Get lost, this belongs to me!”

“Kibosh, I'll remember this!”

“Damn, wait until we fight a bloody battle!”

All these devils coveted the lordship. They used all possible tricks, some even with a trace demonic influence.

Leylin had no intention to take part in this great battle. He could keenly sense that Beelzebub was absent. Yet, having suffered a great injury it wasn't like he'd scurry back to his den to lick his wounds. That would only lead to death from his competition. All devils would betray their superiors, so Beelzebub wouldn't even think of returning to his palace.

‘The most I can find here will be a few baubles and treasures; it won't surpass what I've taken before. This statue, however...’ Leylin stealthily rested his hand on Beelzebub's statue, and felt the surface texture and temperature. His eyes shone with the light of the A.I. Chip's prompts.

‘This is one of Baator's rarest materials, and it can preserve its temperature forever... The A.I. Chip's scan didn't glitch after all!’ Leylin's eyes flashed, ‘Still, this statue must have been crafted by a master, it even expresses Beelzebub's divine charm. On top of that,

it has a trace of the laws of gluttony...’

The gods of the World of Gods, just like Magi of laws, had comprehended the laws of their world to some extent. Their true bodies were a manifestation of these laws. When he’d become a demigod, Leylin’s own body was imprinted with the laws of massacre and devouring.

Of course, devils had their own power of laws, and Beelzebub was the embodiment of gluttony. His true body represented the laws of gluttony, and if a Magus could observe his body they would feel the power of gluttony. It was precisely this reason that a devil’s true form and truename were taboo, and offenders of the same were investigated by the churches.

‘Something that preserves the feeling of the power of gluttony like this statue can really be considered a treasure. But I feel like there’s something a little off about it...’ Just as Leylin prepared to research this a bit more deeply, his eyebrows suddenly twitched. He quickly concealed his form, becoming illusory and hiding his aura.

A stealthy figure hurried across his vision, heading towards Beelzebub’s palace. The person was using a powerful invisibility spell in tandem with many blessed items, but he still couldn’t hide from Leylin’s True Vision. Nothing could be hidden from the eyes of a god.

‘Baalzephon! So his death was faked after all,’ Leylin immediately realised who that stealthy figure belonged to.

He had been entirely correct. The devil who was drawing closer seemed to be the member of the Dark Eight who had fallen in the Hall of Gluttony. This was the person who'd brought him all the way here, Baalzephon!

His private actions had already made him a traitor, so Baalzephon hadn't hesitated to fake death in order to avoid being questioned and attacked. His acting had been extremely successful, and as fixated on Beelzebub's powers and authority as they were the fiends let him get away with his actions. The only one he hadn't hoodwinked was Leylin.

Baalzephon had done the same thing as Leylin, furtively following behind the competition. The group of pit fiends cleared his path, but because his ability at stealth was awful he'd ended up trailing behind Leylin.

'There are conscripts of Archdevils following behind these pit fiends. There must be some other hints...' Leylin didn't have much of an opinion about what had just happened, but he looked with anticipation towards the palace. Devils understood each other best, and perhaps the meddling of the other Archdevils could expose traces of Beelzebub.

However, if any of them actually discovered Beelzebub, who could win a fight with him?

"I've found it!" A voice exclaimed in pleasant surprise. It attracted the attention of many pit fiends.

There were powerful fluctuations in the area, and the pit fiend seemed to have activated some sort of mechanism which revealed the shadow of a semiplane that Leylin hadn't noticed before.

A blazing pillar of light lit up around the palace, forming a mysterious array. It formed an illusory entrance.

“That Archdevil must be within the semiplane!” All of the pit fiends looked on with covetous eyes, frantically rushing towards the opening plane.

“It's mine, it's all mine!” Baalzephon had cast off his stealth as well, running in the same direction. However, none of the pit fiends cared. All of their attention was now fixated on the authority of the Archdevil.

Only the few from the Dark Eight let out cries of surprise.

‘He hid it well, going as far as to secretly create a semiplane...’ A holy radiance flashed gold, and the blood red massacre domain came into existence. Many of the pit fiends were completely shoved aside.

An incomparably perfect god appeared amongst the devils, his platinum form handsome and imbued with the greatest majesty. Seeing his target, Leylin had made an outrageous move, the outcome something even Baalzephon could not imagine.

“Divine force! It’s a god, a god has snuck in!” “It’s only a demigod. If we obtain his essence...” The greedy devils quickly surrounded Leylin.

“Hmph.” Leylin only snorted disdainfully, and an enormous tide of divine force turned into a spiritual storm that spread across the area.

“Stop him! How can we allow a god to obtain something from Baator?” Threatened by a demigod, the devils stood together in a rare show of teamwork. They cut apart the bindings of the divine force and the massacre domain, coming in front of Leylin. However, just at this moment, a strange smile curved in the corner of Leylin’s mouth.

He turned his head and roared at Baalzephon: “Baalzephon, my servant. Stop these thieves, with no mercy. I command you as your superior!”

“Are you joking? Do you think you’re Asmodeus?” Baalzephon’s face split into a smile of ridicule. However, his movements soon dulled. Under the restraints of the contract, he couldn’t help but stop dead in his tracks. He stood solidly and blocked the other pit fiends, his bulky flaming sword slashing at them quickly.

“Damn, this is the power of a contract! When did I—” Baalzephon wanted to cry out, but he was entirely unable to. Restrained by the severe difference in their ranks, he was forced to attack the other pit fiends fiercely.

Sadly, all of his power was used up against the attack of so many of his peers. It took a short while for the other devils to completely tear him apart.

However, this was already enough.

# Chapter 1039 - Reacquire

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With the help of Baalzephon the ‘traitor,’ Leylin was the first to enter the semiplane.

Powerful spatial force flickered in this place, and he could barely make out the world at the other side. This was a plane of lava, and at its heart was a massive devil deep asleep.

The chest of this veritable mountain heaved up and down in his slumber, his devilish wings and giant eyes quivering with a powerful life force.

“Beelzebub’s true body!” The pit fiends who saw this scene rejoiced loudly, the fire in their eyes blazing intensely.

In front of them was an unequaled throne. It was a position at the head of all devils, exempt from eternal damnation!

Yet Leylin slowed his footsteps, coming to a halt. He’d already fulfilled his goals the moment he entered the semiplane.

‘It’s so lifelike that it almost fooled even me, but...’ The A.I. Chip’s light flashed in Leylin’s eyes, following which he left and disappeared without the slightest hesitation.

With the domain and divine force that was repelling the pit fiends removed, they’d entered the semiplane as well.



“What do we do now? That god seems to have left, could this be a trap?” Zapan blinked. Beelzebub may have seemed strong here, but he still coveted this place greatly.

“How about we send some cannon fodder up to see if it’s the real thing?” A devil suggested from the side. Its body was spewing flames occasionally.

“You bunch of cowards, now its all mine... Haha...” Even as the rest of the devils grew indecisive, one of the pit fiends laughed maniacally and dashed into the semiplane. Following that precedence, the other pit fiends joined in as well.

“Pearza was the first one to enter. I’m not going to be promoted next year anyway...” another devil sighed, “I’m going to leave...”

Demons would have rushed in without thought. However, devils weren’t the demon horde. They were of the lawful alignment, and possessed great intelligence.

“I smell a trap as well. Pardon me, I’ll excuse myself...” The devils who entered this place were the unlucky ones, those who were going to fare badly in the next evaluation and thus wanted to prove their mettle. The others saw that the scene before them was too good to be true, and they planned to retreat.

“The god may have left, but that doesn’t necessarily mean it’s a trap. Besides, if we combine our forces...” Even more devils grew restless, trying to persuade their peers.

Rumble! However, a terrifying change had occurred in the semiplane. It thundered loudly and distorted, as if turning into a terrifying beast. The entrance before them turned into a monstrous mouth.

Bang! Being the first one to rush in and touch the true body in the semiplane, Pearza exploded into a wisp of smoke. The giant figure of the Archdevil began to melt within the lava, turning into a putrid black liquid that clung onto the bodies of the devils and corroded them.

“Argh...This is...” The devils in the semiplane wailed. It was like they were being digested in the stomach of a strange beast, the black liquid being its stomach acid. This new beast roared out as a force of suction was formed at its mouth.

“Damn it, it’s a trap! Hurry and leave!” Zapan of the Dark Eight bellowed, but he soon discovered that the force had grown to encompass him. The giant mouth covered the sky and earth, as if wanting to swallow everything within. Many pit fiends died to the black liquid.

This beast only stilled after devouring many of them, emitting the evil energy it had digested in satisfaction. It then sent its energy to a certain location.

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“What a pity...”

Ninth level of Baator, Nessus. Asmodeus was atop the great citadel of Malsheem, sighing.

Mammon, Samuel, and Levistus jumped at the same time. “Our subordinates, what have you done?”

“It was to complete a contract I had with Beelzebub...” Asmodeus shrugged his shoulders. “I never schemed against your men, it was agreed upon before Beelzebub entered his deep slumber. He laid a trap to invite an enemy in, and if he was able to successfully devour them, he could heal from his injuries and retain order in Dis. However, it seemed like the beast couldn’t fool that enemy...”

“Which is to say... You have been deceiving us all these while?” The frosty aura around Levistus had strengthened.

“Oh no, not at all my friends.” Asmodeus smiled maliciously, “The agreement sworn to the Styx is still in effect. If your subordinates had managed to grasp Beelzebub’s weakness and take over, I would have acknowledged it for sure. However, they failed and became medicine for a lord of Baator. It’s not all that serious, is it?”

“Which means we helped Beelzebub recover for nothing in return? Damn it!” Mammon and Samuel howled, “Let us return, it should be a mess at our side now...”

“I’m afraid not. After all, the pact has not yet reached its maturity...” Asmodeus blinked his eyes, as if everything in the Nine Hells was laid before him, “Please, let us wait...”

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“So he wanted to devour me through this trap to recover?” Leylin’s figure appeared atop the Iron Tower, his divine force causing the area around him to still.

He looked at the beast devouring the pit fiends without a care in the world, and his eyes glowed. He had confirmed that this was a trap laid by Beelzebub, aiming to ensnare him so that the Archdevil could regain his lost authority and power.

However, even if Beelzebub’s plan had failed he’d managed to devour a lot of pit fiends. They now fuelled his recovery. Even if swallowing Leylin would have been most effective, this was better than nothing.

“Too bad... Your trap had one flaw, and an undeniable truth!” Leylin’s eyes smiled.

“The fact is that you’ve already entered a deep slumber. You could only lay this trap in a hurry, but couldn’t control it from the background. It’s a little shabby.

“As for your fatal error... The energy this beast sucked in is being transported to you through a tunnel to somewhere nearby!” One could not transport energy an infinite distance, and Beelzebub himself was a master of tactics. The most dangerous place would also be the safest one!

“But I still can’t sense your existence. There isn’t a trace of your aura in the plane...” Leylin’s eyes squinted, “There’s only one way for that to happen, the Manderhawke Plate. You used it to carve a small space out of the void, huh? That way, even if you’re not in Dis you’re still nearby.”

‘A.I. Chip!’ Leylin fiercely commanded.

[Beep! Bringing up data on the Manderhawke Plate...]

the A.I. Chip intoned, sending a large amount of information to Leylin’s memory.

He’d made several attempts to replicate the Manderhawke Plate back in the Magus World, and now it seemed to have paid off. Elegant runes and patterns began to appear from Leylin’s fingertips, forming a complex and intricate pattern. The patterns had all joined together, forming a strange circular rune.

[Beginning replication of Manderhawke Plate, searching for similar wave bands...]

Looking at the notification, Leylin descended to the ground and moved towards Beelzebub’s statue. The semiplane beast had ripped the entire palace to ashes, but this region had been spared that

treatment.

[Beep! Search complete. Target's location: 00]

the A.I. Chip prompted.

“So it's here!” Leylin did not hesitate any further, pressing the replica up against Beelzebub's statue. The rune buzzed as it began to merge into the statue. It was like something being dropped in water as it opened up a mysterious space.

This place was extremely small, and the world seemed to be in grayscale here. There was an aura of extreme evil in here, being radiated by the body of a devil that was curled up in the centre.

“I've finally found you, Beelzebub...” Leylin muttered.

He'd never thought that this Archdevil would have grown so weak. Although he looked to be the same, Beelzebub had dropped to the size of an infant. Illusory tubes connected his body to the semiplane beast, absorbing the power it devoured.

A conscient awakened slowly, immediately beginning to give off feelings of fear and anxiety upon seeing Leylin.

“From the Magus World to the Purgatory World, and back to the World of Gods before the Nine Hells. Our feud is finally coming to

an end...” Leylin looked at Beelzebub, sighing at the sight of his enemy. Crimson runes began to cover his body, as a vertical eye split apart his brows.

“Nightmare Absorption— Dream Eater!” Leylin used the best method of absorption he had for the World of Gods. Dark red dreamforce engulfed the entire space, forming an oval egg. The egg began to throb slightly, as if alive and breathing.

# Chapter 1040 - Rank 7

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In front of Leylin was an incomparably vast dream world. Innumerable crystal planets formed what looked like a honeycomb, each with a figure of Beelzebub flashing within.

Having survived from the ancient dusk of the gods to this date, Beelzebub's memories encompassed everything in all these years. If it was all put into the mind of an ordinary mortal, they would perhaps go insane from the overload of information. Even with Leylin's background, it still took him a while to fully digest it.

However, this was exactly what Leylin wanted. It wasn't just Beelzebub's authority and power of laws that he was after; he was quite interested in the lordship and the remaining portion of the Archdevil's memories.

'Is he trying to delay me with such a long dream?' Leylin's mouth curved into a wry smile. He had completely seen through Beelzebub's intentions. 'Pity... Even if ten thousand years pass in this dream, only a moment will pass in the real world...'

Hss! His body burst apart violently, becoming a formless crimson smoke that gradually formed the image of a Targaryen serpent. The serpent opened its jaws wide, devouring the entirety of the enormous crystal structure.

A single blood-red eye formed at the centre of the crystal, containing an image of Beelzebub.



Having acquired the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, Leylin was currently the ruler of Dreamscape. Within it, Leylin accompanied Beelzebub in a trip through his entire existence. Over the tens of thousands of years, he obtained everything he wanted.

A very short amount of time had passed in the real world, and the blood-red eye opened to swallow Beelzebub up in his entirety. Just at this time, something occurred in the outside world. The infantile devil trembled, losing all of its aura.

The ruler of the Second Hell, the Lord of Gluttony... Beelzebub was now dead!

Beelzebub's original body was then corroded by dreamforce, exposing a round plate embossed with patterns.

'The true form of the Manderhawke Plate! So he hid it within his body...' Leylin examined this round plate. The intricate patterns on it rather intoxicated him as the plate weakened the world's boundaries greatly.

'With the Manderhawke Plate opening the way, dreamforce should be enough...' A brilliant glow was emitted from the Manderhawke Plate, forming a deep and mysterious black hole.

'Beelzebub's last bit of divinity, as well as his divine force and power of laws...' Dark red light glowed in Leylin's palm, immediately getting sucked into the black hole. It disappeared without a trace.

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Targaryen Castle was now a mottled building, filled with a sense of history. It was the residence of many high-ranking Kemoyin Warlocks, as well as Leylin's own Targaryen bloodline.

Rumble! With its link to Dreamscape, the dark red light quickly exited the World of Gods, arriving at the Magus World. A gentle tremor shook the castle.

Having long since developed its own conscient, the castle automatically protected the Warlocks within. It didn't allow a single person to be injured, and at the same time it transmitted an enormous sense of joy.

At the bottom of the laboratory. Leylin had long recovered from his injuries, but he had been awaiting something else. He finally opened his eyes, and the strange phantom of a giant serpent slithered across his pupils.

"My plans of over ten years, as well as the risk of splitting my soul... They have finally succeeded," Leylin sighed. His true soul rapidly communicated with the A.I. Chip, and in an instant he had comprehended everything.

"The complete comprehension of a law, and hence my advancement to rank 7... It happens today!" Light flashed as Leylin was completely enveloped by a blood-red fireball. He quickly moved outside the boundaries of the Magus World, arriving at the boundless astral plane.

Comprehending a complete law was no small matter; he wasn't certain that he could contain all the radiation. Targaryen Castle was full of Leylin's subordinates and blood relatives, so he wouldn't accept any large accidents.

"Dreamforce!" Leylin gently chanted, and dark red runes appeared on his body.

Before he'd advanced to become a demigod, Leylin had already recovered from his injuries. However, he was still in a state of slumber, and apart from waiting for his clone all he did was to get accustomed to the power of his new bloodline.

Although his clone was the one who'd acquired the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, his main body had also been upgraded in that process. Nightmare Absorption was the ultimate bloodline of Dreamscape, its mysterious abilities far exceeding Leylin's expectations.

A vertical eye opened between Leylin's brows, its gaze seemingly piercing through the barriers of space and time to connect to his clone's body through Dreamscape.

[Beep! Host has obtained the origin of laws, determined to be the laws of gluttony! Assimilation with the body: 99%. Transferring...]

the A.I. Chip's voice intoned.

[Beep! Law of devouring has been analysed completely.]

[Beep! With the influence of the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, the host's bloodline abilities have been perfected. Targaryen bloodline advanced to rank 7!]

[Innate Skill Devour advanced to rank 7.]

An update on the skill followed.

[Devour (rank 7 innate spell)— With a perfect comprehension of the laws of devouring, its power has greatly risen. The ability can now be inherited.]

[All requirements met, advancing to rank 7.]

After the law of devouring was completed, Leylin didn't restrain himself any longer. He projected his bloodline, and a Targaryen the size of a star hissed as its devilish wings flapped up a massive gale. Its razor-sharp claws and horns radiated light.

With the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, the Targaryen's scales had turned a dark red. A vertical eye had formed between its two

eyes that were as large as stars. A torrential surge of his bloodline power assimilated with the law of devouring, wrapping Leylin within a mysterious process.

[Beep! Host has advanced to rank 7. Body of laws has been perfected. Stats have changed greatly, recalculating data.]

The A.I. Chip's prompts brought Leylin back to his senses. He looked at his hands, mulling over the change. 'A perfect body of laws. My body is now completely made up of my laws and bloodline; as long as the laws are not extinguished... I'll be indestructible?'

Leylin felt the law of devouring within his body. The feeling of obtaining a full body of laws was incomparable to what he'd gotten when he'd approached the boundary of rank 7.

[Beep! Host's stats have been recalculated.]

Very soon, Leylin's new stats were projected by the A.I. Chip.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 7 Warlock. Bloodline: Targaryen(Rank 7). Strength: 215.73, Agility: 170.21, Vitality: 300.05, Spiritual Force: 575.44. Soul Status: Body of Laws. Laws comprehended: Devouring (100%), Massacre (57%). Host's body of laws has lost

all constraints, and can now absorb World Origin Force to increase in power.]

‘Rank 7 Warlock! A Magus that has comprehended laws! Only... At this stage I can greatly sense the pressure to pursue eternal life...’ His soul now made of laws, Leylin’s gaze transcended all distance. He could see into the infinite river of time and space. As long as the origin of his laws survived, this river would allow him to be reborn even if he were felled.

This was the secret of Magi and Gods!

“I also seem to have acquired more authority...” Leylin rubbed his chin, and the his own secret imprint appeared. It was an inverted triangle with a black snake coiled in the centre.

“This will be my emblem from now. No matter which intelligent life, or where the place is, as long as they pray or make sacrifices to this emblem, I will be able to sense it, and send my powers to them... I seem to have inherited part of the gods’ powers huh? Or do all paths eventually converge?”

Leylin eyes saw into the distance, his vision traversing countless worlds to look at two different places.

“Your Excellency Leylin! Welcome to the realm of rank 7...” In the subterranean part of the Magus world, Ignox and Mother Core congratulated him.

The other location was the Purgatory World, within the endless ball of snakes. The Snake Dowager looked bewitchingly at Leylin, “Rank 7 now, huh? Don’t forget our pact.”

“Cunning woman!” Leylin shook his head.

After turning into a rank 7 Warlock, he had finally mastered his own bloodline. In other words, the Targaryen bloodline had no connections with the Snake Dowager from now. This strength was his own, his absolute power. He was not constrained by any bloodline.

As close to rank 7 as he was before, he’d still been a rank 6 Warlock. His plethora of trump cards had allowed him to equal Magi who wielded laws before, but now everything had fallen into place.

“We’ll discuss this later!” The two powerful consciences diminished, and Leylin looked at the Magus world once more.

“My bloodline has already spread this far? It seems like Syre and Daniel have been fulfilling their duties...” At this moment, Freya, Celine, his other few female counterparts, and their children surfaced in Leylin’s mind.

“Although it isn’t consistent with my original plans, I should see them again. It’s been such a long time!” With just a thought, Leylin’s body appeared at the centre of the Targaryen Castle. There were no traces of any energy waves, demonstrating the terrifying abilities of a Magus who wielded laws.

# Chapter 1041 - Usurp

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Crash! Rumble! A vile power surged forth, and great amounts hellfire erupted into the sky.

The entirety of the Second Hell seemed to be roaring, rejoicing. The flames grew in intensity with the evil power, and the City of Iron seemed to come alive. The walls and ground grew hotter and hotter, even glowing orange, and the slightly translucent lava now seemed able to melt metals. Any unlucky devils swept up by this torrential force turned into torches as they fell to the ground.

Baator's origin force welled up, welcoming its new owner.

Hss! The terrifying phantom of a giant serpent appeared in the sky, but was very soon covered by the dense blanket of smoke. Hell's authority was being handed over; Leylin had now taken on Beelzebub's role completely, becoming the new Lord of Dis!

'The Second Hell is now my divine realm.' Leylin felt an extreme amount of power here, one that he could activate at any time. His eyes sparkled with excitement.

'Although I'm still a demigod, I can now use my powers as a rank 7 Warlock. I needn't even be afraid of greater gods anymore. More importantly, now that I'm the true Lord of Dis my power is similar to that of a divine realm...'

Every Archdevil was the Lord of a different layer of Baator. In their own hells these lords could even suppress gods, a power akin



to what true deities held inside their divine realms. Were a greater god to enter Dis right now, Leylin could make them suffer a huge loss.

‘But still, this is just one level of Baator. The relationship between me and Dis isn’t as intimate as that of a true god and their divine realm either, and there’s no way to bring my worshippers’ souls here...’ Leylin did not wish for his worshippers to enter Baator after death, becoming lower devils.

‘However... I’m sure this incident exposed my status to the remaining Archdevils...’ He seemed to smile as he looked down, his gaze piercing through the numerous hells all the way to Nessus...

“The authority over Dis has been transferred, a new lord has been born... But it doesn’t seem to be a devil.” ”Within Malsheem, Asmodeus sat facing three other Lords of Baator. His expression remained gentle, masking his true intentions.

“Damn it! Somebody actually took advantage of our infighting... We’ll become a joke to those demons of the abyss... I’ll go there and kill him now! Before he is completely familiar with his authority!” Samuel’s body blazed with heat as he howled and flew up into the sky.

“Please wait. You cannot leave until the contract is fulfilled.” Asmodeus waved his hands, and the contractual power immediately stopped Samuel from going further.

“What’s happening? Wasn’t the contract supposed to expire

when Dis gained a new lord?” Samuel looked at the binding power of the contract, his face incomparably dark. He sensed that Asmodeus had made him a pawn in his game.

“Asmodeus! Explain yourself!” The Lords of Avarice Wrath roared, their figures pressing towards Asmodeus.

“Hehe. Everything is stipulated within the contract. Haven’t we discussed this already?” Asmodeus tapped the black book containing the contract in a slow and unassuming manner, “Let us see...”

Rustle! The pages flipped under his control, until finally landing on the most recent contract.

“The contract says that we have to remain here until Baator has regained peace. None of the lords may participate, only allowed to watch the developments...” Asmodeus used his pointed fingernails to touch the words, and a dark green flame spewed from them to form a projection in the air. He enlarged it so the remaining lords could have a closer look.

“We agreed on all of Baator. That is to say, as long as at least one of the Nine Hells is in chaos the contract remains valid. “ Asmodeus smirked as he faced the furious gazes of the other lords head on.

“So Dis wasn’t your only target. You also made plans on Avernus?” Mammon grabbed his harpoon, but didn’t act immediately. He was after all of the lawful alignment, and even as

an Archdevil contracts were firm and unbreakable. Were he to breach one, Baator's will would view him with disdain, forever robbing him of part of his power.

"I still say the same thing. Let us wait and see." Asmodeus still had that genteel smile on him, but now it spoke volumes.

.....

First Hell of Baator.

A large army of devils had assembled under the lead of a smaller scarred pit fiend. Centred at the Bronze Citadel, they'd already occupied a third of Avernus. The only regions left were treacherous, or part of the two divine realms in this hell.

The pit fiend finally stopped his army outside the realm of the Shark God Sahuagin. A sharkman cleric walked out, his face extremely solemn. He was followed by other worshippers as well as a squad of elites.

"As per the agreement, this will be our new boundary," the cleric said solemnly.

"Of course. Lord Asmodeus is extremely thankful for Sahuagin's help, and he sends his blessings and friendship!" The pit fiend spoke in a well-mannered tone.

"Don't forget your promise. Bring us the items agreed to in the

contract immediately!” the cleric reminded the pit fiend once again...

“It’s finally settled...” The pit fiend heaved a sigh of relief after looking at the newly demarcated area, having an erinyes pour a cup of red wine.

“A third of Avernus,” the pit fiend muttered, “that should be enough to make the lord happy. If his plan comes to fruition, we of Nessus will be able to unite all of Baator. The council of eight Archdevils will become a thing of the past, and I’ll have paved the way for the future!”

However, energy rippled out from Dis at that moment. It notified the Nine Hells of the changes in the second.

Being the First Hell, Avernus experienced the ripples of energy most strongly. The extreme change, coupled with the rejoicing of Baator’s origin force, caused the pit fiend’s expression to change drastically. The glass holding the wine crashed to the ground, shattering with a crisp sound.

“The devils in the second level have failed... Those useless fellows, I have should reduced all of them into lesser devils...No, bugs!” After venting his frustration, the pit fiend could only dismiss his troops helplessly.

Before he left, the pit fiend cast his gaze deeper into hell. “Even if there were changes in Dis, the little miss will still be alright. Our lord still holds the upper hand!”

.....

Sixth Hell, Malbolge.

This was an endless realm of mountains and valleys. The terrain was rocky, and boulders constantly fell from above that were so strong they could smash anything in their path to smithereens. The sky rippled with ever-changing clouds.

In this vile environment the devils could only take shelter within their copper fortresses, although even then many perished to the steep slopes and frequent landslides.

Rumours were abound that underneath this rocky surface were numerous holes, holding some ancient beings of Baator and primordial devils within them. However, the Hag Countess, the current lord, had sent men to search these areas to no avail. They all ended up dead.

The Countess was a night hag, an outsider to Baator. Her fortress was at the centre of a giant mountain, surrounded by lava.

The devils were rising up in this area that day, a common sight in Baator. With the hardships their superiors put them through, these devils often took great pain to finish their missions, at the same time frenetically searching for their masters' weaknesses. Once any weaknesses or loopholes in contracts were discovered, a bout of unrest would begin.

However, the Hag Countess was one of the Lords of Baator. She'd seldom received any challenges of the sort, and back in the past no devil had been foolish enough to challenge the might of a lord.

However, an exception was made today. The dusty gates of her palace were forced open, and many devils equipped with heavy armour followed a beautiful erinyes inside. The erinyes looked at the rotting night hag on the throne in front of her, eyes blazing.

“Hag Countess, your reign will end today!” The erinyes had unbelievable strength and beauty. Her body possessed a fatal charm that could intoxicate the devils nearby. Yet at this moment, she tossed the head of a pit fiend towards the foot of the throne, putting on a proud and icy demeanour.

“Hahaha... So it's Glasya, the little princess of Nessus... I was wondering which devil would have this audacity...”

The betrayal of her subjects and the death of her guards should have been extremely dangerous to her, but the Countess did not look fazed in the slightest. She looked mockingly at Glasya, her withered finger pointing at the erinyes as she spoke in a hoarse and raspy voice, “Do you really believe you can overthrow me with this bunch of trash? This is Baator, not the abyss. Without the power of laws, you cannot usurp my authority!”

# Chapter 1042 - Start Of The Contract

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With control over the World Origin Force, the Lords of Baator far surpassed ordinary devils in strength. Even pit fiends could only tremble under one's authority.

However, there was one rank of devil between the pit fiends and the lords. It was only awarded to the most beloved of an Archdevil's subordinates, and it was known as the exception. They were called dukes!

Were a pit fiend to evolve to its very limits, with permission from its lord it could undergo a bizarre promotion. It would give them a special morphed form, distinguishing them by gender and allowing them to master an ultimate ability.

Dukes were the Archdevils' most trusted confidantes, and given that there was a limited amount of origin force to go around they were very rare. Glasya was one such Duke!

She was Asmodeus' daughter, the princess of the Ninth Hell. When she'd advanced to the peak of pit fiends, her father's favour had allowed her to be moulded into a unique form. She'd become the Queen of Erinyes!

This change gave her the ultimate charm, and great influence. Her abilities approached the pinnacle of power, and she could be considered second only to an Archdevil.

"Tut tut, what a pretty little erinyes! I believe the nupperibo

under me will be very fond of you...” The Hag Countess looked at Glasya. Her pit fiends were crowded around the duke as well, their eyes filled with a scarlet light.

“Has Asmodeus gone demented? Does he actually think that he can take me down just by sending a bunch of devils?” The Hag Countess’ voice grew higher and higher in pitch, until the very sound radiated an aura of absolute authority and might. The energy snapped the bewitched devils back to their senses, and their eyes now exuded a sense of fear.

The Hag Countess occupied the throne of Malbolge, and would forever be the lady of the Sixth Hell. How could she be easy to deal with? Her formidable power and schemes had been etched into the deepest part of these devils’ blood.

It wasn’t so easy to overthrow a Lord of Baator. They were powerful ancient beings in their own right, and on top of that they had the power to utilise Baator’s origin force. Within the Nine Hells, any of them could exhibit the strength of a rank 7 Magus. And similarly, in their own territories they were like true gods in their divine realms!

The only reason Beelzebub died so easily was that he ruined himself. When he projected his power out to external worlds, he’d been brutally suppressed by Leylin. Seriously injured, he’d been forced into a coma. If not for that, Beelzebub could have easily suppressed a demigod within Dis.

That was the same situation here. This was the Sixth Hell, the Countess’ territory. In addition to her powers as a rank 7 Magus,



she could use Malbolge itself to suppress her enemies as if it was her divine realm. The only way to defeat her here, and even then only cause her to retreat, would be a combined attack of three other Lords of Baator.

Even if they managed to defeat the Countess and obtain the authority over this hell, there was a more difficult issue. Devils were a bunch of lawful creatures, whereas rebellion and foolishness were the domains of demons.

Although Glasya's methods were unorthodox, the Countess had decided to teach Asmodeus a lesson that he would never forget. In any case, every lord had equal authority in Baator. With Glasya the one at fault, the Hag Countess wasn't afraid of Asmodeus' retribution.

"So this is the authority of Baator's origin force?" Looking at the surging origin force and the powerful suppression that brought her close to death, Glasya's eyes grew a little intoxicated.

"I'm the only one suited for such power and authority!" Two contracts flew out from Glasya's hands, glowing beautifully in midair. The light they gave off completely eliminated the Countess' control over the origin force, returning everything to peace and tranquility.

"How?" Sensing the suppression of her authority, and her disconnect with Baator's origin force, the Hag Countess' face warped with unbearable rage.

“This is a contract that you signed yourself!” Glasya’s lips curved into a smile. Her beauty seemed to momentarily transform hell into heaven.

“The agreement between the seven Lords of Baator was that you will all remain within your locations until Dis gains a new lord, and the unrest in Baator ends...” Glasya illustrated with her pleasant voice, but it caused the Hag Countess to break into cold sweat.

“Until the unrest in Baator ends, not Dis. Which means all levels of Baator are open for contest, and the winner will obtain eternal glory as a Lord of Hell!”

“Ah! NO...” The Countess snarled, pulling out the contract and noticing that it wasn’t just Dis.

“Strange isn’t it? Did the tens of thousands of years as the Lady of Malbolge rot your brain? Did you think nobody would ever challenge your authority again?”

Glasya waved her hand, “She’s lost the power of her authority for now, any strength she wields is her own. Kill her!”

The devils roared forth under the bewitching words of the Queen of Erinyes, their eyes an abnormal red.

“Dream on!” the Countess screamed, and a murky green metal whip appeared in her hands. A pit fiend was caught within the

moment she brandished it, and she immediately smashed him to flesh and bones.

“Even without the power of Baator, I am an epic being of evil. You pathetic devils dare to oppose me?” The Hag Countess looked malevolent as she reached out with her claws, smashing two more greater devils to pieces.

“You’ll go to prison and be sold as a lesser devil, thrown into a pit of males. I believe they’ll be able to treat you properly...” Even as she made her threats the Hag Countess dealt heavy damage to Glasya’s army. In a mere moment the palace was riddled with corpses.

However, The Countess found that her threats had no effect on Glasya, who maintained a calm demeanour.

“Even without their authority a lord is not somebody I can face right now.” Glasya bit on her tantalising juicy lips, reaching out with her right hand to point at the second contract.

While the former contract was to reveal the loophole regarding Dis, this one looked rather archaic. It was covered in runes, and seemed to be from ancient times.

“This is why I’m so confident in taking everything from you,” Glasya purred.

“This is... the primordial contract! So you were holding on to it!”

The Countess screamed in rage, and energy undulations radiated from her body.

“That’s right. My father fought the gods themselves for this contract, all in the name of Baator. All fallen souls shall belong to the Nine Hells.” Glasya’s eyes glowed with pride.

“This is why my father obtained great support from Baator’s origin force. This contribution alone will garner him additional support as the Nine Hells are being united. Although it doesn’t have power of authority like an Archdevil, it is enough to deal with you!”

The primordial contract was a legendary agreement signed between the devils and the gods. It stipulated that the Nine Hells would obtain all fallen souls that lost their lives in the prime material plane. This contract was the foundation of the devils, and of Baator itself. It also qualified Asmodeus’ claims to be the Supreme of the Nine Hells.

However, there had been severe changes since then. Baator’s World Will had broken apart, split into eight parts which were controlled by the eight different lords. Asmodeus’ true body had been gravely injured, so now he could only harness a fraction of his strength. The Nine Hells had splintered apart.

Still, Asmodeus was the rightful ruler of the Nine Hells. As for Glasya, his daughter, she had the right to exercise this power as well.

“You...The other lords will never let you off! Absolutely never!” The Countess was finally overwhelmed by the primordial contract and the wave of incoming devils. Right before her head was severed, she unleashed a final howl of fury.

“Sure! Even if they don’t come to me, I will be going to them!” Glasya grabbed onto the head that was still dripping with blood, as she cleaned the blood on her sword using The Countess’ corpse.

She looked once again at the unresigned look on the Countess’ face and smiled, before issuing her next orders. “Hang this ornament in my room as a decoration.”

.....

The grave changes in Malbolge and the shift of authority there swept Baator as well.

Many devils clutched their heads in bafflement, such a series of events had never occurred before in their memory. In a single day, two of the Nine Hells had shifted rulers.

This would definitely lead to an epic change in Baator, and even incite the wild ambitions of other devils!

“Asmodeus!” Several livid roars were heard as three lords left Nessus in a hurry, immediately returning to their respective planes. They were seemingly shocked by the spate of events.

“Sixth Hell, Glasya huh?” Leylin felt the changes as well.

“As expected of the Supreme of the Nine Hells. Asmodeus is the most cunning and versatile Archdevil of the lot. Even as his plans for Dis failed, he’s obtained a third of Avernus and the entire plane of Malbolge!”

# Chapter 1043 - Farm

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Leylin put on a solemn expression.

“If I hadn’t interfered, then they would have gotten authority of Dis as well. At that time, with the powers of three levels of Baator and another third of Avernus, he could have ousted the other lords from their thrones...

“Right now, as long as Asmodeus consolidates his strength, stabilises his position, and ropes in one to two more overlords to his side, he will become the dominant force in the Nine Hells...

“However, this has nothing to do with me anymore.” Asmodeus had indeed lived up to his name as a crafty old devil. He had capitalised on the precarious situation that Dis was in, and carried out a revolution.

Although this had alerted the other lords to his schemes, the devil had already met his goals. His power had grown, and he now held a superior position. It wouldn’t be impossible for him to unite Baator in the future.

“Hmm? He even sent me a message, and wants to speak to me?” Leylin had received a spiritual energy wave, evidently a message from Asmodeus.

“Indeed, getting the assistance of an outsider like me would be best. My position in hell is still unstable after all. However, this devil’s goodwill cannot be trusted at all; and the best way to avoid

all negotiations is to leave.” Leylin put on a mysterious smile.

“Azlok!”

“Your Excellency, I’m here!” When Azlok arrived, he had some of Leylin’s worshippers in tow. The collective armies of the different hells had now returned to their own levels of Baator. Had they remained, Leylin would most likely have assimilated them into his own forces.

“I’ll be leaving for a while. Take care of the affairs in Dis for me. I also have a few missions for you to take care of.” Leylin did not hesitate to hand the tasks down to his men.

Azlok wasn’t in a position to refuse him, and even if he was why would he? This pit fiend was extremely glad to be able to take over an entire hell.

‘Since I’m the one with the authority, when I leave Asmodeus can only look on without doing a thing...’ Leylin turned back and looked at the City of Iron for one last time before leaving Baator. ‘Once my goals are achieved and I finish ascending to godhood, he can only eat back any schemes he’s plotting...’

It would be extremely simple to leave Baator. Even a demigod could traverse planes, and Baator was already close to the prime material plane. There was a portal in the outskirts of Ribcage City whose guards could be bribed.



However, Leylin was now a Lord of Baator. He had the right to move to the prime material plane as he wished. Although many others found it difficult to travel between different worlds, to Leylin it was like taking a walk in his backyard. Before the other lords could react, he had already returned to the prime material plane.

.....

The newly established Faulen Empire on Debanks Island, within the Giant Serpent Church.

‘Almighty Lord, you are the serpent that controls all, holding the powers of massacre.’ The church itself radiated a colourful sheen, and many of the priests prayed piously. Tiff was at the back of the church, meeting a white-robed Leylin.

“Master!” he began a report, his eyes blazing with fervour, “We moved Marquis Jonas and his wife to the empire as per your decree, along with all their servants...”

“Well done,” Leylin nodded his head. This was something he’d planned immediately after he’d become a demigod. He couldn’t entrust things such as this to the Goddess of Luck Tymora. He was always fastidious, and would have these things settled himself.

His family was on his lands now. There was no faith here other than that he approved. Along with his church containing multiple legendaries, totem spirits, and another demigod to help, Leylin could finally be at ease. Were any god or church to make an

attempt on this place, they would all gang up on them.

‘You need at least a hundred thousand elites to take over Debanks Island, and they need to travel a long distance over sea. You’ll also need many high-ranked legendaries, and have to sacrifice multiple divine avatars...’ Leylin’s eyes blazed.

‘In fact, if the churches that tried to group up against me tried to do it again, they will definitely suffer heavy losses. Furthermore, at a critical time I can turn to their enemies, forming an alliance with the evil gods... The costs far outweigh the benefits. Even Mystra, as much as she hates me, wouldn’t be so foolish.’

“How’s the empire been faring lately? Has there been anything special on the mainland or Faulen Island?”

“We’ve planted the first batch of rice this season. The plague was controlled by a free supply of holy water as well. There was some commotion on Faulen Island due to the withdrawal of the Jonases. Still, the remaining managers managed to minimise the impact on trade.”

Tiff had only needed a moment of thought to answer. With the Faulen Empire being a theocracy, Tiff was the one with the greatest authority as the country’s pope. With his many years of travel in the mainland, he’d deeply experienced the ups and downs of life. Paired with his strength and knowledge, he’d managed Debanks Island well.

“The churches you had me keep an eye on have been rather

dormant, bar the church of protection. Helm has declared that you're a false deity!" When he came to this point, Tiff had grown enraged. To a pious believer their god wasn't a mere part of their beliefs. The Lord meant everything!

"Those vile gods, they actually dare slander my Lord like this! One day, I will make them pay the price for this insult. The slate will only be wiped clean with their blood!"

"As it should be," Leylin didn't blush in the slightest as he made this promise, despite being a false god through and through. "We only need to endure this for now. Focus all your attention on developing the empire."

This put Tiff's heart at ease. He listened to Leylin's orders with respect and left. As he was leaving, a contemplative look emerged on Leylin's face.

'It's unlikely that they'll mount a massive invasion, so I'll need to take precautions against elite squads and ambushes. Another important aspect is the agriculture. I can't ignore it until after I become a true god, with my own divine realm and a strong foundation. Then I can open the crystal sphere now, letting my main body in along with many more Magi of laws.'

Godhood was an enormous threshold to cross in the World of Gods. True gods were the darlings of the world, and obtained everlasting life and immortality. Even upon death they could revive themselves as long as worshippers still believed in them, emerging once more from the river of space and time. Even the most formidable gods had to pay a great price to breach a divine

realm, granting all true gods an extremely powerful defence.

Besides, deities themselves only valued other true gods, and viewed them with equal standing. In other words, Leylin would become a member of the pantheon once he advanced. It would also give him the means to confront the Goddess of the Weave!

‘I already have my godfire ignited, and plenty of divine force. What’s left is my divinity and divine realm. Once those requirements are met, I can accumulate faith to form an exalted throne...’ Leylin was well aware of how ascension worked.

‘My domain will be in massacres. Cyric and Malar are huge problems, yes, but I’ve already offended them greatly. What’s the harm in enraging them further? The crucial point is still the power of faith...’

The ascension of gods in this world was rather peculiar. A new member of the pantheon only needed an echo of origin power with a certain foundation of believers to easily ascend to become a true god.

However, these sorts of gods would always be extremely weak. They could only be lesser gods, living under the asylum of the more powerful.

After all, with the slow development of this world’s civilisation, asking the populace to accept something new would be a bit too forceful. These sorts of gods would need hundreds or thousands of years to develop.

The advantage was that they would not be in conflict with the other gods, and they had rather good potential for development. With Leylin's knowledge and experience, he had thought of several domains that the World of Gods did not currently possess, with excellent potential for development. It was a shame that he had rejected all of them.

There was reason for this. The plan was far too long term, and he himself would be too weak. This wasn't in line with his current situation.

Becoming a god of massacres would eliminate these limitations. This divinity would greatly aid his combat strength, and met his requirements for power. It could also develop rather well later, at the very least making him a greater god.

The only catch here was that there were already gods in the domain of massacres. Leylin's ascension would be encumbered by the conflict.

'Even if a native is only worth a tenth of a believer on the mainland, I still have enough faith to ascend to godhood. The problem is still the divinity...' Leylin's wish for a powerful divinity to support his ascension increased his requirements for faith. He estimated that he already had enough faith to become a god of disease, but massacres required over ten times the faith.

# Chapter 1044 - Magus

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‘Next I need to continue to nurture my believers, grasp the divinity of massacres, and slowly accumulate resources...’ Leylin’s eyes flashed gold as his vision penetrated through the walls of the church. He looked past it into the events in his empire, and even further into Debanks Island. This sight extended all the way past the ocean, piercing into the mainland.

His body gradually turned golden, its dazzling radiance illuminating the vicinity of the church. Under the divine radiance, Leylin’s body gradually became more illusory until it disappeared. Gods needed to maintain their distance from ordinary mortals to maintain a sense of divine mystery. When it came to farming, he could determine the work of Tiff and the rest remotely, using the connection from their daily prayers.

Now he needed to spend a long period of time preparing his body for the transformation, spending time with his family members. Once he advanced to become a true god, a new life awaited him.

A god’s birthday was the day they’d ascended, not the day they were born as a mortal. Once Leylin took this step, he would experience an earth-shattering change. He would bid farewell to his past life, severing his fate as a mortal. This was a necessary step in one’s ascent to godhood.

He would leave two blood descendants, to his cousin and the other ladies of his household. Perhaps that would be appropriate.

.....

As the clone in the World of Gods sank into cultivation, the entire world grew more tranquil. Most of Leylin's attention shifted to his main body in the Magus World.

Deep within the Magus World, under the seventh layer of the subterranean world. A sphere of red flames pulsed like a heart in the endless darkness, and a pair of chrome yellow eyes appeared. "We meet again, Lord Leylin. Your speed of advancement really puts me to shame."

"Mighty Mother Core, before one such as you, a near-immortal being, I'm wholly insignificant..." Although he was now a rank 7 Warlock, near the peak of the Magus World in power, Leylin still appeared humble before the person in front of him. Mother Core was someone at an even higher realm, and her strength was something he aspired for.

Although this form was different from the one she'd shown before, the power of a being that had comprehended laws still lay before him. Her existence greatly surpassed Leylin's, and even the A.I. Chip couldn't probe her. She was a mighty existence, one who'd refined her laws to forge her own path!

In front of such strength, it was only prudent to act humble. Leylin was smiling on the surface, but his eyes blazed with longing.

Once he reached rank 7, Leylin's remaining path was already laid out before him. A rank 8 Magus needed to master multiple laws,

refining them greatly and purifying them into their path as they reached the peak.

Leylin had already made his preparations for him, and his path was already beginning to be formed. His foray into the World of Gods had truly given him far too many benefits.

“Lord Leylin is truly far too humble. After all, your Majesty’s law of devouring is an exceptional power, its battle might and regenerative abilities absolutely incomparable. It is equivalent to the sum of several weaker paths of laws...” Ignox now stood at Mother Core’s side, his body wreathed in endless twisted rings of darkness.

“I assume you’ve come here to ask to absorb the World Origin Force?” Ignox asked with a smile. He’d foreseen Leylin’s objective completely.

“That’s right. I want to use the power I’ve accumulated to comprehend laws and absorb World Origin Force,” Leylin said gravely.

The Magus World and the World of Gods were two extremely powerful worlds that had a massive source of origin force. This origin force provided untold benefits to those who grasped laws.

The World Will of the Magus World lay dormant at its core, allowing the lowest level of the subterranean world to possess a share of power. This place even emitted the essence of World Origin Force.



The opportunity to absorb the Magus World's origin force was a great one, and it only came every hundred years for those who had comprehended laws.

It was a great shame that Leylin had only been close to rank 7 before. His body was limited in capacity, and he'd already been saturated in terms of World Origin Force. It was like he was a wineglass too small to hold everything.

Now it was a completely different story. Having advanced to rank 7, his body had greatly grown in capacity. He could absorb a large amount of World Origin Force once more, increasing his might.

Taking advantage of his increased stats, Leylin could continue to grasp laws. It would complement and adjust his path, greatly improving his future. Leylin naturally wanted to make use of this option.

"You've long since signed the contract, and are a native of the Magus World. Of course you have permission!" Mother Core emitted a soul conscient, and a large gate swung open to expose a surging sea of origin force.

"Many thanks, my Lady, my Lord!" Leylin bowed slightly and entered the gate...

Once he left and the black door closed, the atmosphere turned silent once more.

“Mother Core, I feel that you are too lenient towards him. Even if he advanced to rank 7, you needn’t go out of your way for him.” Ignox spoke his doubts. Only he knew what a terrifying existence a peak rank 8 like Mother Core was. Even in ancient times she’d been an overlord amongst the Magi.

Mother Core had survived the Final War against the World of Gods. She was much stronger than the Nightmare King or Distorted Shadow. Someone with her vaunted existence did not need to pay much heed to a new rank 7 Warlock.

The ball of flame turned silent before answering Ignox’s doubts, “I held a conversation with the Wisdom Tree not long ago, in the river of time and space...”

“Wisdom Tree? The existence which had enlightened many ancient Magi?” Ignox could not ignore the famed vision of the Wisdom Tree, “Didn’t it disappear into legend a long time ago?”

“It gave up on eternal life, walking a different path...” Mother Core did not elaborate, but the few words she said painted the image of a terrifying existence, “It gave me a prophecy. The Final War is coming for us once more.”

“What?!” Even Ignox, a rank 7 Magus who was near indestructible with hundreds of thousands of years of existence, was surprised by this alarming news.

The Final War had already pushed the World Wills of the two

strongest worlds in the astral plane into deep slumber. Many powerful existences had perished, and it had ended the golden era of the ancient Magi. That war was about to repeat?

However, he couldn't doubt the Wisdom Tree and Mother Core. "But this...But..." The dark mist around Ignox rolled around in the air. He had been truly shocked, to the depths of his soul.

"The Final War will demolish all laws, and obliterate a world..." The meaning of Mother Core's words were obscure, yet there was an underlying tinge of excitement. "In ancient times, the war between Magi and the gods could not be avoided. Only the victor would discover the path to eternity... However, both parties suffered heavy casualties at the end. As for the upcoming war, it will be even more harsh and brutal before. Many elites lost in the last one will surface once again, returning to the limelight!"

"The resurrection of ancient Magi?" Ignox didn't know what to say anymore. He could only continue to listen. Once he heard everything and understood it, he realised that the war erupting once more was very likely.

Having established bodies of laws as they entered rank 7, Magi were near indestructible with almost eternal life. Even if they were killed their truesouls would enter a deep slumber in the river of space and time. They would bide their time there, waiting for resurrection along with many conscients lying in wait in different locations.

Ignox was merely a rank 7 Magus. The resurrection of a large group of peak rank 8s was a scary thought. After all, the

resurrection would not only happen in the Magus world. The World of Gods too would traverse planes to the river of space and time, once again reclaiming their divine seats! In such a brutal battle, even rank 7 Magi could perish easily!

“What does this have to do with Leylin?” Ignox asked with a hoarse voice.

“We need to treat anyone rising up just before the Final War with great importance,” Mother Core’s voice was still as steady as before. “They could be favoured by the World Will, obtaining even more power from the origin force. It isn’t just Leylin, I’ve sent my other clones into other worlds like Purgatory and the Icy World, looking for powerful Magi with the strength to lead us into war!”

“We’re making preparations for the second war? I understand!” Ignox nodded his head vigorously, wanting to return and start his preparations.

He wasn’t a coward, but the war was just too terrifying. A rank 7 was mere collateral damage in a battle between peak rank 8s, and he was now in danger of death. He wouldn’t even know how he’d died.

‘However, danger walks hand in hand with opportunity.’ Ignox’s eyes flashed after Mother Core left, ‘In the midst of such an epic battle, we Magi can absorb the gods’ comprehension of laws and grow stronger quickly. It won’t even be impossible to advance to the peak of rank 8...

‘Legends say that the path to eternity will open up when the Magi and gods determine a victor, devouring the other party completely.’

Talent, determination, and luck were all factors required for a Magus to advance to rank 7. However, the most important requirement was something else— ambition! Ignnox, too, aimed for immortality!

# Chapter 1045 - Planning

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Misty green origin force surged in a boundless sea, containing absolute strength as it swelled and roared. This energy represented the Magus World itself, the power of its origin! Even Leylin, a rank 7 Warlock, was a mere ant in front of the might of these waves of origin force.

As a Warlock, Leylin had already assimilated this aura into his soul. The origin force didn't reject him, instead enveloping him gently and replenishing his powers.

“Almighty and pure, as expected of the Magus World. Only the origin force of the World of Gods could be of similar quality...” With his advancement to a demigod in the prime material plane, along with his experiences in that other world, Leylin identified the differences very quickly.

‘It’s not entirely impossible to reach peak rank 8 or even rank 9 if I could fully master this origin force...’ Leylin’s eyes held a trace of longing, but it was only a dream for now.

Through his acute senses, he felt that this roaring sea of origin force had an extremely powerful conscient sleeping within, with numerous broken laws seeping out. One could absorb some of the origin force, but if they wanted to monopolise it they would only be courting death! Even existences such as Mother Core were not able to do as they wish.

‘Even with Baator’s origin force I can only wield the power my

authority gives me. Ultimately it isn't mine, and can be taken away any time. The Hag Countess was a good example...' Leylin sighed.

Lords were like feudal emperors. They could only mobilise their troops freely when they themselves were powerful. Similarly, once a lord no longer occupied their position they would lose control over the World Origin Force.

This was why Leylin would not hesitate to leave Dis. It was fine to use strength that was not his in the short run, but he would only be courting death if he relied too much on it.

However, the scenario now was different. Although the origin force that he was absorbing was minute, but once he took it in it would become his own strength. It couldn't be taken away.

[Beep! Host is absorbing the Magus World's origin force, statistics rising...]

Leylin smiled after looking at the indicator on the A.I. Chip. 'Rank 7 is just the beginning. I need to grow stronger, advancing in rank...'

Leylin relinquished control of his body, absorbing a large amount of origin force to be absorbed. After converting it using the laws of devouring, he turned this strength into his own. His mind and soul were focused on comprehending these laws.

The exposure to the laws of the world was a good thing for Leylin. With his body recently becoming a complete body of laws as well, his understanding of them was elevated.

First were the laws of devouring and gluttony, followed by massacre, destruction, disease, and healing.

The World of Gods was simply a paradise for a Magus who wielded laws, the power of worship aiding their understanding of the world. As long as their worshippers continued to pray, a Magus would continue to grow in their understanding of their domains. It would aid them in their comprehension of laws.

This process was too fast, though. Leylin wanted to slow down, avoiding an unstable foundation. ‘My path leads to destruction, and is covered in darkness and evil. In the future, it will consist of a foundation of time and space, and dreamforce is the bridging factor...’

Under such a conducive environment, Leylin repeatedly simulated the laws he’d comprehended, finding that there were some imperfections in his understanding that he corrected immediately. Time passed by without him realising it.

[Beep! Time has ended!]

Leylin recollected his senses with the A.I. Chip’s voice. Just as the voice sounded, the large doors appeared once again.



“Sigh... I wish I could stay here forever, comprehending all laws completely and only leaving when my body is satisfied with the origin force...” Leylin lamented as he left.

In actuality, that was just a farfetched dream. The origin force of the Magus World was extremely precious, and the World Will would grow furious if too much was absorbed at a time. There was a limited amount that one could assimilate. On top of that, there was a long queue comprised of beings who’d comprehended laws waiting for this small amount.

If not for Mother Core’s preferential treatment and protection, Leylin would not have had this privilege. Sometimes fairness was an advantage, especially to new people like him.

Having understood this, Leylin went to thank Mother Core personally, seeing one of her clones to express his gratitude.

‘A.I. Chip, display stats,’ Leylin commanded inwardly.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 7 Warlock, Bloodline: Targaryen. Strength: 223.51, Agility: 180.67, Vitality: 306.37, Spiritual Force: 579.86, Body of Laws. Law Comprehension: Devouring (100%), Massacre (58%). Origin Force Saturation Level: 27.99%]

‘Mm, it looks like I can absorb it again. I’m not fully saturated with World Origin Force,’ Leylin had a satisfied look on his face at

the increase of stats. Compared to those Magi of laws who easily needed thousands upon thousands of years to advance, his speed was indeed frightening to everyone around him.

‘However, the Magus World’s data calculations are still different from the World of Gods. The worlds’ laws are different, and cannot be changed. ‘

The World of Gods had its own unique laws, where each growth in one’s statistics led to a more significant boost than the last. The Magus World was different, with the increase not significant.

‘However, even with a conservative estimate I could even be stronger than lesser gods. Of course, that’s ignoring their divine realms...’ Leylin had a very clear understanding of his own strength.

“I have to visit Freya, Celine and the first level of the subterranean world...” Leylin shook his head, feeling extremely busy. He had many things to do, and with so many of just his direct descendants populating the area he had a headache ahead.

However, the Targaryen bloodline was strengthened through the flourishing of the Farliers. It gave him a bittersweet feeling.

Leylin had a detailed plan on his schedule. First, he had to look for his women, children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, nurturing those with talent.

Next would be a trip to Dreamscape. The Nightmare Absorbing Physique was a mystery, and the quality of dreamforce was changing. However, he had to find answers as to why the power of dreamforce fluctuated so, after all it was of utmost importance to his growth.

For a peak rank 8 to advance to rank 9, their paths needed to accommodate spacetime. One needed a good foundation that could endure that power, and choosing the wrong type of force would prove fatal to him.

This stringent condition had stumped countless ancient Magi. Leylin too had suspected that Mother Core was in this position, hence she could not advance another step. He'd never heard of someone being able to change their path after starting on it.

‘Dreamforce is currently in a weak phase, and the dangers there are minimal. It’s a great time to explore. Once I find what I need and digest it, it’ll be ripe time to meet the Snake Dowager!’

Although the Snake Dowager had sent Leylin a message when he advanced to rank 7, Leylin had no intentions of carrying out his obligation immediately. She had to be kidding! With a thousand years on the contract, why would he act so quickly?

The Snake Dowager had cancelled all their previous enmities by laughing it off. However, Leylin did not think that way. She would still have resentment that he'd split the throne over the ten thousand snakes, forcefully taking bloodline origin from her. She wouldn't be able to put it down so easily. If he could help her obtain the Shadow World, his path would be riddled with traps

and danger.

Even if the Snake Dowager wanted to let bygones be bygones and sincerely work with Leylin, he did not feel that he was invincible now. It was necessary for him to explore Dreamscape before he fulfilled his contract with her.

Even if Leylin gained nothing from the exploration itself, he could completely understand his powers as a rank 7 Warlock. It would also give him time to absorb more origin force, stabilising his standing and prowess amongst his peers. By then. He'd be more confident in dealing with a possible pretense.

No matter when, no matter who, only people with similar strengths could bargain on equal grounds. This was something Leylin held a firm belief in, and would continue to believe...

With his speed as a rank 7 Warlock he could move anywhere within the Magus World in a moment. Leylin had returned to the core of the Ouroboros Clan, to Targaryen Castle, in but the blink of an eye. This place housed many of the Targaryen bloodline.

““Father!”” A group of Warlocks was waiting for him there, led by two handsome youths who resembled Leylin closely.

Of course Leylin looked young himself, but his eyes revealed his extensive experience and maturity. Standing side by side, the three looked like brothers and not father and children.

“Syre! Daniel! Rise!” Leylin smiled gently as he looked at his two sons, their mothers behind them with his other clan members.

# Chapter 1046 - The Skies

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Leylin sized up both of his sons.

The eldest, Daniel, had inherited Leylin's law of devouring in addition to dreamforce, given the name Jörmungandr. Syre, the son of his first wife, had instead inherited his ability of endlessness, and thus was called Ouroboros.

Currently Daniel seemed to be stronger, already a peak rank 6 Warlock because of the power of his mature bloodline. Yet, although Syre wasn't as strong, his inheritance obscured his future, giving him an infinite potential!

As the progenitor of his own bloodline, Leylin made a judgement the moment he saw his sons, 'I need to adjust their bloodlines...'

Other Warlocks inherited negative side-effects from their bloodline, such as bloodline shackles and emotional instability. However, Leylin's Targaryen family did not face this problem. As the progenitor of the bloodline and with the help of the A.I. Chip, Leylin could fix its flaws. Such an ability ensured that few of his descendants experienced paranoia and madness, causing the Targaryens to be highly regarded by others.

Now that Leylin's own bloodline had been purified once more, his descendants stood a greater chance of improving themselves. Leylin spent some time at Ouroboros Castle, enjoying playing with his grandchildren.

Although such a thing was odd, Leylin even had great grandchildren now. He had to placate all the women he'd left behind when he holed himself up.

Leylin adjusted the Jörmungandr and Ouroboros bloodlines, removing all negative effects in their genes and preventing his future descendants from facing defects at birth. At the same time, however, he began preparing to enter Dreamscape from the shadows.

‘The flow of time in the Magus World is different from that in the World of Gods...’ After a sumptuous banquet, Leylin entered his own laboratory once more, carrying a crystal ball with a strange expression on his face.

He'd invited several of the Ouroboros Clan elders to the gathering, and even other rank 6 Magi from the central continent.

Back when he hadn't stepped completely into rank 7 yet, these people had all been like ants before him. Now, it was even more so; his sons being able to beat up all the Breaking Dawns on the continent, Leylin had lost all interest in proving his might. Only a slight hint at his desire for information on the flying city on his part had his descendants and subordinates frighten the Monarch of the Skies into handing over the information.

However, given his level Leylin did not wish to rob these pitiful people. It felt like he was bullying a child. Thus he opened his treasure vault up, allowing the Monarch's subordinates to take a few items as compensation. This way, the Monarch would be satisfied in having struck a good deal.

‘The flying city in the Magus World should be the original form of those from the World of Gods...’ The A.I. Chip’s light flashed, and the information within the crystal ball was all copied as it compared Sky City with Thultanthar. In doing so it discovered many problems.

‘City flight was indeed something devised by Magi, but the arcanists changed it. Adding secondary energy functions, they turned flying cities into a weapon that could threaten the divine realms of gods...’

Not everything from the ancient past was useful. The creativity of the arcanists had put the flying cities of the Magi to shame, even if it was likely that Distorted Shadow played an important role in establishing them in the World of Gods and developing their cities.

Yet all that didn’t matter to Leylin. He wanted information about the original flying city so that he could better understand how to operate Thultanthar. He cared not for old and new, good and evil. Disregarding status, he would use what benefited him and toss away anything that would bring him harm.

‘Everything of value in the world is for me to use!’ This was the quintessence of ancient rulers’ philosophies, and the motto of all Magi who’d comprehended laws! They pursued the truth, extracting strength from what had value. Such was the basis of their operations..

‘Although the limited laws in this world stopped the Magi from



harnessing its full potential, the theory behind the flying cities is similar...' Leylin nodded his head.

[Beep! Technology behind Sky City has been sorted, storing into database. Filename Flying City, analysis 100%. Ability to transfer usage to Thultanthar: 9.85%]

the A.I. Chip's voice intoned.

'It is a prototype after all. An increase of 10% is already decent enough.' The Netherese flying city he'd obtained in the Frostfall Valleys had always been one of Leylin's trump cards. He would improve it with every chance he had.

In ancient times, Great Arcanists armed with flying cities were something even the gods had feared. In the end, the gods had destroyed them at all costs. However, Thultanthar had been hidden away, now found by Leylin to become a killing trump card. There would come a day when it resurfaced in the World of Gods again, opening its malevolent jaws towards the gods themselves...

'A.I. Chip, transfer the data to the auxiliary chip in the World of Gods!' Leylin ordered.

The Manderhawke Plate had stabilised his connection with the World of Gods. He believed his demigod clone on the other side would be able to make full use of this information. Done dealing with these trivial tasks, Leylin focused on the lab once more.

“Dreamscape...” Leylin muttered, the dark crimson dreamforce appearing around the place giving off a misty and heavy atmosphere. The red light revealed multiple runes on his body, as well as a vertical eye between his brows.

Dreamscape had stilled right now, dreamforce entering a period of weakness. It made it extremely difficult for any beings to survive in the place, and even the vile existences of Dreamscape had to seal themselves up. It was even harsher for the other creatures, the usage of dreamforce becoming more difficult greatly weakening them.

However, this wasn’t a problem for Leylin. ‘So much dreamforce responded to a single thought, and that’s when dreamforce is at its weakest...’

He was rather moved. ‘The Nightmare Absorbing Physique is indeed something else. It’s like the authority of a Lord of Baator... Nay, its power is even greater. After all, Baator is but one part of the World of Gods. As for Dreamscape, at its peak it can even rival the Magus World itself...’

Leylin was no stranger to dreamforce. He’d explored Dreamscape once back when he was still a rank 5 Warlock. With the bloodline origin he’d absorbed from the Snake Dowager also giving him a boost to his ability with dreamforce via the Alabaster Devilsnakes, Leylin’s control over Dreamscape had increased greatly. His affinity with Dreamscape itself was extremely high too.

However, all that paled in comparison to the Nightmare Absorbing Physique. No, it was incomparable! Leylin felt an intoxicating call from Dreamscape's origin force.

‘I used to think the Alabaster Devilsnake bloodline was extremely powerful due to its ability to enter and leave Dreamscape at will. However, compared to the Nightmare King's bloodline it's nothing at all...’

If the Alabaster Devilsnake was of a commoner status in a kingdom, then the Nightmare Absorption Physique was a prince, even a king! Apart from Dreamscape's World Will, Leylin didn't have to bother about anyone else.

‘No wonder the Nightmare King could rise to such power and was unstoppable in his tracks, it's like a hack...’ Just this one connection with Dreamscape left Leylin feeling extremely powerful. He would even dare challenge the Snake Dowager if they were in Dreamscape!

‘I don't have any mortal enemies, but if I did I would drag them all into Dreamscape and make them suffer, or even die...’ Leylin's mind ran numerous calculations, combining the advantages of the A.I. Chip and Dreamscape itself. Even if it was the Snake Dowager or Nefarious Filthbird, he had a sixty percent chance of slaying them within it.

‘But Magi who comprehend laws cannot act like that.’ Leylin sighed inwardly. Having become a rank 7 Warlock he now had a better understanding of the social game in the upper circles. Magi of laws were just too powerful, and it was extremely hard for them

to die. Even if they did resurrection was an easy thing. This had caused many existences to join forces in fear.

It was extremely easy to isolate oneself by blatantly declaring war on such existences. More important was that he had a decent relationship with the Snake Dowager, and she had even requested his assistance. He had no enmity with the Nefarious Filthbird either, so there was no need to do such a thing.

Of course, if those dignitaries of the Purgatory World still bore grudges and wanted to give him trouble, Leylin would not mind teaching them a lesson.

On the other hand, it was time to consider a joint effort. The cake in the World of Gods was too big. Leylin would definitely be ganged up by the gods if he were to start a war. Hence, seeking arrangements and help from other forces had to be considered.

# Chapter 1047 - Returning To Dreamscape

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‘Be it the ancient Magi sealed at the core of the Weave or the beings of law outside it, none are easily dealt with...’ Leylin stroked his chin, already having a clear strategy in mind. ‘Having these sides control each other seems like a good idea. Whatever it is, when the time comes I’ll be the leader and tyrant there. I’ll get the greatest benefits anyway.’

To gain these benefits Leylin had to create a good impression. At the very least, he had to guarantee that when the time came and he called out loud, numerous Magi of laws would follow him in exploring the treasures of the World of Gods...

“I still need to wait and amass faith in the World of Gods, but I can begin exploring Dreamscape soon...” Leylin muttered under his breath, his body gradually fading away as he vanished.

In the boundless astral plane, the World of Gods and the Magus World were like two large funnels taking up most of the space and resources. They also possessed the most powerful World Wills and Origin Forces. Numerous small worlds surrounded them like stars, the strongest of them being worlds like Purgatory, the Shadow World, the Icy World and the like.

However, there was an interesting existence amongst all these worlds. It was everywhere, grown by dreams yet with true form. At the peak of power, its World Origin Force was comparable to that of the Magus World and World of Gods.

This was Dreamscape, a place full of strange incredible phenomena, a bizarre and terrifying world that could even warp time and space. Dreamscape was the only amazing place able to come into contact with the World of Gods and avoid being suppressed greatly.

In ancient times, the Nightmare King had used his Nightmare Absorbing Physique to become the quickest to reach the peak of rank 8, turning up his nose at numerous Magi and becoming a nightmare for the gods. He had wished for death himself, the World of Gods unable to do anything about him otherwise.

Leylin had inherited such a bloodline, now seeing things from the perspective of the Nightmare King and beginning to focus on the outline of Dreamscape.

Usually when traversing through worlds, Leylin could only passively rely on the abilities of his bloodline. The elusive defences of Dreamscape had left him grasping at straws for information of its working. Yet right now Dreamscape seemed to treat Leylin like its own child, unhesitating as it showed everything behind that mysterious veil.

‘This affinity... I’d believe it if someone told me that the Nightmare Absorbing Physique is a reincarnation of part of the World Will of Dreamscape!’ Leylin’s eyes showed his shock as he saw the seemingly boundless world in front of him.

The place he was at currently seemed to be a crevice without mass and volume. It was like an intersection between a two dimensional space and a three dimensional world. An edge twisted

up like a monster, showing him an unending number of dream worlds mixed with spacetime.

Large amounts of small dreams were birthed at the edges of Dreamscape, just as quickly dying away. Many powerful dreams instead intersected with each other, forming strange warped regions with such destruction at their core that even Leylin would fear them.

Most importantly, Leylin noticed that the entire Dreamscape was like a huge black hole, pulling in bits of light without end. They were dreams of intelligent beings from all the worlds, attracted by Dreamscape's might. All beings capable of thought could dream. And when they dreamed, they would unconsciously be attracted to Dreamscape!

Dreamscape was actually a combined body of dreams from most intellectual beings. These beings originated from all worlds, including the Magus World and World of Gods!

‘This means there was no such thing as Dreamscape in the beginning. However, with the advent of intellectual beings, the dreams of powerful life forms coalesced to form Dreamscape?’

This possibility left Leylin speechless. It made him recall the World of Gods, which itself was similar in its working. There had been no divine beings before faith took hold.

‘This is why Dreamscape is so strange, being both strong and weak at the same time.’ Leylin sensed that he had somewhat

grasped the key to the weakening of dreamforce.

“But I can’t conclude it just like this. I need to explore, move around, and see more... Whatever it is, I still have time as I cultivate my clone. There’s a millenium left for the contract with the Snake Dowager...”

Crimson light flashed as Leylin broke through the boundary of Dreamscape, arriving in a true dream.

Whoosh! Surging, howling origin force appeared around Leylin, like a kindly mother seeing her son return home dead tired from travel.

[Beep! Discovered large amounts of Dreamscape Origin Force. Absorb?]

the A.I. Chip prompted.

‘No!’ Leylin shook his head, dissipating the origin force around him.

The World Origin Force from Dreamscape was much more abundant than from the Magus World, equivalent to what all the Magi of laws had access to combined. It would be enough to raise him to the peak of his current existence.



However, Leylin didn't have the courage to do that. Before he dealt with the flaws of dreamforce, suddenly adding Dreamscape Origin Force to the mix could cause great problems in the future.

'Dreamscape's going to be here anyway. I can come over whenever I want and absorb it, it's not like I'm missing any chances...' Having thought this through, Leylin did not lament as he sent away the roaring origin force and sized up his surroundings.

The place was desolate and bleak, lacking life. The plains, forests, valleys, lakes and streams from before had completely turned into a yellow desert, and even the air itself had lost almost all moisture.

Leylin's soul force spread far and wide. With his attainments as a rank 7 Warlock, he could still only find the traces of a few life forms in the vast area. It was like the entirety of Dreamscape had died.

'No, it isn't death. More like Dreamscape is hibernating...' His powerful truesoul that was powered by laws combined with his delicate control over soul force to allow Leylin to notice some differences. Weak, tiny lives were hidden layers underneath the barrenness, like seeds germinating under the safe protection of the earth. It perfectly preserved their last chance at life, awaiting the arrival of spring.

Destructive snow floated down a few regions, upon several powerful and vile soul undulations that were lying in wait. These were the evil gods of Dreamscape, the Lords of Calamity. Even these existences of laws had chosen to seal themselves in,

struggling at death's door.

However, one would be making a huge mistake underestimating them. Any lord that sealed themselves definitely had contacts, and could sense what was going on outside. The moment anything happened that would harm them or their reputation, they would unseal themselves.

While dreamforce was weakened, the Origin Force and accumulated soul energy in their bodies would couple with their advantage as natives of Dreamscape, allowing them to bring devastate and kill the invaders!

Before this was known many people had sought treasure when dreamforce weakened. They'd all died. Now they were much smarter, like the one-eyed dragon he'd met before.

‘Come to think of it, is this really the place where Gillian and her people once lived?’

With the authority coming from his Nightmare Absorbing Physique, Leylin naturally chose an area in Dreamscape that he would be comfortable in. However, as he gazed at the boundless barrenness, he could not help but look rueful. While knowing changes in the environment of Dreamscape happened quickly, he had not thought it would be so rapid.

In his discussions with the Snake Dowager, he had come over for a while. However, the environment had drastically changed, but the terrain was still somewhat similar. Hence, he had found the

place where Gillian had stayed at.

But now? All traces, particularly the terrain, had completely disappeared.

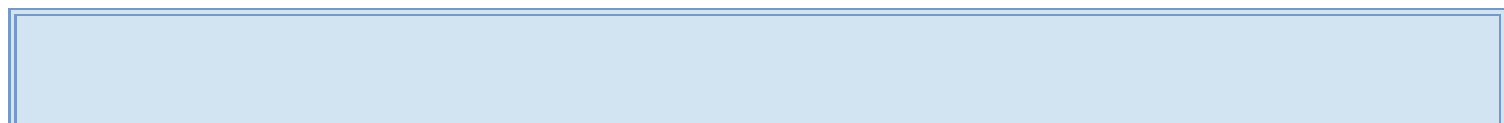
‘The smells in the air tell me that it’s been about fifteen thousand years since I last came...’ Leylin’s nose twitched slightly as he sniffed at the air, and then came up with a conclusion unwillingly, ‘Looks like this place was unlucky enough to be affected by a terrifying wave of accelerated time...

‘She did say she wanted to go to the territories of the Lord of Calamity in the north... I should take a look...’ Leylin stroked his chin.

The reason Leylin had come to Dreamscape was to resolve the issue of dreamforce weakening, and Gillian was just something on the side. So much time had passed already, and even her great grandchildren would have died of old age. It was very likely that her entire tribe had died out.

However, Leylin had a strange feeling. Before dreamforce weakened, the changes to her people could bring him a huge batch of helpers and strength if he was lucky. And in Dreamscape, anything could happen!

‘Also... this is just on the side. A.I. Chip!’ Leylin commanded.



[Beep! Mission established. Gathering Dreamscape Origin Force undulations... Current progress: 0.0001%. Estimated time of completion: 3987h 13min. If host can obtain samples of rank 7 lifeforms of Dreamscape, this can be quickened.]

The A.I. Chip faithfully intoned.

‘The A.I. Chip’s analysis can continue as long as I’m in Dreamscape. Now I can go see the Lord of Calamity in the north, finding out their secrets.’

Leylin’s body instantly turned into a boundless darkness sweeping towards the north, and two gusts of wind raced behind him sounding powerful and terrifying.

The last time he was here Leylin had sensed the auras of numerous Lords of Calamity in the north. Then he’d been unwilling to antagonize them, and was also busy with the World of Gods. Thus he’d retreated.

However, things were different now.

# Chapter 1048 - Bodach

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The place Leylin had chosen was significant. It was where he'd first met the one-eyed owl, what he now suspected was a clone of the Nightmare King. The owl was the one who'd given him his dream feather, making his lab connect to Dreamscape.

It was also at this place that he'd discovered Gillian, a native of Dreamscape. That time had given him precious research materials, allowing him to increase his understanding of dreamforce.

The many Lords of Calamity stayed to the north of this place, at least five to six of these sovereigns of Dreamscape there at the minimum. Normally they would radiate their powers unconsciously, bringing disaster upon the natives. It made the place a forbidden ground for them.

But now, it was different. Dreamforce had weakened, and the area around these existences was the only place they could survive. After all, the reason that was the place the Lords of Calamity chose was that it would resist the weakening of dreamforce.

Compared to total annihilation, a blizzard, radiation, or any other calamities were a joke. This was why, in a critical period, it had made sense for Gillian's tribe to move north. Those evil sovereigns ignored their kind like they were ants anyway.

"Is this the wondrous nature of life?" Leylin exclaimed. He could sense that the north contained the most life in all of Dreamscape.

There seemed to be a strange parasitic ecosystem of the inhabitants there, where the natives sought shelter behind the Lords who resisted the weakening of the dreamforce. There were many tribes there like Gillian's.

'This should make for a good investigation. Hmm?' Leylin stopped in midair, as he scanned the gigantic dark figure with the A.I. Chip, and recalled that familiar aura.

"I finally meet someone I recognise?" Leylin smiled, "Let's go greet him!"

Rumble! Leylin had grown used to his powers as a rank 7. With the addition of Dreamscape Origin Force, he could exert earth-shattering power.

"Break!" Leylin willed the very earth to split apart, revealing a bottomless abyss. Even this was with him restraining himself, not using the power of the origin force. Had he done so, a small part of the continent would have been split apart easily.

"Transform mud to rocks! And earth to metal!" Magi of laws were close to the source of magic. There was nothing unnatural about these effects, especially given Leylin's study of the World of Gods.

Under his control bloodline energy fused with dreamforce, forming spells that seemed to be from both Magi and gods. Leylin was just like the gods who could perform magic with just a word, changing reality as the ground he'd split open had turned into a

huge steel plate.

Boom! A fast-moving black figure crashed into it underground, denting it even as an earth-shattering sound rumbled out.

“Damn it! Why is there a steel plank here? No, is this a layer of the ground made of metal?” The surface of the earth was clawed open by two large dragon claws, and a tremendous dragon poked its head through like a dejected groundhog.

Unlike the dragons of the World of Gods this one only had a large yellow eyeball, two thorny barbs like mountains on its back. Its large meaty wings that could cover the skies were currently curled up, streamlining its body while kept at its side. It was very suitable for digging underground.

Even more terrifyingly, the body of this dragon emitted terrifying energy undulations like those of Magi of laws. It showed the being’s power. In the World of Gods, perhaps only the legendary Platinum Dragon could compare to it.

“Long time no see, Mister one-eyed dragon from the Ultron World!” Seeing the one-eyed dragon who’d changed his profession to excavation, Leylin did his best to stifle his laughter as he greeted him politely.

“Hm? Who dares make fun of the mighty Gigakell dragon race?” The dragon patted his head with his huge claws, seeming to recover from his stupor, “And here I was, thinking that it shouldn’t be possible for me to miss something happening straight

ahead. So it's that Magus from before!"

While mumbling and complaining to himself, he pulled his large body out of the ground. "It's been a few thousand years since we last met, but you've already completely entered rank 7. Such talent leaves me envious... But then again, this is Dreamscape. Who knows how many years have passed outside? It might have been tens of thousands of years that just slipped through my fingers..."

"Does that mean you've been staying in Dreamscape all this time, my Lord?" Leylin asked in surprise.

"Of course! Don't you know how plentiful the treasures in Dreamscape are? Especially at the core... the lustre of the pure suolo gems.... Ah, those are ten thousand times more beautiful than the Mother Dragon's eyes... If not for that damned Lord of Calamity stopping me then, I would have... pooh!"

The one-eyed dragon seemed to notice that he had accidentally revealed something and used claws to cover his mouth.

"I see!" Leylin nodded, while scorning him inside. The greedy nature of dragons was something that would never change even in the vastness of the astral plane. Be the dragons in the World of Gods or the Magus World, they all seemed to have a similar characteristic.

"But— please forgive me for my bluntness— but you seem to be in need of help..." Leylin focused on this body that was as large as a mountain. A number of purple eyes were stuck to the dragon's



thick horns and scales, looking rather disgusting.

Streaks of deep wounds appeared next to these purple eyes, constantly healing and tearing apart. Just the sight could almost cause one to feel the great pain.

‘Taking into account all that he said, could it be that he coveted some Lord of Calamity’s treasure and was unlucky enough to be caught, thus leaving him in this state? He has no choice but to keep escaping...’ Leylin thought inside, but his hands did not stop moving. A light green layer of clouds covered the body of the one-eyed dragon, tiny droplets of water dripping down.

The one-eyed Dragon observed Leylin warily with his yellow eyes as the green mist arrived, sniffing with his long snout. That seemed to leave him satisfied, and he did not shy away.

Pss Pss! The green rainwater made contact with the wounds, creating large amounts of corrosive white gas. However, the wounds that healed no longer ripped apart, allowing the dragon to snort comfortably.

“There are two types of injuries on your body. The most terrifying is the curse of the purple eyes, which I’m unable to remove for now. However, I can remove the accompanying effects of eternal clawing injuries...” Leylin looked satisfied.

When it came to healing injuries made by dreamforce, this was a very rare opportunity for him during his travels in Dreamscape. Besides, it was not so easy to get a guinea pig with the strength of a

rank 7 Magus, as well as the chance to sense the strength of a Lord of Calamity so closely.

“Plague, calamity, curse...” However, being so close, the power of calamity he could sense from the purple eyes caused Leylin’s expression to change. This was formed practically out of the most evil powers of law, which even he was frightened by.

“As expected of a Lord of Calamity. This ability perhaps surpasses the limits of rank 7...” Leylin sized the one-eyed Dragon in front of him up and down. Just the fact that the dragon could survive with his life while being pursued by such a terrifying character was more than enough for Leylin to think highly of him.

“Haha... thank you, Magus who possesses the abilities of healing. I feel much better now!” The dragon happily stretched out his bodies, yellow eyes reflecting Leylin’s figure. “You are a good Magus, worthy of the friendship of the Gigakell Dragons!”

The tremendous one-eyed dragon sniffed at Leylin, “My real name is Bodach Avdizlok Ultron. I swear on my truenam that I shall make a contract with you. As long as you or your blood summon this name for help, I of the one-eyed dragon clan shall give you power. Of course, you’ll need to hand over a something of equal value as payment...”

As an existence of laws, there was no need to doubt his vows. However, seeing the sly look on the dragon’s face, Leylin was speechless.

‘Are you trying to bully me because I’ve never been to the World of Gods and don’t know about the ‘Dragon Tribe’s Contract of Alliance’?’ Leylin ridiculed him inside. The ‘Dragon Tribe’s Contract of Alliance’ in the World of Gods was said to be the contract with the least limitations. As long as enough gold kronas were paid up, a whole pile of demigod dragons could be called up. Of course, the cost was so high even Waukeen’s church would go bankrupt.

The one-eyed dragon Bodach’s contract was the same. While this looked to be a contract for summoning at any time as thanks towards Leylin, the rewards he’d want would be enough for anyone to cough up blood.

Leylin had a strong suspicion that the dragon had given all his friends the same contract, in order to amass his wealth.

“Forget it. I’m not going to use it anyway...” Leylin rolled his eyes inside, and then looked at Bodach.

“Thank you for your goodwill, but I think it’s better if we discuss the curse on you now...” With Leylin’s experience, the speed at which his attitude changed caused even the dragon to be astonished, “Unless it’s the spellcaster themselves, it’s very difficult to remove it. On top of that, with the passage of time, it could cause even more horrifying harm to you...”

While Leylin was certain that he could remove it with a few years of research, especially given the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, he decided to hide this.

# Chapter 1049 - Rescue And Treatment

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“Leylin, my friend, you must help me!” At the mention of this curse that was like a maggot hidden in his bones, Bodach put on a painful expression. His huge body laid down on the ground, eyes pitiful as he gazed up at Leylin like an ant. The scene was rather hilarious.

“This... It’s quite troublesome...” Leylin furrowed his brows, as if this was extremely difficult. “Why don’t you try settling this with that Lord of Calamity? He’s currently hibernating, so he probably wouldn’t be willing to offend a foreign being of laws too much, no?” He proposed.

“No, his suolo gems are still with me... Err... No, Bodach didn’t steal anything. I’m being maligned...” The one-eyed dragon confessed everything without being pressed.

“I see...” Leylin turned and left, having no interest in offending a powerful Lord of Calamity for a thief.

“Uh... Wait, my friend. Bodach can help you!” Seeing Leylin intend to leave, the dragon immediately began to panick. Having been tortured by these injuries for such a long time, he knew that this Magus was the only one able to help him aside from that Lord of Calamity himself.

“Oh? Help me?” Leylin halted his footsteps, judging the huge body of the One-Eyed Dragon and his yellow eyes with interest, “You know what I need?”

“No...” Bodach answered honestly, “But Bodach once smelled you near the northern territories of the Lords of Calamity....”

“My smell...” Leylin did not know whether to laugh or cry, but he did know that one-eyed dragons had extremely sensitive senses of smells.

More importantly, they did not just distinguish between the particles in the air, but tracked things down based on the smells of souls. Hence, even though thousands or tens of thousands of years had passed, anything that Leylin had made contact with back then would not be able to escape his senses.

“Yes... It’s a tiny area where some natives work. I once smelt your scent at the very centre... It was rather weak... Whether the tribe, or you back then!”

The one-eyed dragon had a crafty look in his yellow eyes, “I assume... pursuing that friendship in your youth must be one of the reasons that you’ve come to Dreamscape, right?”

‘Seems like he really has once seen Gillian’s tribe...’ Leylin nodded, ‘But... you’re too naive. Did you think I would offend a Lord of Calamity over a few natives?’

‘Even with my personal feelings towards them, the value of the natives can’t be compared with what might happen...’ His relationship with Gillian and the rest were just like strangers coming together at best, taking what they needed from each other.

Leylin had probably even invested more, and merely wanted to take a look at them on the way.

Taking care of a complicated curse just to obtain information on them, even offending a Lord of Calamity? Leylin wasn't that foolish.

"I hate Magi the most. They're all so cool-headed and full of schemes... Don't you know that in the Ultron World helping others is a great virtue?" Bodach mumbled in his dissatisfaction.

"That's why the Ultron World was swept into a few great wars, dropping down from a medium-ranked world to a low-ranked world without a name for itself. Perhaps you're its only remaining being of laws..."

Leylin gazed at him, causing the other party to unconsciously look away, "Did you think that I'd never read the epics of Ultron's rise and fall?"

"Fine! Your great knowledge makes it such that you won't ever be at a disadvantage! I'll need to include this in my reflections about the scent of Magi, and pass it down to those of my race..." The dragon looked crestfallen, "You've won. Speak! What do you want before you'll heal me?"

"That's the way!" Leylin turned, a smile on his face.

News of a few natives was obviously not enough for him to

change his mind, but a rank 7 dragon of laws was somewhat passable.

“Firstly... The Dragon Tribe’s Contract of Alliance from before needs to be amended! Give me news about the natives too... And... even if we’re found by the Lord of Calamity, I’m just a doctor that you sought out and have nothing to do with this. You are to swear all this upon your truesoul of laws, to the astral and river of space and time!”

As a Lord of Baator, Leylin’s ability with contracts was almost comparable to the great Archdevils. Even the one-eyed dragon broke out in cold sweat.

“Goodness... Even the Tieman astral beings, known in the astral world for how harsh they are in their contracts, can’t set up such stringent and harsh contracts...” Bodach lamented, grabbing at his head with his huge dragon claws.

Unfortunately, the ball was now in Leylin’s court. He still needed to get Leylin to solve his problems, and therefore had no way to say no.

After they both made the soul oath using their truesouls of laws, Leylin sized up the one-eyed dragon who was as large as a mountain and frowned. “Your body is too huge. Become like me!”

“That’s easy...” Bodach agreed, body shrinking and melting into a purple light as he turned into a middle-aged man with long purple hair.

Perhaps it was the difference in their races' aesthetics, but Bodach had a single eye in this form, a yellow vertical one. Numerous red blood vessels bulged everywhere, making him look somewhat frightening.

However, Leylin did not mind that much. After all, there were far too many strange beings in the astral plane similar to humans. Dreamscape was a region with even more creativity in this area, which was why there was nothing strange about strange life forms similar to humans here.

“But...” Leylin took a look at the back of Bodach's hand, arm and shoulder. There were still purple eye marks there, stubborn and not disappearing.

“See for yourself... It's so troublesome...” Bodach pinched and broke a purple eye, and large amounts of yellow pus dripped to the ground, corroding into it further to leave a deep dark hole. A new circle of eyes appeared around the purple eyeballs, even more slender than before yet still possessing the same immense hatred and malicious intent.

‘You stole someone else's possessions and still dare complain?’ Leylin rolled his eyes inside, speechless. However, he knew that what he'd done was more infuriating than that, and besides he was making use of the dragon. He wasn't in a position to criticize Bodach.

“I'll need some time to remove the malicious intent...” Leylin



extended his right hand, swiping up some pus with his index finger. The corrosive liquid obviously could do nothing against Leylin, and was burnt to ashes by some green phosphorescence.

Traces of black gas appeared above the green flames, converging to form a few wailing faces that gradually dissipated.

“This person’s knowledge on souls is not too bad. It’s an expert...” Leylin nodded, motivation and fervour evident in his eyes.

“Leylin, my friend. Based on the contract, you need to remove a portion of the curse to prove your abilities before it can be effective...” The middle-aged cyclops that Bodach had become gazed at Leylin with anxiousness. Desire and thirst were evident in that single eye.

“Though I can’t remove the curse immediately, it shouldn’t be a problem to interfere with his tracking you. Wear this.” Leylin rummaged through his item-storing magic artifact and found a silver hoop for the head, tossing it to Bodach.

The hoop was completely silver and had strange crimson lines on it, similar to a human’s veins as it squirmed slightly.

“Hm? Leylin, have you gone to the Shadow World before too? The Towa people there like this style of accessories a lot...” Bodach examined it again and again, and even sniffed at it with his nose carefully.

At the end, probably after determining there was nothing with it and perhaps from faith in the contract, he chose to wear it.

“Hm? I sense that the malicious intent that seemed to be on my back has finally disappeared...” The moment the one-eyed dragon the hoop, he immediately sighed in relief. He’d been afraid of the Lord of Calamity tracking him down before, which was why he’d been fleeing like a stray dog when he bumped into Leylin. No matter what he did, there was no way to stop the tracking from the curse. However, this feeling finally disappeared from his bones.

“Great! This is great...” Bodach cheered, his sound so powerful that the dust in the surroundings vibrated.

Leylin waved his hands and spoke stonily. “Alright. Bring me to the place you felt me connected with last, and be quick about it!”

“No problem,” Bodach patted his chest in guarantee, before looking at Leylin with worry, “It’s at the boundary of the River of Annihilated Sighs. We need to pass through regions where three Lords of Calamity are sealed. Leylin, my friend, does this thing really work?”

“Don’t worry. Let’s go!” With how Bodach was acting, Leylin knew that he must have offended one of these three Lords.

However, he was rather confident in his concealment. Besides, while Bodach had been discovered and was being pursued, the fact that the two of them were existences of laws would still strike fear in the other party’s heart. When the time come, Bodach could

hand over that suolo gem or whatever it was, and the other side would not put too much pressure on them.

‘And... a Lord of Calamity?’ That would be an evil god native to Dreamscape. Between two existences of laws, with one possessing the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, who would have the upper hand?

Leylin’s eyes flashed, and he suppressed the fervour in his mind.

.....

The old one-eyed dragon was an experienced treasure-hunter after all. He was extremely familiar with the regions in Dreamscape, especially the special underground passages.

Under his lead, Leylin passed through the regions of the three Lords of Calamities without any dangers and arrived at the depths of the northern region. Life in this area was much more abundant, and according to Bodach’s information Gillian and her tribe had most likely relocated to this area, and seemed to be doing pretty well.

# Chapter 1050 - Dream Demon

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Bang! Bang! The dried earth suddenly burst apart, forming two dark holes. A cloaked figure emerged from each of the holes, one of them removing his cloak to observe the surrounding soil. While it was still as barren as before, there was at least some form of life here. The place was not entirely dead.

“Bodach, why are all the routes you know underground?” Leylin glanced at the one-eyed dragon, doubting its race.

“Hehe... Don’t get hung up on those trivial things! So? I wasn’t wrong, was I? As long as we go through the underground whistling passage, we’ll be able to evade the wild regions with masters...” Bodach chuckled.

Leylin was one who only cared for the results and not the process, so he did not pursue the matter.

‘A.I. Chip, conduct a scan.’ Leylin immediately received information on the environment, tracking its hydrology and even the origin force. A look of astonishment flashed on his face.

“It’s not bad, huh? Compared to other places, this is already like an oasis!”

Leylin’s scans revealed a few small dried up shrubs in the area, making it look like the Gobi Desert. The presence of plants indicated moisture, and this flora would coexist with animal life. In an environment like Dreamscape which was often weakened,

this was incredibly difficult to achieve.

‘Yet in order to survive many have to kill each other. Death is unavoidable...’ Leylin wondered in his mind. Survival and reproduction were the two primitive desires of all living beings, and in order to attain these two goals they could explode forth with surprising strength.

Of the two themselves, survival was the first priority. From ancient times wars for survival were the most bloody and ruthless of battles.

However, Leylin’s attention had shifted from the battles between tribes, instead focusing in another direction.

‘Why is this place so special? Dreamforce waning should affect the entire world...’ His interest now piqued, Leylin’s gaze penetrated through the skies, mountains, and rivers, as powerful soul force burst forth. At that very moment, the skies and the ground seemed to freeze.

‘Hmm? Where are the Lords of Calamity here?’ Leylin instantly noticed the difference here. Theoretically, the places where the natives lived should be on the land of a Lord of Calamity, yet Leylin had found no signs of such.

That wasn’t all. Destructive snow was nowhere to be found, as if there was nobody in charge.

“You noticed it as well?” The one-eyed dragon chuckled as he explained, “The Lord of Calamity here has the true form of a dream demon. It chose a unique virtual seal as its innate skill, allowing it to avoid all attacks from destructive snow...”

“So that’s why.” Leylin nodded, understanding the situation.

Dream demons were a very rare species in Dreamscape. They were very compatible with dreamforce, and it was rumoured that adult dream demons grew as large as entire continents. Given one’s size, it could seal its territory up alongside itself.

The gift of the virtual seal was one of the bloodline abilities of the dream demons. They could make their truesoul illusory, being sealed into the dreams of numerous life forms.

“In other words... This vast territory that we see here is a part of the dream demon’s body... and its thoughts and will have been broken up into pieces and sealed into the dreams of the beings dwelling here, silently taking in nutrition and fighting against the weakening of dreamforce?”

Leylin felt enlightened.

The way dream demons dealt with methods was just too ingenious. By surviving within others’ bodies, they could both prevent the weakening of dreamforce and evade the destructive snow. Evidently they’d formed a special symbiotic relationship with the other natives of Dreamscape.

A dream demon could nourish the natives with its dreamforce and help them with its body, who in exchange would give it the soul energy to support its truesoul and prevent it from weakening. Dream demons were one of the creatures least weakened by dreamforce entering a trough.

“But this method would need to be paired with a specific bloodline ability... There might be a single pure-blooded dream demon in all of Dreamscape...” The one-eyed dragon Bodach sighed beside him.

“Whatever the motive is, this Lord of Calamity’s methods has allowed numerous natives to survive...” Leylin was quite in favour of methods like these where both parties benefited, “Given the characteristics of Dreamscape the chance of a native turning into an evil existence is one in ten thousand, maybe even one in a billion, but over the long term the dream demon will obtain goodwill and connections, which by themselves are terrifying...”

Leylin immediately categorised the dream demon as someone not to be provoked.

‘But my goal in coming here isn’t to go against the comatose demon. It probably wouldn’t even care if a native or two disappeared, that’s like plucking off a strand of hair...’ Even as he thought this, Leylin hastened towards the place with the most concentrated life aura, Bodach alongside him. The dragon said this was where he’d smelt the souls with Leylin’s scent. The dragon had only been looking for treasures then, too lazy to come and take a look.

Hard soil had condensed into slabs as solid as steel here, but Leylin nodded in satisfaction.

This region was much better than others in Dreamscape. The ground over there was full of sand, with no signs of anything else to be found. In comparison, with the nourishment and support of the body of the Dream Demon, the life here could somewhat be comparable to terrible places in other worlds.

Swish! Swish! Two black streaks suddenly appeared from underground, pouncing towards Leylin and Badoch.

“Hm? There’s a living being? Not bad!” Leylin grabbed forward, and two mice with coarse fur were caught suspended in the air, beady eyes full of insanity turning into fear as the hunter became the prey.

“Sawtooth mice? The toughness of the fur and the contamination...” Blue light flashed in Leylin’s eyes, and the A.I. Chip’s scans immediately allowed him to gain all information regarding them.

‘A vitality and radiation comparable to a rank 1 Magus. Unfortunately, that’s only the bottom of the food chain here. The intelligence hasn’t completely developed either, it can’t even realise our might.’ The single-eyed dragon snorted in annoyance, unable to understand why Leylin was interested in a few little ants.

“Then again, creatures who don’t know their place won’t live for long!” Leylin waved his hands.



Crack! Crack! A sharp sound rang out as the two mice with bones like steel broke apart. Their eyes lost all lustre as they fell to the ground.

Leylin gazed into the distance and spoke profoundly, “Be careful, Bodach. We have guests.”

“Guests?” Bodach looked in the same direction with puzzlement in his eyes, and a look of understanding then flashed across his face.

Two powerful existences were present there, waiting quietly in place. A soul aura that was slightly more powerful than that of the two sawtooth mice slowly drew closer.

The black grass in the distance rustled, and as if the being had discovered something the sounds stopped. It gave Leylin the feeling that the other party was feeling hesitant.

However, perhaps the temptation of the two coarse-furred mice was too huge. After a period of muffled breathing, a slender dark figure headed over.

It looked like a child, only coming up to Leylin’s shoulder. He wore tanned leather hunting gear that was torn in many areas, with countless patches on it. Even then, he was still revealing a lot of skin.

Even with all these layers Leylin could still the purplish patterns on the skin. It immediately caused him to recall Gillian and her people.

The young hunter's face was tanned, and it was difficult to see what kind of expression he had on his face. His eyes first darted to the prey on the ground, and then at Leylin and Bodach, obviously frightened. No matter how he saw it, someone wearing such complete and luxurious clothing were not people to be provoked.

Gulping, the young man struggled for a long while before pointing at the bodies of the mice on the ground, "This... mine..."

Thanks to Gillian, Leylin had learnt the language of Dreamscape, so there was no language barriers. However, this wasn't much anyway. After becoming a demigod, he was able to understand all languages, and existences of laws too could transmit information through soul communication.

"Yours!" Leylin gestured, inviting him to take them. Following his gaze, he obviously saw the purple pattern markings on the two mice's hind legs.

'He ran so far just for these two, and even risked offending us. Looks like the scarcity of food here is rather terrible...' Seeing the young man cheer and rapidly throw himself over, Leylin had his own thoughts.

The natives of Dreamscape had all experienced dreamforce being poured into their bodies, their strengths boosted greatly on

average. Leylin estimated that they would have no problems with becoming comparable to rank 2 Magi upon reaching adulthood.

The young man was now kneeling on the floor, seeing the blood that had spilt onto the ground with a look of pity on his face. He then picked up the mice and sucked the fresh blood out of the wounds.

The blood of these sawtooth mice had a strong taste of iron. With just a look Leylin could tell that there was a terrifying amount of radiation and contamination inside, yet the youth looked like he was sampling something extremely delicious.

“Tsk... What a good appetite! It’s comparable to our rot-eating dragons...” Bodach pursed his lips.

# Chapter 1051 - Village

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There were now three travellers crossing the barren plains.

One of them was a young man in tattered hunting gear. He had a black ironwood lance on his back, from the tip of which hung two coarse-furred mice.

Leylin and Bodach were following him at the side. After that 'friendly and enthusiastic' interaction, they'd successfully gotten the youth to bring them to his tribe. They had found out his name as well. He was called Cabadole, and was a descendant of a large tribe nearby.

While he had yet to reach adulthood, he'd already had to take on some responsibilities. Having obtained his prey the youth was obviously elated, and he even began humming a strange tune. While Leylin suspected that these two mice could only provide for a few meals, but based on what the young man had said, this was already plentiful.

"The animals in the wilderness are extremely sly. Even the best hunters in the village can't be confident that they will get harvests every time..." Cabadole stared at Leylin and Bodach with worship in his eyes, "Are you the legendary emissaries of the Master?"

"No!" Bodach answered resolutely. He had no idea why Leylin was so interested in these ants, but since he was the one asking for a favour, he did not dare go against Leylin's wishes. However, Cabadole would never get any goodwill from him.

Unfortunately, the young man was now full of curiosity which even overshadowed his fear. “Then... did Mister Bodach come from the city? Is it Maxi City? I’ve been there before...”

.....

Along the way, Bodach almost broke down from all of Cabadole’s antics. When they saw the low walls in the distance, the dragon was the most excited of the group, finally able to escape.

The tribe Cabadole lived in didn’t just own some land. They’d built a wall at the outer regions of the village. While the defensive abilities of the wall were questionable, the strength this implied comforted Leylin.

Clang! At this moment, the entrance to the village opened. A group of villagers dressed in coarse black clothing walked out, a few elders at their center. There seemed to be some sorrow in the air, and many women were weeping while covering their mouths.

“Looks like they aren’t here to welcome you, kid!” Bodach chuckled, but Cabadole did not retort at all. His eyes were fixed at the few native elder at the centre, fists clenched so tight that he was almost bleeding.

“Are they expelling the elders?” Leylin had a feeling that when productivity was lowest, many tribes would choose to chase the elderly with no ability to work away.

“No... they’re doing this voluntarily.” Cabadole’s voice was low, “For the better survival of our race...”

“This is what’s so heavy about life. Even though I’ve passed through so many worlds, I can’t help but sigh at this...”

Bodach gave Leylin a long look, “Could you allow me to create a historical poem to record this?”

“No!” Leylin rejected him without hesitation. This one-eyed dragon’s talkativeness was also worthy of being recorded into a poem. His writing skills, in particular, were more than enough for those bards to cough up blood. He was also rather shameless, which left Leylin speechless.

At this moment, Cabadole put the lance down and picked up his prey, looking perplexed.

“What is it? If you’re going to hand it over, do it quick. A mouse like that won’t be able to last for long anyway...” Bodach mumbled to himself, but was then shut up by Leylin. “Fine... Fine, I won’t speak. I won’t say anything!”

From the very beginning, even after taking out the prey, Cabadole had not hastened forward. On the contrary, his eyes were filled with hot tears as he watched the few elderly walking straight into the dark wilderness with their backs straight.

“The children in the tribe need this more. My lords, please!” With what had happened, Cabadole seemed to have matured a great deal. He stood up again and led the way.

“Mm, not bad. This kid has the potential to become a leader!” Bodach nodded, and then covered his mouth.

After entering the village, Leylin could tell that there was a distinct difference. This did not come from the natives who, on average, had the strength of rank 2 Magi, but something at the heart of the village.

“That... that has the aura that I’m familiar with! And...” Ignoring the natives that had surrounded them, Leylin headed into the deeper parts of the village.

The further in he went, the more secure the place became. At the end, there was even a glint in Leylin’s eyes.

At the innermost region of the village was a square built next to a large black mountain. Natives with metal armour and sharp weapons formed the last line of defence here. A deep hole had been excavated into the mountain, powerful radiation emerging from within.

‘These energy undulations are already comparable to rank 5 or 6 Magi. So you’re the real guardian of this place?’

“Foreigner, this is a forbidden area. Halt your footsteps!” A man

who stood taller than the rest blocked Leylin's way. Tens of elite hunters with armour and lances stood by him, including Cabadole. However, he looked rather anxious.

Bodach could take this no longer and stood out, a ruthless look flashing in his eyes. "Keke... When have mice become so gutsy as to block my way?"

"Wait!" At the crucial moment, Leylin stretched out and stopped him. These were the descendants of someone he knew, and it wasn't good to do things so forcefully. He could feel the unique aura of knights and Magi from the Magus World from these guards. Evidently they'd passed through rigorous training as knights and Magi, likely sourced from Leylin himself.

'Seems like after the huge change to Dreamscape and the strength system I passed down, they've managed to study and achieve something...'

"I do not have malicious intent..." Leylin said, though he did not hesitate in the least in his movements.

Along the way, all who wanted to obstruct him collapsed silently to the ground.

"Tsk! I could just swallow them all!" Bodach muttered in disdain at the sight, but he still followed closely behind Leylin. It would take but a thought for existences of laws like them to destroy the entire village. However, for old time's sake, Leylin did not want to go too far.



The cave was not deep, and they reached the end after walking a few steps in. Minerals similar to quartz crystals filled the ceiling of the cave, reflecting fine rays of light. The ground was slightly damp and had watermarks on it. There was also a sort of black moss that had grown everywhere.

“We meet again, Gillian...” Leylin gazed at the depths of the cave where a huge pit was curved in. The skeletons of many animals, mixed with green vines, formed a thick layer here.

A white marble pillar in the shape of a cross stood tall here, on it a strange statue seemingly merged within.

The top of the statue was that of a young girl with strange purple patterns on her face. The face was somewhat similar to Gillian had been in her memories, though she seemed to have matured quite a bit.

Waist-down, everything had dissolved into a chrysalis, looking like the combined body of a human and a pupa. The young girl looked serene, as if only in a deep sleep. Leylin closed his eyes and felt as if the girl who had called him uncle was right by his side.

“Silence? Mutation?”

Badoch widened his eyes and made a big fuss, “Could this human-pupa be the ancestor of the natives outside? Isn’t the gap too large?”

“Mm! She should be in the fission stage of her soul, so we shouldn’t disturb her...” While Gillian looked like a statue right now, Leylin could still sense the powerful vitality in the human-pupa.

The special energy radiation that she emitted was like how a ferocious beast marked its territory, chasing away all other terrifying life forms and protecting its clansmen. Leylin closed his eyes, somewhat guessing at what had happened.

‘Gillian at that point must have been the same as her other clansmen, where their strength mutated. Out of desire for survival, the entire tribe moved to the north...

‘There’s no pattern for dreamforce entering the body, and mutations are extremely common... With this power, Gillian and her tribe could finally settle in safety... After that, some things must have happened that I don’t know about, which left Gillian alone and reaching the limit as a rank 6 Magus. She fell into a deep sleep here to evolve, and has been protecting her clansmen for so long?’

After walking out of the cave, Bodach suddenly spoke. “I smell the scent of the dream demon on the sleeping native just now...”

The one-eyed dragon had exceptional talent in smelling out souls, able to find traces of Leylin from thousands of years ago.

“But of course. With how powerful Gillian is now, how could the

dream demon let go of her dreams?” Leylin shook his head and answered, but then he suddenly froze.

‘Dreams, absorption, powering up, replenishing... yet another cycle? If that’s how it is on a small scale, it could be a pattern used in an entire world...’ A trace of understanding flashed in Leylin’s eyes.

‘But... there’s no point just knowing this. Without any strength, there’s nothing I can do!’ Leylin shook his head, and then watched the frenetic and anxious natives surrounding them.

“What are we going to do now?” Bodach asked at the side.

“I’m just here to see someone I knew long ago. Now that my goal has been achieved, we could take a look around or attempt to remove your curse...” Leylin didn’t mind at all. As long as he stayed in Dreamscape, it would be easy to research this world. Hence, there was really nothing he had to do.

# Chapter 1052 - Hosain

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“Wait, my lords!” The tribe leader had regained consciousness at this moment, kneeling before Leylin with respect. The slightest power Leylin had revealed made it obvious that this was someone powerful, and he’d had someone verify that the ancestor was still safe. How would this middle-aged man not realise that these two were actually friends of his tribe?

With the strength they possessed, these people could easily crush them if they wanted to. Hence, it was necessary to better his relationship with them.

“Are you two lords friends of the ancestor? Please stay here for a while, and let us serve you...” The leader of this tribe was nearly two metres tall, adorned in a slightly mouldy smooth leather coat. His bulging muscles seemed as hard as steel.

This man had thick lips and a high nose. His slanted eyes seemed cold, and the crossed scar on his cheek was proof of his gallantry. To survive a native had to be ruthless, violent, and most of all courageous.

However this man was doing all he could to smile, humbling himself given his lower status. As the one with the most knowledge in the tribe, he naturally knew what these two powerful beings represented. Even if they just wanted to destroy the village at will, it was enough for them to let go of all pride and serve these beings humbly.

On top of that, they were actually friends of his ancestor? Did that not mean that they must have old monsters that had lived for hundreds or even thousands of years?

The middle-aged man was alarmed and sorrowful, knowing that his tribe having this piece of land was nothing remarkable. All sorts of powerful native tribes could die here, even wandering beasts not guaranteed to survive. The scarcity of food had led to the battles between the existing life forms to increase in intensity. The only one they could count on to protect the tribe was their sleeping ancestor.

‘With the power of these two lords on our side we might even be able to defy the city’s orders...’ The middle-aged man had a thought. The next time he looked up, he looked into a pair of eyes that seemed to be able to see through everything.

Leylin chuckled, not expressing his opinion and walking till he arrived in front of the kneeling man. He used an invisible force to lift his chin. “If you’re inviting us to stay, then tell me your name.”

“Hosain! I am the chief of the Redbud Flower Tribe, Hosain, willing to follow all of Sire’s instructions!” Hosain led his clansmen and had everyone kneel and bow. The exposure of crucial regions like their backs showed a complete subservience to the strong.

“Bodach! Looks like we’ll need to stay here for some time...” With nothing at hand, Leylin agreed indifferently. Anyway, he was rather interested in studying what was happening to Gillian.

“I’m fine with it!” Bodach gazed at Cabadole beside him, pursing his lips, but did not object. After all, he knew that the moment Leylin decided on something, he had no right to go against his wishes.

.....

A fireplace burned away from a wall of the most luxurious building in the village, spreading warmth. A yellow copper stove stood atop a red mahogany table, burning some unknown powder that emitted white tendrils of fragrance.

Cabadole was curled up in a corner, watching Leylin and Bodach respectfully being invited to sit on a soft goose-feather rug. Looking at the numerous exquisite foods and drinks placed in front of the guests, he could not help but gulp.

‘How extravagant...’ the young man thought to himself, and then looked outside the window. The light outside had dimmed, and there was already a layer of white frost by the windowpane. The contrast with the striking red of the silken curtains left him unable to look away.

“It should be quite cold and dark outside now, right?” Cabadole wondered silently. This region had no sun nor moon, and only had faint rays of light. The natives here used the brightness to differentiate between night and day.

Once night fell, temperatures outside could reach as low as -80 or

-90 degrees, or even -100 degrees centigrade! While he did not understand the concept of cold, he knew that there were always unlucky people who froze to death at night every year. Without enough food nor fuel, the lack of heat would leave them helpless to resist the arrival of the grim reaper.

If this was the case in the village, things were much worse outside. The elders who'd left today would probably not live past this night. The young man felt a hot gush at his eyes, and some warm fluid fell from the corner of his eyes.

“Here, my lords. Please!” At the banquet, Hosain did not have so many thoughts. His face was now flushed red, and the area around his scars had turned bright red as he urged the two lords at the main seats to drink.

“Mm.” Leylin answered his request and picked up the wooden cup, pursing his lips. Bodach couldn't even be bothered to do that.

Based on Leylin's observations, the alcohol here was fermented using some underground plant stolons with plentiful fat and starch. As the method was very primitive and behind his times, and on top of that the filtering hadn't been performed well, the alcohol was too muddy. Bodach obviously found this beneath himself.

However, to ordinary natives, this was already a delicacy they could never obtain. This was also the same for Hosain. However, to Leylin's surprise, every person in the village, besides the infants, all had a cup. The adults were extremely cautious and had a satisfied look on their faces.

‘Equal distribution within the clan?’ Leylin shook his head and looked at the table again.

In order to serve the two of them, Hosain had gone all out. The food on the table could be said to be sumptuous. The dessert was a sort of purple fruit that was slightly tart and sweet, while the main was a round pastry made with starch, baked till golden-brown. Even the two coarse-skinned mice that Cabadole had caught today had been brought to the table despite how precious meat was.

The aroma from such a sumptuous feast had all the clansmen gritting their teeth, doing their best to keep their bearings.

Unfortunately, this was rather crude to Leylin and Bodach. Given the one-eyed dragon’s original size, even the entire village would only be an appetiser for him. The delicacies and the great alcohol that Leylin had experienced before made it lacking for him as well.

Hence, in the face of this, Bodach found this beneath him, while Leylin ate a few fruits out of courtesy and stopped.

Upon seeing this, a slight embarrassed flush rose on Hosain’s face. He could not even bring himself to call up the beautiful young girls he had prepared meticulously beforehand, “My apologies that our esteemed guests had to have such simple food...”

“It’s already enough. Here, let’s raise our cups to our friendship!” Leylin lifted his cup.



“For friendship!” With Leylin’s lead, the rest did the same as Hosain and somewhat warmed the mood.

“I was once friends with your ancestor, so if you have any needs, please let me know...”

After putting down the cutlery, Leylin spoke respectfully. Of course, all this was out of politeness. If the request could be easily completed and he was in a good mood, he might help for old times’ sake. However, if the other party brought up a difficult issue, such as having Leylin become their guardian, then Leylin would probably become hostile and leave.

“This is quite embarrassing, but we really have come across an issue we can’t solve with our strength.” Hosain’s voice sounded grim, “We make use of the land here to survive, but we need to give Maxi of the east saige and slaves as taxes... His requests this year are far greater than we can give...”

Hosain explained the situation to Leylin. The Redbud Flower Tribe weren’t the only survivors in this area, and they were all attached to a powerful city-state named Maxi. They would have to pay the city every once in a while, giving them a type of food called saige as well as slaves as proof of subservience. Otherwise, they would be attacked.

A few accidents had greatly reduced their crop yield this year, and it was impossible for the Redbud Flower Tribe to reach its target. However, those with power in Maxi did not care for this.

The moment Hosain could not hand over enough food, they would be forced to move away, or else they'd be attacked. It wasn't just dream beasts in the wilderness coveting this land, or stray spirits.

“While the ancestor can provide us with protection, Maxi City also has an elder in power with similar strength. Besides, the ancestor is in a deep sleep...” Hosain laughed wryly as he voiced the trouble they were in.

The rest of the clansmen now stopped eating. They understood that if this did not go well, the whole tribe would be exterminated. The food may have been fragrant and tasty, but it no longer tempted them.

“Elder in office? Is that a synonym of power or authority?” Leylin stroked his chin. He had to admit that this Maxi city had piqued his interest. “A city where a large number of inhabitants of Dreamscape gather? And there might even be powerful beings comparable to rank 5 or 6 Magi there...”

This city-state would definitely maintain traces of Dreamscape's glamour and culture before dreamforce weakened. Since he wanted to study this world, it was of extreme importance to Leylin.

Besides, what was a city-state not guarded by a being of laws to Leylin?

“I understand. Let's find a day, and have Cabadole bring me and Bodach there.” Leylin nodded in agreement, obtaining the

gratitude of Hosain and the others.

# Chapter 1053 - Maxi

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In the depths of the Redbud Flower Tribe, in the corner of a dark cave dug into a black mountain.

White quartz glimmered as it illuminated the moss-covered area, giving the place a sense of life. There was a pillar near the end of the cave, shaped like a cross. The humanoid pupa that was Gillian's current form had fused perfectly with the base, showing her beautiful curves and face off like the most exquisite work of art.

‘This silent evolution is similar to those of Magi...’ The A.I. Chip's light flashed in Leylin's eyes as he reached forward to touch the statue, feeling the weakness and regret of the soul at its core. Having said that, though, this weakness was in comparison to Leylin himself. The soul was already as powerful as a rank 5 or rank 6 Magus.

“Have you sensed my arrival?” A slight smile rose on his face. “Seeing as you've been helpful in my research, let me give you a tiny gift.”

A dark red glint extended from Leylin's fingers, leaving behind two elegant trails as it formed strange arcs in the air like a dancing butterfly. It landed on the statue's shoulder.

Pu! Red lights flickered, and the points of light and skin of the statue immediately dissolved upon contact with it. The entire human-pupa began to move slightly, and the eyes now appeared to

have gained some life in them.

Sensing the rate at which her soul awoke being quickened, Leylin turned to leave, seemingly uncaring of the situation, “You can do it, little Gillian...”

The lives of beings of laws were extremely long. Leylin could foresee that if Gillian failed to become rank 7 this would probably be their last meeting.

“Is this how people who can live for eternity feel? Loneliness? And transcending worldliness?” Leylin’s looked melancholic, recalling a great number of people. Images of Bicky, Kroft, and even many enemies flashed across his mind.

Many of them had been unable to endure the passage of time, entering the cycle of death.

‘Still... Even so I want to seek out the extraordinary, achieving true eternity!’ With a fling of his robes, Leylin unhesitatingly left the cave. ‘A.I. Chip, what are the results of the investigation from before?’

Upon hearing its robotic reply, Leylin sighed. “There isn’t even a specific time. Looks like a sample of a native who has yet to become a being of laws can’t be useful towards my research...”

Leylin’s primary goal in this excursion to Dreamscape was to study the weakening of dreamforce, completely grasping its power

and making it the foundation for him to fuse laws and enter rank 8. The A.I. Chip's analyses had all been pointed towards this direction.

Unfortunately, a sample and model comparable to a rank 6 Magus still could not help the A.I. Chip progress further. Only a true rank 7 existence of laws could give Leylin some enlightenment.

‘Then again, one gains a body of laws merged with the world after entering rank 7. They experience a complete change, and I can only use such existences of laws to study the World Origin Force...’

“But going around here will still give me some results...” Leylin transmitted a wave of soul undulations, summoning the one-eyed dragon Bodach who had disappeared somewhere.

“Get Cabadole. We’re going to leave!”

“Leave? For Maxi?” Bodach scratched his head, “I don’t think that sort of place will have what you want... All the treasures of this territory, the cute little sparkly things, they can’t escape my sense of smell...”

Bodach had guessed at this point that Leylin was probably looking for something. Still, with his limited knowledge and thought process, he only considered dazzling gems and crystals treasures. As for signs of civilisation or historical poems and the like, those were only used to pass time. With the one-eyed dragon’s

great background in the Ultron World and the memories passed down through generations, it was nothing to him.

Leylin suddenly turned back, a depthless darkness in his eyes. “I’m warning you right now. You’ve already provoked one Lord of Calamity. Don’t provoke another or I won’t let you off!”

It caused the one-eyed dragon to shrink back in pure terror, shaking his head, “Fine, fine. Don’t worry, I won’t be that stupid... besides, the dream demon likes to collect dreams, which I don’t care for...”

“It’s actually because you don’t care for his treasure trove!” Leylin rolled his eyes and waved his arms, signalling to the hunter Cabadole, “We’re here...”

“My lords!” Cabadole had now changed into different clothes, this one with at least fewer patches. His face had been washed, revealing freckled cheeks that were slightly red from excitement. Intelligence flashed in his eyes.

He now knew that Leylin and Bodach were definitely amazing people. Though he would just be a guide, even their tribe leader Hosain was envious of his position. As long as he could obtain their favour, the tiniest thing they handed over to him could last him a lifetime.

“I’ll guide you well, my lords!” Cabadole puffed out his chest as he guaranteed, holding tightly onto the black lance in his hands.

“You’re just a guide though!” Bodach snorted disdainfully.

“This might be a little different from before. We’ll be flying, so you’ll just need to show us directions...” Leylin reminded him.

“Flying? We’re flying?” Cabadole felt slightly dizzy, and then gaped as he saw Leylin jumping into the sky.

While the people here had the vitality and soul durability of official Magi, they could only fly if they mutated to form a pair of wings. The laws of Dreamscape were very harsh.

“Stop getting so surprised, kid...” Bodach picked him up by the collar, and all Cabadole felt was a powerful gust of wind from below as his feet left the ground.

Thud! He released his hold, and the black lance from before fell to the ground, slanting as it entered the soil.

“Careful there, kid. Don’t blame me if you fall!” Bodach snickered, finding that he had discovered a way to deal with Cabadole.

How about a 360 degree dance in the sky? Or a few flips? Faster than sound flight? That kid would probably spit out last night’s food from his nostrils.

Bodach laughed vilely... Until, unfortunately, Cabadole’s incomparable adaptability as a child who’d survived the harsh



wilderness showed itself. By the time the three reached Maxi City, Cabadole was pale no longer. Instead, an excited flush had risen on his face.

“That was amazing! If I could fly, I’d be able to hunt even demonic wolves down using my arrows!” He looked towards Bodach with anticipation, “My Lord, can you teach me how to fly?”

“Damn it, damn it! Can I strangle him?” Bodach looked towards Leylin.

“Of course not. Unless you want our journey to end here...” Leylin glanced at Cabadole, who was shocked at the bloodlust Bodach was exhibiting. A kind smile arose upon his face, “Don’t be afraid. Your uncle Bodach was just joking with you!”

“That joke isn’t funny at all!” Cabadole muttered, and his footsteps were intentionally faster as he ran to Leylin’s side.

“Tsk! Foolish people will always make more foolish choices...” Bodach turned away with contempt.

He shifted his attention to a huge arch made of white marble at Maxi City’s entrance, as well as the high city walls with elite warriors on top. His thieving instincts began to show themselves.

“Tsk tsks... I never thought a bunch of immigrants in Dreamscape would have this much wealth. Unfortunately, I’ll only need three

periods of refining metal to loot this sort of city...”

“Be more careful and don’t make us more enemies!” Leylin clutched at his forehead, beginning to wonder if bringing the dragon along was the right decision.

“Maxi is governed by its own citizens, its officers and protectors being elected into office every hundred days at the outdoor square...” Cabadole was performing his job well, introducing Maxi City to Leylin and Bodach.

“Citizens? Them?” Leylin looked to the side of the road. The citizens Cabadole had mentioned could be seen by the gardens and marble fountain. They dressed themselves up tidily in white, their garb held up by a single ring on their shoulders. It made them look languid and comfortable.

Their derision for Cabadole and the like was obvious from their very gaze, arising from their souls or maybe even their genetics.

“Yes. They’re citizens of Maxi, with enough food and servants to attend to them...” Cabadole lowered his head. The reason these citizens could avoid work and yet enjoy food and servants was obvious; they were exploiting numerous tribes like the Redbud Flower Tribe.

Bluntly speaking, the environment here wasn’t the only reason for the terrible plight of the natives. It could be attributed to the citizens of Maxi as well.

# Chapter 1054 - Parasite

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Leylin looked at Cabadole, whose whole body was stretched taut like a little leopard, and petted his head. “What? Does the current situation leave you dissatisfied?”

“No. I just hope to obtain more strength in order to protect my clan,” Cabadole answered.

“What a clever answer!” Leylin praised him.

In his previous world, such extreme exploitation would long since have given rise to violent revolts. With so few ruling over so many, and so blatantly abusing their power at that, they would just be courting death.

Unfortunately, this was a world where extraordinary strength crushed everything else! Even though the minority was in power, exploiting their position atrociously, all the majority could do was crush their desires for revolution. After all, this minority possessed great military strength. The ones with the greatest power held the greatest authority. Strength was the truth.

“Get out of the way! Get out of the way!” At this moment, two rows of warriors dressed in black armour and held iron spears and shields darted onto the streets, moving the people to the sides of the road.

‘Hm? Even citizens won’t have this much authority. Could this be the government or some security officials?’ Leylin glanced at

Cabadole next to him, but the boy was now trembling all over, and his lips seemed to turn darker in in his fear.

“No...” Cabadole bit at his lower lip, gritting out a few words, “The power of the government comes from the citizens, which is why this is impossible for them... The only possibility is the legendary Lord’s Envoy! There are many city-states like Maxi in this area, but they all have to bow down to the Lord’s Envoy lest they be destroyed.”

“Lord’s Envoy?” Leylin thought this phrase over, sensing the terror within the surrounding natives of Dreamscape. This terror had nothing to do with the higher or lower class, the rich or the poor. Even the citizens of Maxi who had been relaxed just moments before were the same as them.

‘The Lord of Calamity himself, that dream demon, should be the one with feudal power here. Are these soldiers of his armies?’ Leylin made a guess.

The Lords of Calamity weren’t alone. They had great numbers of subordinates that formed huge armies. When Dreamscape intersected with the real worlds, the other worlds in the astral plane would face nightmares in the form of the Lords of Calamity and their armies. Besides the Magus World and other large worlds, there were few who could resist their invasion.

However, Dreamscape weakened regularly. Even if a Lord of Calamity could take over an entire world, they would soon have to give up on it. If not for that, other worlds like the Purgatory World, Icy World, and Shadow World may not have been able to

resist Dreamscape.

“They’re here! They’re here!” People at the front began to get restless, while Leylin and Bodach saw the ‘Lord of Calamity’ that had large numbers of people crowded around.

“Oh? So that’s how things are. No wonder these natives are so afraid...” What appeared in front of Leylin was a legion of high-energy beings similar to moths. The moths were extremely large, with some near three metres tall, and others at around a metre tall. They had even evolved to have forelimbs similar to human hands.

“This is the dream demon’s illusory moth army. Although they aren’t all that powerful, they’re pretty proficient in illusions and poisons...” As someone who knew this well, Bodach was now introducing them to Leylin. Still, unlike them this one-eyed dragon was obviously strong enough to wipe Maxi City out easily.

However, these Illusory Moths weren’t the main characters here. At their centre was a human.

Indeed, a human. This was a native of Dreamscape, with yellow skin and wavy hair. The red tattoos on her body indicated that she wasn’t from the Redbud Flower Tribe, but with a single look at her Cabadole quickly covered his mouth.

Most of the other citizens of Maxi did the same, stopping their impending shrieks of terror.

Escorted by the numerous Illusory Moths was a young native girl, with a beautiful, slender waist and a face full of vitality. However, her eyes were muddled and filled with a deathly aura, a white being laid down on her lush hair.

This being had a furry body, its two wings mottled in different colours. A large proboscis had pierced into the girl's soul from in front of its large compound eyes, as if sucking something out.

Leylin could feel the majesty of laws from the body of this white mouth. Although it was only a trace aura, it represented the essence of what it had once been.

‘Is this some sort of backlash?’ Leylin sighed.

The Lord of Calamity in this region was an exceptionally large dream demon. Its body had rotted to form a huge piece of land, sustaining the lives of many natives.

This naturally wasn't done out of pure goodwill. Even the most powerful Lords of Calamity in Dreamscape had to seal themselves up, fighting against the weakening dreamforce. Even if they did so they would be tormented by the destructive snow, sapped of their strength. Dream demons did something different. They used their bodies to nourish a group of natives, splitting their true souls and entering the dreams of all beings living in their territories. This would help them evade the destructive snow, allowing them to wait out the weakness of the World Origin Force.

Relying on the people's dreams to preserve their life allowed

dream demons to wield most of their strength even after being sealed. The inhabitants who were being protected would give up a portion of their soul force, in exchange obtaining a chance at survival. This was a trade that benefited both parties.

However, there were unexpected situations that could crop up. Although the dream demons carefully controlled their intake of power, they were still Lords of Calamity. If they were agitated by the natives' dreams, and their absorption unknowingly increased, things would be disastrous.

Just 0.00000001% of the soul power of a dream demon could easily absorb all life from a native. Once the native died, these dream demons would also lose a body to attach themselves to, weakening rapidly as they awaited death.

Although this process was irreversible, there were still exceptions. If the dream demon realised in time that it had absorbed too much, the perfect control would repair the balance of the symbiotic relationship.

However, the native they were attached to would have been absorbed greatly, inclusive of their souls. They would become an empty husk.

Such a shell was actually a huge treasure for a dream demon. At the very least, it would leave no issues with its survival. With another layer of protection from a native, there was no need to be afraid of the effects of being in an environment that was weakening. It could also retain some strength and influence over the outer world.

These humans who were controlled had another name in the world: the Lord's Envoys. Being raised by the dream demon, natives like Cabadole, and even citizens of city states or their leaders, all had parasites within them. Seeing the Lord's Envoy, it was understandable for them to feel distress.

"Hmm?" Just as Leylin and Bodach were sizing up the Lord's Envoy, the girl with the moth on her head also turned to look at them. "I never thought I'd be able to see guests from another world here!" she exclaimed, her eyes gaining some vigour.

An astonishing conscient began to awaken in the girl. In that moment, Leylin even saw the body of a dream demon moving through the universe, spreading wings that could cover a small world as it greeted him.

"We're only travellers touring the area, and unwittingly entered your territory..."

Leylin was not all that surprised by this. While those like Cabadole had a portion of the dream demon's truesoul in their bodies, these fragments were mostly in slumber. They could only subconsciously absorb the dream energy as food. However, the truesoul inside an envoy was awake, possessing a portion of the main body's conscient. This made it easy to spot Leylin and Bodach, who had done nothing special to conceal themselves.

The Lord's Envoy's beautiful eyes swirled towards the one-eyed dragon, her next words causing Leylin to turn grim, "I remember



the smell of your spirit. You're the person who once coveted my treasure trove..."

That wretched greedy dragon had really once wanted her treasure trove before!

"Ah... hehe... Haha, the weather's quite good today... Haha..." Bodach rubbed his head and began to laugh dryly.

"However, your humble servant's treasure trove must have disappointed my Lord..." The Lord's Envoy was now occupied by a powerful conscient. Leylin estimated that the awakened conscient had now completely gathered here. However, she seemed to be exceptionally easy-going, and was even apologising to Bodach like a wise lady.

"Oh, it's nothing! I don't have much interest in dreams that are like bubbles..." Bodach waved his arms and spoke bluntly.

"Apologise!" Leylin pressed Bodach's head down, and then smiled apologetically at the Lord's Envoy, "My apologies... This guy has a screw loose..."

"If you don't mind, we could discuss this further elsewhere..." The Lord's Envoy pointed away. The natives and citizens of Maxi were currently frozen stiff, especially a few beings with golden olive wreaths on their heads that seemed to be members of the government.

“Sure!” Leylin nodded, and then pointed at Cabadole, “I have some connections to his ancestor...”

There was nothing else that needed to be said. He was sure that she would handle this matter well. After all, the goodwill of another existence of laws for something so trivial would definitely be worth it.

As he watched Leylin and three others depart, Cabadole’s mouth was wide open. He was at a loss of what to say, but the hint of flattery and reverence in the eyes of the citizens surrounding him told him that things would definitely be settled now.

# Chapter 1055 - Soul Powder

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The boundless skies shattered to reveal a huge hole, allowing one to see some large stars and bands of light. Leylin, Bodach and the Lord's Envoy stood side by side, enjoying this broken scenery.

“When Dreamscape Origin Force weakens, the entire world descends into stillness...” The envoy's face showed hints of sorrow before she looked towards Bodach, “I see a tracking curse on your body from Salilus... And the shine of suolo gems...”

Bodach's expression froze, and then he tried to speak up for himself. “Uh... haha... you must have gotten something wrong. I'm such an honest dragon... Why would I steal something that belongs to someone else... Haha...”

“You've got the wrong impression. I don't really have any dealings with Salilus. On the contrary, there are some conflicts between us...” The young lady's voice was like a silver bell, pleasant to the ear. The clear look in her eyes made it seem like she knew everything.

With this gaze on him, even the one-eyed dragon lowered his head, ashamed. “In that case... that's great!”

It had to be said that there were few people Leylin had met who were as thick-skinned as Bodach was.

“Hehe...” Even the dream demon was evidently entertained by how shameless he was, and the girl that she had possessed pursed

her lips and began to smile.

“I just want to remind you that Salilus’ poison curse is the most vile in the entire universe. In order to obtain enough malicious intent, he even pushed a small plane into the Plains of Despair... Just to absorb the hatred arising near the death of a continent...”

Leylin’s expression changed. The astral plane had a few large worlds in it. Planes were a rank lower than worlds, but even then they were still as large as entire continents, with populations of tens or even a hundred million. Destroying a plane just to obtain the hatred and malicious intent was something that would do more than just raise people’s hackles.

‘Or has he gone mad or turned chaotic?’ While Leylin wasn’t a good person in any way, he suddenly felt that like he had an actual bottom line, something better than those beings.

“With the vengeful energy from millions of life forms, as well as Salilus’ own powers of disaster, the curse formed isn’t something that the Yosi Blood Hoop on your head can suppress...”

“So this thing is a Yosi Blood Hoop? Doesn’t seem to be that useful...” Bodach discontentedly prodded at the silver hoop on his head and complained.

“Shut up and don’t move it, you idiot!” Leylin’s expression changed, watching as Bodach took the hoop that had been on his head down curiously.

Wooh! In that moment, the Yosi Blood Hoop revealed a piercing red light. Blood vessels wriggled as a piercing female shriek resounded. The blood-red luster became more exuberant till the whole hoop exploded, creating a tiny poof and only leaving behind silver ashes.

“What the... heck... what’s going on?” The one-eyed dragon gaped at the silver granules in his hand and cursed.

“Found You!” A powerful conscient exploded from the purple eyeball behind him, accompanied by a chilling evil and bloodlust.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The curse that Leylin had under his control burst forth as the purple eyes exploded one by one. Yellow pus flew everywhere, causing Bodach to cry in misery. This liquid fell into the surrounding areas, and even more tiny purple eyes appeared as they began to cover the dragon’s entire body.

Leylin could sense a powerful soul aura locking onto Bodach completely, an aura unique to Lords of Calamity awakening...

Still in the north, but south of the dream demon’s territory. Within a region of calamity.

“You wretched, despicable little thief, Salilus has finally found you!” Snow fell with immense destructive power, but it could do nothing against a large ice crystal at the centre of this place. The ice sizzled sharply and melted down, emitting dazzling lights as runic chains broke apart.

Howls resonated as the large ice crystal exploded, and an enormous body jumped out, disappearing into the clouds and quickly heading towards the dream demon's territory.

“Wha-wha- wha-what are we going to do?” Bodach clutched his head with both hands, barely keeping the urge to tear off his own flesh at bay while staring at Leylin pitifully.

‘Hmm? No... No matter how careless Bodach might be, he still prioritises his own safety. At the very least, there had not been any mishaps in the journey before, so why would there be issues now?’

‘The only change is that we now have a Lord of Calamity by our sides, and it's the dream demon with strange abilities...’

With a thought, Leylin quickly had a feeling that something was off.

[Beep! Soul enchantment found, searching for source of contamination.]

the A.I. Chip's voice sounded. The atomic microscope revealed a layer of mysterious powder floating in the air, centred around the dream demon.

“Damn it, it really is you! Without my Nightmare Absorbing Physique, I'd probably be caught in your magic as well...”

Annoyed, Leylin began to move the Nightmare Bloodline within him and dissolved all of the powder that had entered his body, quickly feeling his mind clear.

“An astounding illusory ability. Seems like the anger in my heart was also induced by the powder... As expected of a demon that manipulates dreams and illusions!” A series of thoughts flashed in his mind, but Leylin was on the surface still berating Bodach furiously. His gaze fell on the dream demon, and he put his guard up.

“Don’t worry. Like I told you, I share enmity with Salilus, so I won’t let him into my territory. We can team up to deal with him together...”

Seeing the anger in Leylin’s eyes, the lady was soon elated. She then saw the vigilance in his eyes. This was very normal. All existences of laws had to be on their guard when attacked by the Lords of Calamity in Dreamscape, which was why she said what she did.

As she spoke, Leylin noticed the microscopic powder in the air ripple slightly, enchanting the soul slightly and affecting one’s judgement. Bodach, for instance, kept nodding.

Upon seeing this, she dealt another blow, “Mm. If we defeat or seal him, then the curse on my Lord’s friend here will be taken care of.”

“Agree to it, Leylin. Agree to it!” Bodach kept nodding like a chick pecking at grains of rice, and the soul undulations became more vigorous.

“But of course, I agree...” Leylin seemed to be taken with the idea and, after seeing her delight, could not help but take several steps closer, fine soul powder rippling on his body. All of a sudden, his eyes flashed.

“I agree to nothing!” he exclaimed, and a loud hiss resounded as a tremendous phantom Targaryen appeared behind Leylin. The serpent extended its terrifying mouth, biting down on the dream demon.

Leylin had acted exquisitely, covering his actions with his control of laws. This way, he’d managed to deceive this Lord of Calamity. The sudden trouble caused shock and astonishment to arise in the dream demon’s eyes, causing Leylin to feel good once more.

Ka-cha! The mouth of the snake, formed with the laws of devouring, bit down, causing even space to disappear into nothingness. Everything was taken in and transformed, turned into Leylin’s own energy.

While the young lady that had become the Lord’s Envoy was a product of the dream demon devouring a truesoul but not its dreams, she was still a normal person. Her transformation had been recent, and there was nothing she could do to evade Leylin. She immediately melted away into boundless darkness, leaving behind a conscient emitting light.



“You destroyed a part of me!” Great anger emerged from the conscient, and the entire land seemed to roar as well. All the natives living on it immediately knelt and began to pray.

Bang! Bang! Bang! A native who was praying for the Lord to calm his anger had his brain exploded, and a point of light flew out of his brain followed by many others. The numerous points of light gathered on the ground, seemingly glued together.

Having obtained so many motes of light, the Lord of Calamity began to tremble. A strange aura of life awakened in the land, accompanied by the surging conscient of a rank 8.

“She’s desperate enough now to forcefully unseal herself?” Leylin had a teasing smile on his face. The other party was still sealed, and the weakened dreamforce was now his best helper.

“Unfortunately, it’s too late!” Leylin sighed slightly, red light flashing in his eyes. The bit of the conscient in the air exploded noiselessly, and numerous memories and fragmented comprehensions of laws leaked out.

The result of having a portion of one’s conscient destroyed was terrifying. The entire territory began to roar, volcanos erupting as earthquakes occurred. The ground cracked apart as a large hand made of lava arose, covering all else.

“She isn’t really injured, and her aura only weakened slightly... Seems like she’d only awakened a small part of her conscient.”

Leylin spoke with pity in his tone, turning into a dark arrow that pierced through the large palm in the air. With the dazed Bodach in tow, he fumbled a little in the air as he disappeared.

Tens of seconds after Leylin disappeared, a great number of moths filled the area to form the large face of a woman. She gazed in the direction that Leylin had left, her eyes full of hatred. Seeing the destructive snow falling suddenly, fear surfaced in her eyes as she quickly disappeared.

Everything calmed down once more.

# Chapter 1056 - Salilus

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Destructive snow was a limitation Dreamscape had set up for the sealed Lords of Calamity. It was a shackle that imprisoned them.

Most of the time, the lords relied on layers of powerful seals to protect themselves, The moment they were unsealed, they would have to face the destructive snow head on and be weakened. This was from both the origin of the soul and from the World Origin Force.

No Lord could handle being weakened like this, which was why they were always in sealed states, unless there were special circumstances.

The large female face exploded, leaving behind another little girl. Her eyes were muddied, and she also had a white moth on her head. However, she was smaller than the one before. Once the dream demon quieted down, the destructive snow also weakened until it was bearable.

“Damn it... How did that Magus get away from my soul powder...” The dream demon’s avatar looked confused, and she transmitted some information.

“Hm? Dream demon... You’ve found the thief who stole from my treasure trove?” Tens of minutes later, a terrifying amount of pressure formed as a large tornado moved towards the dream demon. Powerful destructive snow hovered around this tornado, eliminating the ice, the rocks, and all forms of life.

The one who had spoken was a steel knight over a hundred metres tall. He wore ice-blue armour, and on his chest was a striking, gigantic rune in the shape of a cross. With his face covered by a helmet, it was difficult to see his expression. Only an inquiring red light seemed to shoot out, the evil gaze seemingly bringing disaster.

Endless black clouds revolved over this person's head. Terrifying destructive snow fell, to the point that even the dream demon's avatar had to retreat a distance. Everything under his waist was hidden in the great tornado, vaguely revealing huge blocks of ice. The terrifying tornado whistled, combining with the destructive snow.

The powerful law of calamity as well as a malicious might of vengeance formed more than a hundred million faces around the tornado, all of them crying.

This was the Lord of Calamity Salilus, a rank 8 existence! He'd grasped many laws like calamity and hatred. This evil god that made numerous worlds weep had now descended with his main body!

"Long time no see, Salilus..." The dream demon smiled as she greeted him, "Looks like you really detest him, to the point that you've moved your true body!"

"He's stolen one of my suolo gems! Without it, my main body will need ten thousand years to recuperate after a disaster!" Salilus

sounded hoarse, like the sounds of numerous crows squawking together. His voice had a strange ability to turn one's stomach, hiding extreme anger within it.

“That damned thief! I want to send him to the Plains of Despair and seal his true soul, and then slowly skin him for ten thousand years!”

“I’ve obtained information about the thief. He also has a rank 7 Magus helping him, so you have to be careful...” The dream demon in the form of a young girl raised a finger, and a moth flew up to Salilus. The Lord of Calamity swallowed it.

Through this strange exchange, Salilus immediately obtained footage of Bodach, and Leylin next to him.

“Just two newly-advanced rank 7s? I can destroy their true souls with just one hand!” Salilus shook his head nonchalantly, and then looked at the dream demon, “In all my memory, you’ve never been so kind-hearted...”

“Hehe... he’s also harmed my avatar and even caused me to lose a portion of my conscient...” A trace of paleness could be seen on her face.

“That’s true... your strength relies more on charm. While even a rank 8 existence might be unwittingly caught in your trap, once the other party has their guard up...” Salilus smiled as he spoke, controlling the tornado into chasing the direction of his imprint.

All the land here had been merged with the dream demon's body, making her detection ability terrifying. As a result, the girl could determine that Salilus had truly left after a moment. She watched the direction that he had left in, a strange smile on her face.

“Relies more on charm?” Although the dream demon wasn't acknowledged for combat power amongst the Lords of Calamity, she had been their longest survivor. Her origins traced all the way back to the ancient Final War! How could someone of this level of strength have weaknesses and be seen through easily?

While the other lords believed that the Dream Demon's abilities were charm and sealing, this was actually not the case. What she was most proficient in was actually sensing souls!

‘Disregarding that one-eyed dragon, the young Magus is giving me an evil and dangerous impression. That's not because of a Warlock's bloodline ability, but... it's like we're mortal enemies...’ The girl's eyes were serious as she recalled this dangerous Magus.

She and Salilus were, in reality, not on good terms. There was no point in offending two existences of laws for him. However, after taking one look at Leylin, her innate soul senses told her that he was extremely dangerous. It seemed like he would become a mortal foe.

For this reason, the young girl had tested him out right after meeting him.

“He isn't afraid of my soul powder at all... And this doesn't even

seem to be the limits of his abilities...” The young girl bit at her lips, her delicate eyebrows furrowing and exuding a heart-breaking charm. It was because of this danger that she’d abandoned all intent to pursue them.

“Forget it... That stupid Salilus will be right at the frontlines if anything goes wrong... Let me see how many cards that Magus has up his sleeve.” A sparkling moth’s body trembled, producing a puff of dazzling powder, and the entire body disappeared as the dream demon secretly followed Salilus.

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“Damn it, Leylin! Are you crazy? Why did you attack our ally?” Bodach’s huge body was tossed by Leylin onto the ground, causing dust to fly everywhere while he yelled and shook his head.

“You’re the one who’s gone crazy! Aren’t you clear-headed yet?” Leylin glanced at Bodach, suddenly punching his face using a fist covered in blood-red flames.

Bang! Bodach immediately fell backwards like an artillery shell, breaking through several tall and hard mountain peaks.

“Damn it... You dare to hit my handsome face. I will fight you to the death... Ugh...” Bodach shook his head, spitting blood out that stained his teeth. Of course, much more soul powder was spat out. He was first cursing everywhere and almost transformed back into his original body, but his expression soon changed.

Fury turned into puzzlement, and then slight fear! Soul powder that could affect the truesoul directly was better than any illusory spells. It was something that even existences of laws found difficult to resist!

“That darned moth actually tried to control me, One-eyed Dragon Bodach, the prophet of the Ultron World and great scholar... I, who’ve travelled through numerous worlds and left behind numerous treasured legends was almost controlled?”

Roar! Bodach yelled. The fear had been replaced by rage once more.

For these existences of laws, small injuries were just losses of energy. With their limitless time, They could be healed, which was why this was no issue. However... the moment someone tried to interfere with their free will or even enslave them, what would be left was endless hatred!

“Dreamscape’s Dream Demon Lord! I’ll remember this!” Bodach hatefully spat out some white air, but wasn’t foolish enough to say that he’d immediately return. Evidently, he still retained some reason.

He was a rank 7, while the other party was rank 8. On top of that... he still had a curse on him, and was now being pursued by another Lord of Calamity.

“Leylin, I’m sorry!” At this point, Bodach obviously knew that Leylin was his true ally, and he could not offend him. This was



especially when there were many things he needed to trouble Leylin with.

“Hmph... Awake now?” Leylin snorted, but found this situation strange.

‘That dream demon is acting so strangely. She doesn’t know us, but she suddenly attacked. And still, she didn’t pursue us either. Did she notice something?’ Her strange behaviour caused Leylin to think up all sorts of possibilities.

However, he was interrupted by a prompt from the A.I. Chip.

[Beep! Host’s devouring talent has been used. Completely digested conscient of law. Host has obtained partial information regarding the law of ‘charm’. Host has obtained partial law of ‘illusion’. Host’s illusion proficiency has been strengthened.]

Using his law of devouring, Leylin could absorb the powers of existences of laws, turning them into his own comprehension.

‘Unfortunately... Even a rank 7 who has evolved can’t obtain more from those existences of laws. If I were to use the A.I. Chip’s terms, I haven’t even obtained 1% of the law. That’s even worse than the World of Gods...’ Leylin sighed.

There were obviously some things lost during the conversion of laws, but for Leylin, this was so low it was rage-inducing.

Although that was just a portion of the dream demon's conscient, if this was a god in the World of Gods he wouldn't have had trouble in forming a thread of divinity. The difference was more than tenfold!

‘Even with my devouring law I’m in this situations. Things would be even worse for other existences of laws. Then again, if everyone can advance so rapidly, the Magus World doesn’t need to send people over. It can just fight and devour as well as annihilate itself... Only the World of Gods can be the true hunting grounds of Magi.’

Unlike how hard it was for Magi to comprehend laws the divine laws in the World of Gods were easy to acquire. They were learned quite quickly, so much so that devouring a god could allow one to obtain the complete comprehension of a law! That was the reason Magi were crazy over them!

# Chapter 1057 - Meeting

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‘With the attraction of the two World Origin Forces, and such immense benefits, it’s no wonder the ancient Final War was so intense...’ Leylin sighed inside. Had he been the one who’d found a world where he could absorb the comprehension of laws by killing deities, he’d have gone crazy as well. The fall of other Magi and the suffering of the commoners was nothing in comparison.

‘The reason why divine laws convert so easily... Is it because of the origin forces being compatible, or do they complete each other?’ At this point, Leylin was now beginning to believe the rumours more and more. When victory was decided between the World of Gods and the Magus World, the victor would devour the loser’s path to power to open the path to eternity!

‘It’s also possible that the Magus World and World of Gods were a single body in ancient times,’ Leylin guessed.

One had to consider why the rumours that gave rise to the ancient Final War spread so widely. The ancient Magi of laws and gods were no fools, and they would not do something without benefit.

‘Unfortunately... The Magi miscalculated how difficult the gods would be to deal with. With the mysteriousness of divine realms, the result was that both sides suffered and there were no winners, and it brought about the end of the glamour of the ancient times...’

Leylin’s eyes glinted as he clenched his fists, ‘But the Final War

that I shall cause will not go down the same path. The road to eternity is mine and mine alone!’

Leylin had previously been ordinary, able to keep a low profile. But when this epic universe held a hope for immortality, no restraints and limitations would hinder his goal any longer. He would pay no heed to those who didn’t block his path, but when conflict arose he would attack to destroy, regardless of who it was!

[Beep! Captured conscient of existence of laws. Similarity to dead body cells: 100%. Beginning revitalising...]

the A.I. Chip prompted at this moment.

‘A living specimen of the dream demon?’ Leylin smiled slightly.

The dream demon’s humongous body had merged with this land, so it was naturally possible to obtain her cells anywhere. However research had shown that the shell left behind was but a pile of nutrition, devoid of laws. Only with the body and conscient together could a real living specimen be obtained.

As he had been afraid of the dream demon, he had not laid a hand on the regular people with her parasites. However, after she had become hostile, Leylin no longer had any reservations. The A.I. Chip quickly gave him good news.

[Revitalisation successful. Host has obtained sample of Dreamscape existence of law. Rate of analysis of World Origin Force quickened by 27%.]

‘There are differences between various existences of laws. Another sample will get here soon...’

Blood red light flashed in Leylin’s eyes, and a red line opened up between his brows as a strange twisting force rippled in the air.

“Oh! Oh no... it’s Salilus! I sense that he’s closing in...” At the other side, Bodach began to cry out pitifully.

The purple eyeballs on his body seemed to have sensed that their original owner was arriving, and they all began to wriggle about in a craze. They then exploded one after the other, causing Bodach to cry out.

“Hmph, shut up!” Leylin turned back, the red line between his brows opening slightly.

Rustle! Something strange happened then. The purple eyes on Bodach seemed to be frightened by something, and abruptly shrank back. Bodach’s cries quieted, and he watched Leylin with disbelief.

“This...”

“Quiet. Don’t you want to remove the curse?” After activating the Nightmare Absorption bloodline, Leylin was akin to a king in Dreamscape. Dreamscape Origin Force was now hovering around him at all times, causing Bodach to unknowingly close his mouth.

“Return to where you came from!” Leylin chanted in an ancient tone. Threads of Dreamscape Origin Force descended, forming blazing red runes that disappeared into Bodach’s skin. The purple eyes quickly retreated due to these runes, eventually forming an exquisite purple eye sealed by a ring of fiery red on his back.

“That-that’s it?” Bodach waved his arms around, looking stunned. A curse formed of malicious intent from a Lord of Calamity who massacred hundreds of millions of living souls was sealed so easily?

The whole process was simple, to the point that Bodach felt he was dreaming.

Upon seeing this, Leylin nodded slightly, suddenly coming to an understanding. ‘As expected... I guessed right. As long as it uses dreamforce as a base, anything can be suppressed by my Nightmare Absorbing Physique!’

Even if it was a Lord of Calamity with powerful laws of calamity, if he was still in essence a being of Dreamscape he would have to survive using Dreamscape Origin Force. That would mean that he could be suppressed by Leylin’s bloodline ability.

“This suppression seems quite terrifying...” Leylin looked at the

World Origin Force hovering around him, and the slight attention from the World Will. ‘If this were a rank 8 existence from another world, even though I might be confident in defeating them in Dreamscape chances are they’d escape. However, if it’s a Lord of Calamity... They probably won’t even get a chance to escape... It seems like this is the world’s wish! Hm? Wait!’

Leylin’s eyes went as wide as saucers, feeling like he had grasped something crucial in that moment. There was no hatred nor love without reason in the world. Giving birth to the Nightmare Absorbing Body must have been an act of Dreamscape itself, which made the goal in doing this rather interesting.

Inducing the formation of a bloodline and investing so much origin force and care required a huge amount of effort.

“Hah...” At this every moment, a ravaging tornado appeared in the horizon, large amounts of destructive snow overhead as it hastened in their direction.

“Leylin... Sire! He’s here!” Bodach changed the way he addressed Leylin and placed himself below the Warlock.

“Great timing! I just had a thought I need to confirm.” Leylin nodded, while also very satisfied with how Bodach was acting. His actions seemed to have tamed the dragon a bit.

“Huh? But he’s a rank 8 Lord of Calamity. Are you going to attack him?” Bodach couldn’t believe what Leylin implied.

“Of course! Do you have any objections?” Intricate dark red patterns appeared on Leylin’s body. Powerful bloodline energy surged forth, revealing a boundless aura that seemed to echo within the entirety of Dreamscape.

After seeing this, Bodach shook his head like a rattle-drum. He could sense that Leylin right now was more terrifying than that Lord of Calamity!

Besides, he was the one who had provoked Salilus, and Leylin was technically helping him. Most importantly... Bodach took a look at the seal on his back and the purple eyeball that had been torturing him.

Leylin had merely made a seal but not completely removed it. While things did not seem troublesome now, Bodach did not dare believe Leylin had not done anything else to him.

It was already terrifying enough to offend one Lord of Calamity, but another? This...

“Damn it! I’ll go all out! Roar...” Having found determination, Bodach’s body exploded into yellow smoke, forming a large one-eyed dragon. Leylin stood atop its head.

With a draconic aura that far surpassed normal dragons, and a strength that could freeze time itself, Bodach spread out his wings that could span the heavens as he exhibited might that only beings of laws possessed. He bared sharp teeth at the attacking Lord of Calamity, “Salilus!”



Two rank 7 existences from varying worlds, as well as a rank 8 Lord of Calamity from this world, quickly began an intense battle!

Roar! Bodach raised his head, taking a deep breath through two nostrils...

Whoosh! The sand on the ground abruptly floated into the sky, and all of a sudden it was as if two large black holes had appeared. When Bodach inhaled, practically half the air in the continent was absorbed by him, forming a gigantic vacuum.

Boom! The air was compressed to the limits in the one-eyed dragon's lungs, turned into something like two white streams of air that penetrated through space and hurtled in Salilus' direction.

"Not bad! As you are right now, you barely have the power of a rank 7 existence!" Leylin nodded in praise. If this was in the Magus World, that breath would have consigned half the natives to death by suffocation. Even rank 1 or 2 Magi would not be spared.

Thankfully, this was Dreamscape, where the land was vast and boundless and in a still state. Besides the dream demon's territory, there weren't many living beings here, which was why things were not so disastrous.

The air cannon that had been compressed to the extreme hit Salilus straight on, while this Lord of Calamity immediately bellowed, "You thief! You dare attack me?"

“I am the master of calamity!” In the moment that the attack hit him, Salilus exhibited the true strength of a Lord of Calamity. A boundless snowstorm formed a strange phantom centaur behind him, roaring quickly in the ancient Byron language.

Powerful dreamforce gathered at his hands, forming a large black hatchet with a human face etched on the surface.

“Die!” He struck down with the hatchet, and a black flash of light passed.

Bang! Bang! The air clashed with the black lines, forming boundless distortions. Large areas of Dreamscape were destroyed, and terrifying explosions resounded soon after.

# Chapter 1058 - Battle

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Rumble! The air cracked, and the ground trembled. The very world tremored in the face of a battle between two existences of laws.

Hsss! Tinkle! Chi! An energy undulation rippled out, and in that moment all the Lords of Calamity in Dreamscape awoke from their sealed slumbers. They emitted powerful radiation that protected their own territories.

The Dream Demon Lord, in particular, had countless moths cover the sky in layer upon layer that quickly fell. Her armies paid great casualties to block most of the stray energy, multi-coloured lights mixing with the air and meteor fragments to stop everything else.

Pu! Pu! All of a sudden, a thin black thread shot through the region and arrived in front of Bodach. The dragon scales that the one-eyed dragon prided himself on so much had no effect as they were pierced through, and dragon blood appeared.

A layer of tiny black dots began to surround the injury, spreading outwards with the powerful might of calamity.

“Despicable thief, you will pay for your sins today!” Salilus’ figure burst out from the smoke, his sparkling armour showing no damage. This already showed who was winning right now.

“As expected of a rank 8 Lord of Calamity.” Leylin also made his

move at this moment. He gathered dreamforce as well, forming a thin red layer that covered the dragon's wounds and suppressed the power of calamity.

"You're..." Salilus halted, glancing at the Magus on the one-eyed dragon's head with serious red eyes. Leylin's robes rustled in the wind from the stray rays of the explosion, and traces of dreamforce still lingered around him.

The giant that was a hundred metres tall had not noticed this tiny thing at all before, but once Leylin stood out, he seemed to have turned into the heart of everything! Salilus' gaze unconsciously focused on him.

"Magus... no! Bloodline Warlock!" Salilus stopped moving, the large black hatchet in his hands appearing protectively in front of him, "Your bloodline ability has unique characteristics of Dreamscape..."

The dreamforce surging out of Leylin's body was making him feel unsettled, As if he had met a natural enemy. Memories from ancient times were sealed within his blood and genes, and now they were emerging. Yet, these memories were being covered by something, giving rise to a depression that made Salilus want to cough blood up in anger.

'A Lord of Calamity, a rank 8 existence!' Leylin focused on his enemy. This could be the most powerful being he'd ever fought.

When he'd fought the Snake Dowager and the rest in the

Purgatory World, he'd had the advantage of being in the right place at the right time. Leylin currently did not have that luxury, he would have to rely on his own strength!

‘Of course, my bloodline ability from the Nightmare King is a trump card.’ Without that as an insurance, Leylin would have prudently avoided making a move here. He currently needed a Lord of Calamity as a guinea pig so he could confirm some suspicions, if not he definitely wouldn't have stopped here and waited for Salilus to arrive.

‘Good timing.... Let me see the differences in a bloodline Warlock after rank 7!’ The figure of a looped snake was reflected in Leylin's eyes. Purplish-red bloodline force surged out, and torrential strength seemed to make contact with several large worlds. The power of numerous blood descendants was transmitted over to him.

Having broken away from the Snake Dowager, Leylin had become the progenitor of a new bloodline. He had a bunch of bloodline abilities he could use.

Hss! Boundless bloodline energy formed a phantom Targaryen that soared through the skies. The large winged serpent suddenly pounced forward, savage and dominant like a tyrant hunting for prey. It took a good bite out of the centaur, dragging it all the way to the astral river.

The auric phantom forms of these two beings of laws began a huge war in the starry skies, causing great energy undulations that destroyed numerous planets.

“Have I been asleep for too long? Since when could mere rank 7s challenge me?” Salilus roared, the black hatchet in his hands instantly turning into a streak of light aimed straight at Leylin.

“I am a Lord of Calamity!” Numerous malicious spirits were pulled out of thin air, forming distorted figures that surrounded the incoming black light. These faces wailed, their eyes filled with tears of blood. A black mask in the shape of a crying face solidified in the air, forming a strange mark of calamity.

“The moment he brazenly releases all his might, this land is completely done for...” Leylin noticed what Salilus was doing, rather surprised.

Based on normal logic, rank 7 existences like them could cause immense damage to their environments with a single move. Battles would be avoided at all costs. However, this Lord of Calamity seemed to be having none of that. He had no qualms in his strikes, caring naught for the consequences of his actions.

“If you do this, aren’t you afraid of the World Will interfering?” Leylin berated. At the same time, numerous crimson shields spread in the skies, seemingly indestructible.

“Bloodline Shield!” Purplish-red light reflected off the metallic lustre of these shields. Many vortices formed, like countless huge mouths waiting for their prey. The combination of rank 7 bloodline energy and the law of devouring created a powerful defence.

When the devouring shield clashed with the blade, numerous vortices rapidly spun around to absorb the power of calamity from the hatchet. Horrifying crunches sounded out as the shield surrounded the hatchet, acting like a huge mouth doing all it could to digest the object.

“What’s a World Will to me?” Salilus laughed maniacally. His views seemed to be different from those of the Magi, as red light gained in intensity on his helmet.

“Break!” A great rumble resounded as the numerous crimson shields shattered. While the law of devouring was exceptional, it was currently put up against a rank 8 being. The burden being too great, it could hold on no longer.

Once the bloodline shields were eliminated, the hatchet of calamity also seemed to have used up all its strength. It gradually disappeared.

“Warlock, I admit that your power is not bad amongst rank 7s. No... Of the worlds I have travelled to, your ability is at the top. But so what? Can your law of devouring overpower mine?” Salilus chuckled madly, a black knight’s halberd appearing in his hands. The spearpoint blazed with terrifying flames, while the battleaxe glinted with light. The sharp teeth on its side seemed chilling, able to pierce through the void itself as great power of laws lingered around it.

‘It’ll be difficult to fight the accumulated strength of a rank 8

existence, especially if he doesn't just use the law of calamity... But then again, if he can even say something like "What's the World Will to me," it seems like the path they walk goes against the World Will.' Leylin's eyes flashed with understanding.

This was actually rather easy to comprehend. Which other world forced their beings of law to this point, causing them to seal themselves in and reduce their energy consumption, unable to escape? One would have to oppose the World Will to warrant such treatment.

'It might also be due to the unique environment here, leaving them with no choice.' Leylin now felt like he had a better understanding of Dreamscape now.

Lulu! At this moment, a victor had been decided between the giant snake and the centaur. The tall centaur roared, ruthlessly kicking at the neck of the Targaryen. The winged serpent also opened its mouth, leaving behind an injury that allowed one to see bone at the centaur's chest.

The Targaryen disappeared unwillingly amidst its last struggles, leaving behind a centaur with injuries all over it. It thundered out, "sksklgnlsdgnl!" the words translating to 'I am the king of calamity!'

"You've seen it, haven't you? Your power loses completely to mine," Salilus raised his head proudly, "Admit defeat, and I can consider letting you go."



“Unfortunately, you and I both know that’s impossible!” Leylin answered nonchalantly, caressing a cross blade that appeared in his hand. The weapon blazed with crimson light.

If he’d planned on peace from the start, Leylin would at least have forced Bodach to hand over the suolo gem, seeing if it was possible to calm the fury in the Lord of Calamity’s heart. Instead he’d attacked at the very beginning, which meant he wasn’t going to be benevolent.

“Don’t forget me, the gem thief from the boundless world, one-eyed dragon Bodach!” The one-eyed dragon Leylin had mounted flapped his wings, snorting out a terrifying dragon breath. In normal worlds this breath alone could render entire species extinct, but things were fine here.

As the three beings of laws went all out in their attacks, the surroundings were completely destroyed. The space around them grew disordered, and the ground disappeared into grey fog of primal chaos.

Large amounts of the power of laws spread everywhere in this region, the horrifying radiation destined to make this a dangerous land of Dreamscape.

Once the dragon breath was launched, Bodach’s mountainous body pounced agilely towards Salilus, forming a straight white line in the vacuum.

“Keke... coward, you’ve finally gotten the courage to face me?”

Salilus chuckled madly, the blizzard above his body becoming more concentrated.

“Unfortunately, that’s all useless!” He leant over and aimed at the one-eyed dragon charging over... Boom!

# Chapter 1059 - Unsealing

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With Bodach himself having a terrifying body at rank 7, this explosion was massively powerful. Simply put, such a strike aimed at the Magus World would likely be a disaster on the level of an asteroid hitting the earth. The entire surface would be decimated, and perhaps even the subterranean world would be affected!

However, Bodach was surprised to see Salilus grip his wings with both hands, the Lord of Calamity's large body as sturdy as a rock beneath a waterfall. It was like someone stopping a full speed train with their bare hands!

"Keke... that wasn't all that powerful. It just hurt a little!" Salilus snickered, and it brought an ominous feeling. Bodach found himself sent flying, and a number of his bones cracked as he coughed out nearly an entire ocean's worth of dragonblood.

"Is that so? Then how about this?" Making use of Bodach's charge, Leylin had arrived in front of Salilus. He pierced the crimson sword in his hands into Salilus' armour.

Clang! With Leylin's body size, the sword in his hands wasn't even comparable to a toothpick in Salilus' eyes. However, this very toothpick had left a red spot on his armour.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! It was like some chain reaction had been triggered. Black cracks spread in all directions from the initial point of contact, soon covering the entire armour. Blood-red flames crackled as they broke up even that blizzard.

The dark red light caused the armour on Salilus' body to explode inch by inch, revealing his original form.

“This... That armour is used to seal my boundless might!” Salilus thundered. Sensing immense danger, Leylin retreated without hesitation.

Rumble! An aura ten times more horrifying and evil than before exploded forth, causing the world to freeze for an instant. The destructive snow roared, but it could do nothing against this immense figure.

The huge tornado dispersed, putting out the blood flames and revealing Salilus' body. He had shrivelled limbs, tanned skin, and a slender body. He smelt of decay, like this was the body of someone who'd starved to death. His bones were joined by a mere layer of skin, all that kept him moving.

Yet, this body that seemed more withered than a mummy's was emitting an exceedingly terrifying aura, showing off the true power of a rank 8! It caused Leylin to turn serious, ‘His main laws should be calamity and decay.

‘I was wondering why he looked so strange. He seemed quite frail... So that was because of that seal?’ Leylin looked at his own palm. Although it had only made contact with Salilus through the bloodline sword, a layer of old and dead skin had already appeared on his hand, losing all lustre of life.

The power of decay within his palm was the most poisonous of curses, spreading unceasingly as it mixed with the strength of calamity.

‘Most rank 7 existences would find great trouble just dealing with this contamination...’ Leylin clenched his fists, and purplish-red flames emerged to burn the dead skin to nothingness. New vibrant skin grew out from the flames.

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“Hehe... Salilus is truly angry now! That’s good. Let me see what trump card you have then, Magus...” A moth with colourful phosphorus powder on it appeared in the distance, carrying the conscient of the dream demon, “The anger of a rank 8 Lord of Calamity is not so easily calmed...”

Soul powder filled the area, carrying a special power of laws that prevented the moth from being affected by the battle. However, at this moment, Salilus’ withered sole red eye gazed in her direction, bringing with it immense hatred, “Scram!”

“Salilus... your improvement exceeded my expectations...” The moth emitted faint undulations from the conscient before a trace of decay rotted it into ashes.

Such was the true might of a rank 8 existence,. The charming girl within the dream demon’s land did not send out another scout. After all, the fury of someone on equal footing with her was troublesome, especially a berserk Lord of Calamity. A visit to her

lands would leave her territory in complete shambles.

And that was the situation with the rank 8 dream demon. Facing Salilus head on, Leylin was under even more pressure.

“I’ve long since heard that evil gods of Dreamscape are extremely powerful beings, which is why they can sweep through numerous worlds and leave behind a resounding reputation for themselves...” Leylin could sense the space around them being frozen, as darkness, calamity, and decay gathered to form the traces of a path to power. Leylin could not help but reveal a bitter smile.

“An evil god, a Lord of Calamity of Dreamscape, definitely surpasses the dignitaries from the Purgatory World when unsealed...” This was Leylin’s newest estimation. Rank 7 existences of laws could contend with Lords of Calamity for a moment, but would fall eventually. Even their truesouls would rot away.

“I am the master of disaster, holder of the power of decay! At the end, all beings will wither away in the river of space and time...” Salilus chanted hoarsely with his dry throat, a terrifying bony hand grabbing forth in Leylin’s direction.

“Decay!” “Disaster!” “Terror!” Streaks of the power of several laws appeared to form malicious claws by Leylin’s side. These claws seemed to sing praises of Salilus, chanting along.

This was the power of faith Salilus had gathered from fear.

Leylin didn't doubt in the least that, with these accumulations, Salilus could become an intermediate god in the World of Gods in one go!

Grr! In the face of the attack of a rank 8 existence, Bodach's snarls seemed exceedingly weak. His opponent had no need to focus on him, a mere sweep of remnant power able to injure him seriously once more. The huge dragon was filled with traces of decay, not knowing where to go.

“Disaster!” “Decay!” Two streaks of Salilus' most powerful laws formed a strength akin to primal chaos within those large claws, whittling away the law of devouring on Leylin's body. Once this final layer of protection had disappeared, Leylin would die in both body and soul!

It was obvious that Salilus' hatred of Leylin in that moment exceeded that towards Bodach.

“As expected, as I am now it'll be too difficult to go against a rank 8 without any help...” Leylin sighed. This test told him of the limits of his own strength. Although he was amongst the top of rank 7s, he was still lacking when compared to rank 8s.

‘If I didn't have something to fall back on, I would only be able to escape, being grievously injured and finding it difficult to recuperate. Thankfully...’ Leylin rubbed at his forehead. A red line slowly cracked open there, revealing a dark red vertical eye!

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“Damn it, it’s this feeling again! It’s this feeling full of mortal danger! Like I’m meeting a mortal foe! Who is it that can give a Lord of Calamity the premonition that they will bring death?”

Seeing Leylin being surrounded by the huge devilish claws, Salilus had no trace of elation on his expression. On the contrary, his dried out and malicious face was filled with madness.

The feeling of mortal malady that he’d felt today had caused him to enter the peak of his power without reservation. However, be it that wretched dragon or the rank 7 Warlock, they were both ants in front him, one merely a little bigger than the other.

Now, however, his keen truesoul of laws was trembling, the feeling of danger intensifying tenfold. This hinted at the attack of something dangerous.

“Who exactly is it?” A sharp cry immediately pierced through the skies.

Rumble! Bang! As if in answer to his snarls, the devilish claw formed of laws exploded, revealing Leylin’s figure.

Buzz... The surroundings that had been ravaged by the battle, but dense black clouds suddenly gathered in the skies. It covered the lustre of the astral plane and the other worlds, the destructive snow intensifying in its power tenfold. The entire Dreamscape seemed to awaken in this moment, placing its powerful focus on this area.



“The World Will. Did you think I’d be afraid?” Large amounts of dense black smoke rose from Salilus’ body, forming a strange screen that blocked the destructive snow. Dreamscape’s World Will did not react at all, like a supreme master watching silently from above for eternity.

The Dreamscape Origin Force that had been weak suddenly surged in strength, yet it didn’t answer Salilus’ summons as it gushed in another direction.

“The Warlock from before! It’s you!” Salilus’ withered eyes suddenly opened, seeing the figure walking out of the ocean of origin force. He would never have imagined that the World Origin Force would favour this Warlock more than it did a Lord of Calamity!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Tremendous footsteps sounded as a large figure walked over slowly. He was only half a head shorter than the over hundred metres tall Salilus.

He had a perfect body, with each shimmering muscle incomparably faultless. Intricate dark red patterns filled his body, like an exquisite armour. A blood red vertical eye opened up on the faces of both the handsome being and the Warlock, bringing with it a ruthless cold will.

Most importantly, the Dreamscape Origin Force that was like a sea lingered at Leylin’s side, rolling on in waves. After being controlled by Leylin, it was extremely tame.

# Chapter 1060 - Divine Punishment

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A sea of World Origin Force surrounded Leylin, carrying Dreamscape's will. The world seemed to abandon Salilus, instead suppressing him with ill intent.

"This..." Salilus was stumped. Very soon, remnant ancient memories and his fear of Dreamscape brought him back to his senses.

It wasn't long before the veil of mystery was removed, "This unique power... It comes from the Nightmare King! You've inherited his powers... the Nightmare Absorbing Physique that even Lords of Calamity dread!"

'Power that all sovereigns dread...' Leylin understood this vaguely, as he accepted the faint excitement of the World Will along with the endless origin force.

"Yes! The bloodline that all lords despise! You're dead!" Black smoke arose from Salilus' nostrils, many contorted faces writhing within as they wailed and cried.

"The ancient Nightmare King is the fear of all the lords, nobody wishes for his return. You're dead!" Salilus repeated deliriously, "If this news spreads, all the Lords of Calamity will gang up on you!"

"It's useless... The World's Will had sealed this area already, you can't transmit any information outside anymore...' Leylin sighed, "Furthermore, I am not any weaker than you right now..."

With Dreamscape buffing his powers, the Leylin now was no different than he was back in the Purgatory World. No, he was even stronger than before!

He was already a rank 7 Warlock. The Nightmare Absorbing Physique was extremely demonic on its own, and with the support of Dreamscape Origin Force his pure strength alone put him at rank 8. He surpassed the Lords of Calamity!

Leylin sighed, striking out suddenly. The destructive snow formed a sword in Leylin's hand, and he slashed at Salilus.

Destructive snow was a weapon Dreamscape used to weaken and punish the Lords of Calamity. Now, Leylin was merely using it to exact punishment on behalf of the heavens.

“You vile gods have willfully seized the World Origin Force. I represent the heavens themselves in your annihilation!”

The snow had converged into a broadsword, the intent of annihilation gathered upon it. Leylin braced himself as he swung the sword downwards, speaking a forbidden chant by instinct.

The powerful sword had repelled the black mist, allowing Leylin to see a face riddled with fear and surprise. That same instant, Leylin saw the truth of the past.

The Nightmare Absorbing Physique is the adored child of

Dreamscape. However, a world would never do something so senseless, why did Dreamscape create this? That was a question Leylin had always sought the answer for, and now he'd finally got one.

What would happen if beings of laws were brazenly taking the World Origin Force without regard? The Lords of Calamity were a good example, they would be suppressed by the World's Will and have their dreamforce weakened. Destructive snow would form a natural disaster around them, proving that the World Will wanted them dead.

Even a magnanimous World Will would be infuriated by a bunch of greedy rodents. However, beings of laws were far too powerful. Even with the suppression of the World Will through the destructive snow, as well as the disconnect from World Origin Force, the Lords of Calamity managed to seal themselves into safety.

However, the World's Will could not do the same. It couldn't bear weakening itself for extended periods of time, and had to stop and revive its origin force. It gained nourishment from other worlds.

To Dreamscape's World Will, the Lords of Calamity and Evil Sovereigns were like bloodsucking parasites! Unable to bear it any longer, it gave birth to the Nightmare Absorbing Physique. In this gamble, Dreamscape did not withhold any authority or power, giving birth to an executioner to get rid of these parasites.

Hence, every Nightmare King bore the burden of purging

unwanted parasites on Dreamscape, in order to protect the peace and balance.

“Greed without restriction will only bring about chaos and destruction!” After he understood this point, killing intent welled within Leylin. His bloodline itself was an embodiment of these lords’ nemesis. It was do or die, there would be no negotiations between both parties.

Leylin, who wanted to use dreamforce to absorb laws, would definitely benefit after slaying a Lord of Calamity. His comprehension of laws would be boosted, and the World Will itself would give him greater authority.

“You must fall here today!” After clearly understanding his own killing intent and paving the path for his future, the power that surrounded Leylin had suddenly reached a new height!

Rumble! Bolts of black lightning tore the void apart, isolating everything within a cage. This lightning wanted to kill the ferocious prey within, a powerful existence that was rank 8.

“No! I am a Lord of Calamity, one who holds the power of decay! I’m near peak rank 8, how would I just perish here?” Salilus roared as he raised his bony hand and attempted to deflect the black lightning.

Boom! Bang! Flash! The World Origin Force roared, and turned into waves of destructive lightning that crashed down under Leylin’s control. Every bolt could severely injure a rank 7, but it

had taken five to six strikes to merely shatter Salilus' left arm.

A strange black current of evil gas wrapped itself around the wound, not dissipating. Many droplets of thick yellow blood fell to the ground suddenly, giving rise to black smoke. It seemed to form a strange embodiment rather like rotten mud, and wails and screams sounded as they tried to escape.

“Hmm? Leylin's brows furrowed, and the black lightning streaked past him and destroyed these abominations. One droplet of a rank 6 Magus could already carry independent thought and even spiritual force, not to mention rank 7 and above.

Having suffered grievously with his left arm shattered, Salilus was weakened by layers of destructive snow, his dreamforce growing feebler and feebler.

“Damn it. DAMN IT! OUT! COME OUT!” Salilus waved his stump of an arm against the lightning and snow. “Fight me openly and aboveboard! How can I, Salilus, die to such a wretched thing?”

“Stop being a fool!” Leylin's voice rumbled throughout the sky. “A victor will always be victorious! My style of engaging enemies is to scheme and not fight with brawns. By using the smallest price in exchange for the largest benefit and outcome... Your value is meaningless against it!”

“Meaningless...? Meaningless... Meaning...” The thunderous voice reverberated across the sky amidst the black lightning and destructive snow. Salilus' eyes had now held an even more frenzied

look.

“Hehe...Meaningless?” Salilus calmed down immediately, and the atmosphere turned even more sinister. “Even so, I will demonstrate the final power that a Lord of Calamity holds...”

Rumble! Rumble! Warts began to appear and float on the surface of Salilus’ skin, causing his bony body to become extremely swollen. Over time he turned ball-like, his skin stretched to its limits as it showed signs of ripping apart at any moment. The aura in the air was extremely unstable, yet it converged around Salilus’ body.

‘This shape, does it want to...’ Leylin’s expression changed. Nine chains of laws were like razor sharp blades as they pierced into Salilus’ body.

“This corrosive attack was actually prepared for my enemy, the Lord of Despair...But now...” A low growl appeared from Salilus’ body and it began to rumble louder.

Crack! Crack! A grey ripple began to appear on Salilus’ body before his body exploded. The iron chains which came into contact with the grey ripples began to corrode, sizzling before they turned to fine dust with the explosion.

The frightening explosion did not stop, touching the destructive snow along with the prison of black lightning.

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“What happened?”

“Why did the World’s Will seal that area?” The many Lords and Sovereigns sent their conscients or even their avatars, but before they could exchange a few lines, a radiant flash from an explosion was leaked from the sealed area. The conscients and avatars of these existences were wiped completely due to the destruction.

“The final decay! Has Salilus gone mad?”

“Not good! Leave, quickly...”

Even those who were quick to dart away and escape were eventually caught up to by the flash of radiant light, and they could only perish after leaving behind their furious bellows.

“Lords! Save us...” The dream demon’s land was the closest to the explosion, and received the greatest collateral damage. Sixty percent of the natives there had died in an instant.

“We have to move!” The girl that the dream demon had possessed clenched her teeth. The ground began to rumble as a pair of grey wings manifested, taking her far away and deeper into the void.

Opening up a certain distance, the dream demon girl looked in Salilus’ direction, her eyes filled with worry.



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“These Lords are not easy to deal with, I can’t believe that I have to activate my own powers for the final bout!”

In the heart of the explosion, the radiant rays were repelled by dark crimson runes on Leylin’s body. It cost a lot of origin force, but since he was linked with the World Will he spent it without feeling the pinch.

Once the explosion rippled away, blue light flashed in Leylin’s eyes. A giant figure stepped forward as the surrounding scene changed, like he was teleported to a different dimension. In it was a gigantic black skeleton.

# Chapter 1061 - Annihilation

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Leylin looked at the blackened skeleton in front of him, focusing on the abyssal red flames within its eye sockets. “I told you you’d definitely perish here today,” he said slowly, as if stating a fact.

“Hahaha! Nightmare Warlock, I curse you in the name of calamity!” Black teeth clattered, sending spiritual vibrations from the depths of Salilus’ truesoul.

“You showed your final corrosive attack, but after that all you have is this feeble curse? What a disappointment...” Leylin brought his hand down against this surging curse power.

Crash! All the World Origin Force in Dreamscape surged violently, becoming endless destructive thunder. Powerful arcs of lightning swept across the area, exterminating all traces of the curse’s power.

Swish! Swish! The moment the curse was broken, Leylin and Salilus both executed their moves. The two transformed into endless glows that crossed the speed of light in their intent to kill.

The entire space seemed to distort in a single moment. In a fraction of a fraction of a second, they’d exchanged hundreds of blows.

Salilus’ laws of calamity and decay constructed a black skeletal structure whose rigidity far surpassed all the metals in the world. It was enough to calmly bear the indiscriminate bombing of

destructive thunder as if nothing was happening.

Red runes appeared intensely around Leylin's body, blooming with bright light. They formed an indistinct crimson armour as the entirety of Dreamscape's World Origin Force roared. Before Dreamscape itself was consumed, the defense of his armour would not be broken. Even if it sustained damage, it would repair itself rapidly.

Ring! Ring! Ring! The two reached the limits of speed in a flash, disappearing from Dreamscape to arrive at a strange place.

Time and space were slightly distorted in this region, a vast glowing river of space and time flowing beneath them.

“Is this a region close to the spacetime river? Only a place such as this can withstand our wrath. It is more than suitable to serve as your burial ground...”

Crack! Crack! Leylin's chest was scratched by a black skeletal finger. The crimson armour fell apart at once, but was immediately restored to its original unblemished form. Tens of strikes upon the dreamforce armour dimmed the red radiance within Salilus' skull, and the black skeleton began to crack.

‘Fights between beings of law come down to a contest of inside information and origin force in the end, eh? It looks like I need to put making origin force weapons on my schedule...’ Leylin gravely faced his opponent.

Even though he had traded blow for blow, his consumption of origin force had reached a terrifying level. If it wasn't for Dreamscape footing the bill, perhaps he would have exhausted all his resources already, and even his soul would have been sucked dry.

Now however, backed by the support of Dreamscape, Leylin had forced the Lord of Calamity Salilus to an impasse.

[Beep! Origin Force Imitation Weapon has been constructed.  
Correcting orbit!]

After trading blows hundreds of times, the A.I. Chip had captured the orbit of Salilus' movements. Dreamscape roared, and a misty green sword directly appeared within Leylin's grasp.

Using concentrated origin force as a weapon was not something that Leylin had envisioned, this could only be considered to be a prototype.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Your glory came from Dreamscape, and unto Dreamscape you shall return!" Leylin chanted in a low voice, thrusting his longsword in a strange arc.

Clang! In an infinitesimal moment, the green origin force longsword momentarily weaved through Salilus' defences and pierced into the centre of his skull.

This was the main focus of Leylin's attack. Faint cracks had long began to appear on the skeleton, but now it exploded even more violently. The clanging sound seemed to start a chain reaction, and finally the black skeleton was blown apart. Pieces of the skeleton continuously crumbled without end, becoming fine powder that was melted away by the destructive snow.

“No, how could I fall here? I, Salilus, am a Lord of Calamity, the Monarch of Decay...” After his body was finally destroyed, the red spark of a truesoul of laws emerged from the endless explosion. It was filled with the power of laws of calamity and decay.

Breaking away from its mortal shell, the truesoul of laws now became even more powerful. It suddenly burned up, its form momentarily expanding to become a star that burned with white heat.

The massive star was in upheaval, and it suddenly rushed towards the river of space and time. The vast and mighty river itself was a little attracted, emitting a strange inwards force.

“You're already dead, your time has ended! Stay...” Leylin naturally would not allow Salilus to slip away from his grasp. In his current form, he had taken the initiative to throw himself into the spacetime river. He could perhaps accumulate energy over a few thousand years, allowing himself to revive.

A phantom Targaryen roared from behind Leylin's back. Runes of the Nightmare Absorbing Physique appeared on the serpent's body, melding with the laws of devouring to become a powerful black hole that extended formless shackles towards Salilus'

truesoul.

“This is... The attraction of dreamforce! Damn...” The enormous truesoul star roared, numerous marks appearing within it. These were all scars left behind by using dreamforce, and all of a sudden they had broken out.

As a native of Dreamscape, Salilus fundamentally did not have the ability to resist the attraction of Leylin’s ability. At the brink of the spacetime river, a strange scene appeared. An incandescent star unwillingly changed its marks, slowly retreating away. A roaring figure faintly appeared at its centre.

The powerful starlight was continuously swallowed up by the black hole, turning a tunnel of distorted light. In the end, that phantom of a truesoul was swallowed whole by the black hole that was many times smaller than it, and not even one ray of light had escaped.

“Ah...” The dark crimson runes on Leylin’s body began to squirm, dripping off like melted metal. His skin split apart as his body grew larger.

[Beep! Host is absorbing extremely high energy matter, detected to be rank 8! Body of laws will not be able to endure it much longer. Time left...]

The A.I. Chip alerted Leylin with a red notification, and even the

screen began to flicker.

‘As expected... A rank 8 existence is not something that I can devour right now. If I were to forcefully shove this down my throat, I will be choked to death!’

Leylin’s expression changed, ‘If not for Dreamscape...’ He did not hesitate to use his bloodline powers, teleporting back into Dreamscape itself.

Rumble! The World Will projected a feeling of joy, and imposing origin force surged forth to form a two-plated millstone that slowly removed the origin force Leylin’s body was exuding.

Leylin stood within the centre, in a mysterious state as he closed his eyes. His body had reached tens of metres in height, but now it began to shrink once more. The origin force mixed with Salilus’ powers escaped from his body, returning to nature in an extremely complex conversion.

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At this moment, Leylin too had entered a strange dream. The owner of this dream was none other than Salilus, but at this point only a creature who’d grasped a sliver of the power of laws.

After a period of observation, the corners of Leylin’s lips curled up.

“You’ve already fallen, but your will is still hoping for something more? What a pity... My bloodline ability is the bane of your last hope!”

“Innate bloodline ability— Dream Eater!” A red eye opened behind Leylin’s back, swallowing everything within the dream. The sky broke apart and the earth crumbled. A crescent moon appeared within the endless void, a faint withered eye upon it.

“I’ve found it!” Leylin roared, killing the memory of the high-energy creature that would turn into Salilus in the future. He rose into the sky with a stomp.

“Annihilation!” A punch that carried massive destructive power struck the crescent moon, attacking with origin force. Under a howl of utter despair and anguish, the blood red moon exploded, and the withered eye within shattered as well. The dream now shattered, Leylin absorbed it ten times as fast.

By the time Leylin’s consciousness returned to his body, he looked like a normal human being once more.

[Beep! Energy dissipating, Host’s body returning to normal!]

[Beep! Law of decay absorbed, host has obtained information. Stats changing.]



Very soon, the A.I.Chip showed Leylin his new stats.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 7 Warlock, Bloodline: Targaryen Serpent (rank 7). Strength: 257.71, Agility: 200.01, Vitality: 350.98, Spiritual force: 611.27, Body of Laws. Law Comprehension: Devouring (100%), Massacre (58%), Calamity (27%), Decay (15%), Curses (1%). Origin force saturation level: 27.99%]

“Calamity, decay and even curses?” Leylin stroked his chin. He had garnered enough divinity back then with the first two laws. It seemed that Salilus too had relied on them to enter rank 8.

‘Although it is much better than swallowing the dream demon’s will back then, I’ve only received this much of a reward after devouring a rank 8 Lord of Calamity... The World of Gods seem to reap a higher amount of benefits in that case...’ Leylin shook his head in exasperation.

He knew for a fact that Dreamscape had expended even more powers than him, hence it had reaped the greatest amount of rewards this time. The origin force that aided him in battle was provided by it, so it absorbed the Lord of Calamity as well. As for himself, he had only managed to comprehend some laws.

Of course, a portion of powers that Salilus had not found in Dreamscape were also absorbed by him, hence the increase in his stats.

# Chapter 1062 - Departure

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Leylin had only used the origin force as a weapon during the battle, not absorbing it at all. This was why his origin force saturation hadn't increased. In the end, Dreamscape itself was the biggest beneficiary of the battle.

‘However... Calamity, and decay?’ Leylin stroked his chin, ‘They’re not quite compatible with my path. While the law of calamity is extremely powerful, it has its own limitations. Decay has more potential; after all there are aspects of time within it...

‘However, my comprehension and analysis of this law isn’t too much...’ Now that he’d set his own path, Leylin wouldn’t change it easily. These laws weren’t very compatible with him anyway.

‘Something high... more...even more...’ Dreamscape projected an intent to Leylin, sending information to the bottom of his mind intermittently.

At the same time, Leylin felt that his connection with the world had become even more closely knit than before. The origin force that he could control had also increased. Even more...

He raised his hand, and a small thread of weakened dreamforce emanated from his finger. Suddenly, the dreamforce shuddered and the colour turned denser, before a stronger wave of energy radiated from his finger.

‘I gain increased authority from Dreamscape, as well as the

ability to control its crests and troughs? It should only be limited to my own powers, if not the power would be too inconceivable.'

Leylin sighed. After slaying and sacrificing a Lord of Calamity, he had indeed obtained many benefits from Dreamscape. At the very least, the dreamforce which was a part of his power had increased.

Furthermore, if this power could still be increased, and he could also control the extent of dreamforce that the Lords could muster, it was akin to having another killing move against them in the future.

Powering his own dreamforce to the peak and weakening his opponent's... It would be a sight to behold.

'Not only that, the world seems to be starting to recover...' Leylin acutely felt that Dreamscape was now different than before.

Originally, Dreamscape was like a large withering tree. There were parasites around its roots, weeds sucking up its water and nutrients. But now that Leylin had slain a Lord of Calamity, the tree had finally gotten a break. It felt like Dreamscape had regained some of its vitality.

'A pity... It's only a little better. I need to kill at least five or six more to completely revitalise it...' Leylin inhaled a deep breath after arriving at his own estimation. The harm that these Lords had done to Dreamscape was beyond terrifying!

‘Dreamscape survives on absorbing the dreams of intelligent beings of the astral plane. The Lords of Calamity pilfered its origin force on the same basis, stealing the foundation of its strength. A world would not be able to bear even a rank 8 existence for so long, leave alone an entire bunch of them...’ Only now did Leylin begin to understand Dreamscape slowly.

If he was a monk at his own home, having unwanted guests who constantly took his belongings would make him want to kill them.

.....

“How are you, Bodach?” Leylin came to the chaotic borders to find the one-eyed dragon sprawled on the ground. Bodach’s body had been shattered, revealing his heart and internal organs. However, his consciousness was still rather clear, and critical areas had already started to mend themselves. If not for the surrounding powers of decay and calamity, he would have recovered even more by now. From this one could see the terrifying vitality that laws possessed.

“I’m alright, Your Excellency Leylin!” Bodach looked up at Leylin in a reverent gaze, but Leylin’s brows furrowed. A slit appeared between his brows to reveal a red vertical eye that devoured the laws of calamity and decay from Bodach’s body.

Rumble! With Leylin’s help, Bodach soon returned to being a middle-aged one-eyed man.

He looked at Leylin, his adam’s apple trembling as he stuttered

out, “Le– Leylin, Your Excellence. Does you coming here mean that you beat Salilus into retreat?”

Even if he’d witnessed Leylin’s prowess earlier, Bodach would not dare to dream otherwise. Bodach’s understanding told him being able to beat the Lord of Calamity into retreat was already a good end.

Leylin smiled as he chose to speak the truth. “No, he’s dead. He won’t be troubling you anymore.”

“He– He’s dead?” Bodach racked his brains, “The great arcane! Am I hallucinating? Leylin, are you sure you did not use the wrong verb? Dead, and not repelled?”

“Of course! Salilus is no more.” Leylin did not hesitate to state the truth. “No, although I destroyed his truesoul the river of space and time will remember his aura during the ascension of a rank 8. He can still revive himself, but it’d be extremely hard to meet the requirements. It would need tens of thousands of years in preparation...”

Beings that could wield laws had already left their personal marks on the river of space and time. Even if they fell, they had a chance for revival. It was like the ancient conscients in the World of Gods, only that it would be much more difficult.

“But that is a rank 8 Lord... Oh my heavens... I have roamed around fifty seven-worlds and hundreds of dimensions, but never before have I heard of anything like this... Even back in the Final

War, it was extremely rare for a rank 8 to be slain, not to mention the Lords of Calamity which were known for their battle prowess...” Bodach muttered, and his large eye did not give off any light, as if he had suffered a huge shock.

“It’s not the time to discuss this. We have to leave now, or it’ll be troublesome.” Leylin pulled Bodach away with no intention of explaining.

“Leave? Where to?” Bodach was still feeling lightheaded.

“Leave Dreamscape! No matter where is alright, let’s find a small plane to hide in for now, Unless you want a group of Lords of Calamity hunting you down...” Leylin looked at the surrounding seals that were slowly lifted, and the departure of the World Will.

The reason he’d blatantly revealed his trump card before was that he’d had the help of the World Will sealing the area, and he could kill the Lord of Calamity in a single blow.

Now that the seal was lifted, Leylin didn’t dare to be reckless anymore. After all, his Nightmare Bloodline put him on the opposing side to all the Lords of Calamity, and his secret couldn’t be revealed.

If he left now, the group of Lords would only know that Salilus had been slain by two rank 7 beings from a foreign world, unable to pinpoint the identity of the Nightmare Absorbing Physique. If they were to clash and Leylin revealed his powers, he would die surrounded by a group of rank 8s!

Now that the battle had ended, the World Will needed time to savour its spoils of war. Its willingness to help Leylin once more had to be put into question.

This was why Leylin chose to flee decisively, leaving the Lords of Calamity perplexed. It was extremely difficult for these Lords to leave Dreamscape, especially with dreamforce weakened. The world itself had turned into a giant cage.

And the only exception is Leylin, who owned the Nightmare Absorbing Physique. With the Nightmare King's bloodline and his own inheritances, he could enter and leave as he so willed.

'This is most likely a limitation Dreamscape set as well. With the Nightmare King able to leave immediately after killing a lord to regain his power, no matter how furious the other lords are they can only look on... And when the Nightmare King amasses enough power to crush them, they will be faced with their doom.'

The more Leylin pondered, the more he felt that his deduction was right. Each time Dreamscape had sealed itself in and weakened its own power, it was in fact allowing the Nightmare Absorbing Physique to have a killing feast. It was a hit and run tactic, allowing the rank 7 Nightmare King to tire the Lords of Calamity out. After all, the Nightmare King had the help of the world itself.

Once the seal on Dreamscape was lifted, the lords would enter a frenzy of infiltrating other worlds in a hope to discover the Nightmare Absorbing Physique. Failing that, they would gather

more origin force and strengthen their truesouls, preventing themselves from being the next prey.

The stronger beings would have longer lives, Dreamscape was just that brutal. Understanding this logic, Leylin did not hesitate to leave.

His deduction had been extremely accurate. Right after he left, the lords began to barge into the area the World Will had sealed.

“Sssii... No remnants, no traces of aura, they carefully cleaned up the area...” The lord who spoke was fat and round, his massive body topped by three heads. The head which spoke was that of a green viper, the other two being a black goat and a human.

“The lack of traces should be the greatest clue. Hiding it means he possesses a secret nobody should know...” Another lord floated in midair. It was a giant chariot wheel which had numerous eyes around its body. Its rotations radiated abyssal flames.

“Speak of your conjecture, Eye Emissary!” A female giant spoke last, her body crackling with the sound of thunder.



# Chapter 1063 - The Lords

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Destructive snow spiralled powerfully. Three Lords of Calamity had gathered here, the power they attracted clearly greater than usual.

That white snow floated down slowly in great swathes, melting away everything it touched. However, these three lords did not seem to feel a thing as they discussed their own affairs.

“It’s very difficult to determine...” The enormous wheel blinked its many eyes, clearly hesitant. “Few secret treasures can allow a rank 7 to withstand someone of our power, even from the ancient times of the Magi and the World of Gods. I’m more inclined to think that it’s a peak rank 8 faking their identity. Such an existence would find it very easy to hide from a dream demon.’s senses...”

It was absolutely unthinkable for a mere rank 7 being of laws, or even two for that matter, to get rid of a Lord of Calamity. Had a peak rank 8 wanted to conceal themselves, even the perception of the dream demons wouldn’t allow them to distinguish the real from the fake.

“If that existence was truly disguising their form, then the previous information we received needs to be completely thrown out?” The human head of the three-headed monster asked.

“This is actually the best case scenario,” the Eye Emissary said coldly, “Salilus falling due to his vengeance and hatred would

actually be the best case scenario.”

“Then, what is the worst case scenario?” The female thundergiant asked.

“Don’t you feel like the situation is very familiar? Especially the interference from Dreamscape itself... “ As the Eye Emissary spoke, destructive black lightning streaked past the horizon.

“You’re saying... The one whose bloodline we collectively cursed?” The three-headed monster hesitated in its words.

“That’s impossible!” The female thundergiant’s eyes grew intensely agitated, the sparks undulating along her body revealing her anxious heart.

“You don’t know the price we paid for it! We sacrificed the souls of seven great worlds, and only motivated the last Nightmare King into depression due to the sacrifice of the Monarch of Despair. It was after all that that he thought of ending his own life. If it wasn’t for the fatal flaw in the Nightmare King’s psyche and truesoul, our plan would never have succeeded!

“The Nightmare King finally chose to use the World of Gods’ protective sphere and ended its life there. The inheritance of the Nightmare Absorbing Physique ended there!” The female thundergiant roared, “Yet now you’re telling me that the Nightmare King has returned! Did he crawl back out from the World of Gods?”

The giant grew more and more emotional as she spoke, her voice trembling faintly. It was clear that her fear for the previous Nightmare King was limitless. After all, he'd killed over a dozen Lords of Calamity, a powerful existence at the peak of rank 8!

"It's only speculation..." The enormous figure of the Eye Emissary trembled as well. It was clear that he'd remembered those bitter times unwillingly.

"However, there are other ways to sway Dreamscape's conscient. A peak rank 8 existence can easily conceal itself against it..." He added finally, "It's still only a possibility."

"In brief, the Nightmare King has already left Dreamscape. We must wait until the World Origin Force lifts the seal and dreamforce recovers before we can venture out of Dreamscape to investigate."

The three-headed monster's black goat head said, "Before that happens, to avoid discovery, shall we combine our seals together?"

"Endless power of dissolution, the black goat's egg of rippling decay... Your suggestion is very good, but it's a shame that I can't trust you." The female thundergiant shot a glance at the three-headed creature, "I have other allies. Even if I wanted an alliance, I would never think of joining with you. You had better give up on this."

"No, Molina! I'm so crazy about you..." The three-headed monster howled in anguish, the human face in the centre

seemingly on the verge of tears. “This proposal is very good, let’s transmit it to all the other Lords of Calamity. Let them cast their votes!”

“Give up... Even without Salilus, I would never love you!” The female thundergiant suddenly turned into lightning and streaked off to the end of the horizon. Only the three-headed monster was left behind, incessantly bellowing in rage, “Aaaahh... Damn you Salilus, I’ll kill you! Even if you revive, I’ll kill you once again!”

.....

Time passed. Leylin had returned to the Magus World once again, currently at his laboratory.

The experiment table had not changed in the slightest. The flame at its side still continued to give off light and heat, as if Leylin had only left for a brief moment.

In that brief moment, however, a Lord of Calamity had died at his hands. If news of this got out, it would surely shake countless worlds. However, that would be accompanied by the spread of Leylin’s name. The Magus World would face the retaliation of the other Lords of Calamity.

Although the subterranean Magi of laws had the ability to resist the attack, the surface world did not. Leylin did not feel that Mother Core would so generously make an enemy out of a whole group of Lords of Calamity to protect him, so it was better to keep a low profile.

“How long was I gone this time?” Leylin walked to the corner of the laboratory and looked at the black sculpture of a demisnake.

Crack! Crack! As soon as his voice was heard, the statue’s eyes lit up with two red flames. Its smooth and perfect body began to move.

With a rumble, the statue seemed to come to life within a short span of time. It became a demisnake golem guard and respectfully bowed to Leylin. “You have been away for 7 days and 9 Magus hours, my Lord. Lady Freya came to find you in this time, leaving a short message...”

“I know,” Leylin waved his hand, letting the statue resume its original position and form. A look of contemplation flashed across his eyes.

‘I spent far longer in Dreamscape than a mere seven days. The discrepancy in the flow of time between the two sides is too great. Is this the influence of my seal in Dreamscape?’ As he came to a bookshelf, Leylin flipped through information on Dreamscape’s flow of time and recorded the content he’d discovered himself.

The red ink left behind bright marks on the yellowed parchment, the complex ornate characters holding a strange power of law.

Although Leylin could use the A.I. Chip to record everything in a flash, he still persevered with making hard copies of some experimental data as a backup. These resources would be

extremely precious to his family and subordinates. With some concept of laws left behind, they would become a treasure passed from generation to generation.

Completing this, Leylin began to sort out the benefits he'd reaped from Dreamscape.

"First is this..." A gold draconic ring appeared in Leylin's hand. There were 3 marks on its, surface left by a dragon.

This was an item left behind by the one-eyed dragon Bodach. After Leylin had removed his curse, the dragon had returned the favour with a pledge of eternal secrecy. He'd promised three favours for Leylin, the draconic ring being the proof of the same.

Leylin didn't indulge in the fantasy of having a being of laws submit to him. Those at rank 7 and above had their own dignity, and this outcome was already excellent.

'However... A rank 7 one-eyed dragon's promise isn't worth much to me now. Perhaps I can only leave it for my family...' Leylin sighed a little and put the dragon ring away.

A rank 7 existence wasn't much to him anymore. However, this sort of existence would be a great boon to his family. The three favours were practically a meat pie from the heavens falling into their laps.

It was rather ridiculous that Bodach and Salilus' grievances were

due to Bodach's wrongdoing, but Leylin had entered and stirred up a strong change. Because of his bloodline, Leylin had become the arch nemesis of all the Lords of Calamity. On top of that, Salilus himself had ended up falling.

The cause was all due to a stolen Suolo gem! If Salilus still lived, wouldn't he feel that he had been treated unjustly?

"A.I. Chip! Show the analysis map of Dreamscape's Origin Force!"

[Beep! Mission established, currently transferring...]

The A.I Chip loyally implemented Leylin's order. An extensive library of stats was displayed before Leylin. With powerful calculations and analytical ability as its base, the A.I. Chip shaped the data into an analysis of Dreamscape Origin Force and displayed it to Leylin.

Leylin's body of laws had strong reasoning abilities. His previous life's work could now be more easily understood and accumulated.

With conscients from Salilus and the dream demon, as well as authority from Dreamscape's own World Will, his understanding of that world could not be surpassed. Once the origin force chart was completed, Leylin was quite certain of being able to use dreamforce to refine his own laws.

“What belongs to others will still belong to them in the end. However, using Dreamscape’s authority, I can now also manipulate dreamforce to its peak, but once I lose this limit...” Leylin had always been meticulous about his work. Before he considered victory, he first thought of defeat. How could he leave such a huge loophole to fall into?

He’d always been analysing and researching dreamforce. Obtaining the chart of Dreamscape Origin Force, he would immediately undo many locks of mystery. His research would advance a thousand miles in a single day.

‘Before too long, I’ll be able to control the pattern of dreamforce exhausting itself without the world’s support...’ Leylin’s eyes burned with fervour. The path he would walk after he rose to rank 8 had been paved with its most important cornerstone!



# Chapter 1064 - Origin Force Weapon

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Leylin was now extremely clear on his path as a Magus. A rank 7 comprehended one complete law, and a rank 8 had to master many. A peak rank 8 then needed to infuse a law they created themselves into their body, representing it as a path of sorts. To advance to rank 9, this path needed to contain the power of spacetime itself!

‘The foundational law that represents your path is the most important step!’ Leylin smiled, ‘This power shouldn’t just accommodate all the laws involved in forming your path, it also has to be strong enough to deal with spacetime, harnessing such powers to allow you to advance to rank 9. Dreamforce perfectly meets all these requirements, and it’s more capable of infusing other laws than I thought...’

Many at rank 7 and above did not know the pros and cons of the path ahead, and deviated from the correct route. Pitifully they were stuck unable to change their path, forced into a dead end. Leylin had a strong suspicion that peak rank 8s like Mother Core and many others had suffered this pitfall, left unable to advance after such a long time.

Compared to them, Leylin was extremely lucky. His A.I. Chip could simulate the future results, allowing him to compare the pros and cons of different laws. In addition, he’d learnt of the secrets of many ancient Magi, also being well-travelled amongst the many worlds. He was currently on the right track.

Leylin deeply understood that hard work alone was futile. Only

by finding the correct path and putting in relentless hard work would he be able to see success, and even that would need a sliver of luck.

‘My path has already been chosen. I can only tune it now, not make great changes... Unneeded laws need to be removed...’

Leylin ordered, “A.I. Chip, display my stats!”

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 7 Warlock, Bloodline: Targaryen Serpent (rank 7). Strength: 257.71, Agility: 200.01, Vitality: 350.98, Spiritual Force: 611.27, Body of Laws. Law Comprehension: Devouring (100%), Massacre (58%), Calamity (27%), Decay (15%), Curses (1%). Origin Force Saturation: 27.99%]

The A.I. Chip intoned.

Leylin looked at his stats and the comprehension of laws, his eyes turning into a dark abyss.

“Devouring and Massacre are set to take on important roles in my path. However, Calamity, Decay and Curses can be removed from my truesoul... Fortunately, my comprehension of these laws is not too deep. With the construction of my soul and the A.I. Chip’s meticulous workings, I can remove them from my body without any harm...”

For rank 7 existences and beyond, if one did not need the laws residing in their bodies, it was best to extract them out. Other rank 7 and 8 Magi would definitely pay a sky-high price for them.

However, Leylin had a better plan than that.

‘A.I. Chip! Activate the Manderhawke Plate’s power to travel worlds, and connect to my secondary clone in the World of Gods!’ The Manderhawke Plate floated from Leylin’s palms, strange runes filling it as it opened a black tunnel.

In the World of Gods, Leylin’s demigod clone open its eyes and a golden light flashed through them. Black animal skin appeared, carrying intricate runes and radiating an ancient yet mysterious aura.

This was something Leylin acquired in the western desert. Back then, he’d only thought of the seal as rather unique and guessed that it had contained much information

Beep! Two rays of golden lightning struck the animal skin from Leylin’s eyes, the patch of skin immediately floating into the sky as a lot of information was transmitted.

“A.I. Chip, begin to synchronise the transmission!” the demigod Leylin ordered before closing his eyes again...

At this moment, Leylin completed his transmission from the Magus World, using the tunnel created by the Manderhawke Plate

to send information to the auxiliary A.I. Chip.

[Beep! Receipt sent from auxiliary chip, transmission 100% completed. Decompression ongoing...]

The A.I. Chip projected a lot of information to Leylin in the Magus World, on a large flickering screen.

A trove of data was sealed within that obscure piece of animal skin, containing the accumulation of information from an ancient civilisation. The demigod had done most of the decrypting, so Leylin only had to peruse the information sent over to the A.I. Chip.

“The theory of overgod weapons...”

“Origin force sensing and construction...”

“The foundation of overgod weapons— 4D planes...”

The folder was extremely large, containing a sea of information. Most of it pertained to the construction of overgod weapons.

“They were a short-lived civilisation that appeared after the dusk of the gods, in the period known as the dark ages. Inspired by arcanist theory, the civilisation specialised in weaponsmithing. This overgod weapon is their ultimate design, but even the might

of their entire civilisation couldn't help them finish it..."

Leylin's eyes blazed as he looked at the information. This was an overgod weapon, a concept from the World of Gods! The engineers of that civilisation had wished to construct a weapon stronger than the divine, an overwhelming tool that could slay even gods!

Leylin believed it likely held another name. It was an Origin Force Weapon, a tool that was fuelled by the World Origin Force designed to harm beings of laws.

Now that Leylin himself was a rank 7 Warlock, he realised the difference of this realm from the rest. Most rank 7s had already stopped spell fights, instead using their own laws combined with the World Origin Force. Few innate bloodlines could be activated at this realm.

Because of this, Leylin had to devise new measures for battle. A weapon made of origin force would definitely increase his power tremendously.

'During the process of constructing a divine weapon, the gods will often put in their own flesh, blood and soul into it. That is why a divine weapon achieves such godly powers. Origin force weapons work on the foundation of origin force, bringing greater difficulty into their construction. Of course, the weapon's might increases as well...'

Leylin nodded his head at the information. The engineers of this civilisation had a very strong comprehension of laws and origin

force.

‘I wonder if their death was attributed to the fact that they tried to obtain origin force. After all, this was a taboo to the gods...’

Leylin thought about it a little longer before putting it off. There weren't enough clues, but according to his guesses if the gods realised that 'lowborn' humans tried to utilise origin force to construct a weapon, they would definitely want these human beings destroyed. Ants had to know their place; the gods would wreak destruction on anything in their paths, and their wills could never be disobeyed!

‘No wonder they were unable to construct the overgod weapon in the end...’ Leylin used his soul force to skim through ten lines at a time. Finished with the manual to construct this weapon known as the Black Sacrifice, he shook his head.

‘How much origin force can a regular mortal absorb? They're severely lacking if they want to construct a weapon made of origin force. They wouldn't even be able to construct the core components...

‘Forget that, origin force is such a sacred and rare resource for the gods. How could they waste it on weapons? The basic requirement to construct an origin force weapon is being equivalent to a rank 7 Magus.’

Leylin shook his head, no longer baffled by the failure of that civilisation. ‘However, this Black Sacrifice book is useful to me. It

has given me a model for me to create an origin force weapon, which means I don't have to use as many processors of the A.I. Chip on it anymore...'

To Leylin, the construction of a weapon using origin force was not a problem. His authority in Dreamscape would allow him to do so. After all, he wouldn't dare absorb too much of Dreamscape's origin force himself, so it was viable for him to use it on his weapon.

With origin force as a foundation, an overgod weapon was not something as simple as purely wielding origin force to attack. It was two different concepts.

Deep down in Leylin's heart, he devised an even grander plan. He wanted to inscribe the laws that were useless to him onto the origin force weapon, and create an even more terrifying tool of destruction!

With the laws of devouring, he'd definitely consume even greater existences in the future, in order to pry apart the laws that they had comprehended. As for the laws which were not useful for his path, Leylin would then transfer it to this weapon and increase its power.

With that many laws infused in it, Leylin could only guess at what a monstrosity it would become in the future. One day the name of this weapon would reverberate around the entire cosmos, making the many existences of law shudder in fear!

.....

Behind the construction of this origin force weapon was the quintessence of an entire civilisation. Even with Leylin's processing ability together with the help of the A.I. Chip, he needed some time to fully digest the information and wield it for his own. Not only that, he had to simulate new models, optimising and perfecting it.

Time passed by quietly as Leylin began his experiments on manipulating Dreamscape's origin force to the construction of the overgod weapon. During this period of time, he had not recklessly attempt to challenge any Lords of Calamity, but only accompanied his family members in living a rather tranquil yet comfortable lifestyle.

Until one day...



# Chapter 1065 - Allsnake

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Leylin's laboratory had been transformed into an enormous maze of infinite space. A few furnaces within burned with the unquenchable fire of origin force.

The powerful energy was restricted by many shackles formed of laws, poured into the enormous spell formation at the centre.

At the heart of this spell formation was an enormous pool, liquid origin force from Dreamscape present within. Just a drop of this could drive other beings of law crazy.

A faint black shadow could be seen at the centre of the pool, greedily absorbing the surrounding energy and origin force to radiate a vaguely sharp and deadly aura. It seemed like some cruel giant creature of prehistoric times lay there, dormant.

"It took several hundred years, but the embryo of the weapon is ready. Next is the sculpting..." Leylin stood by the pool dressed in black robes, his eyes filled with satisfaction.

"Leylin... Leylin..." Just at this moment, his expression changed. A summons was transmitted from his bloodline, full of intoxicating power.

'It's the Snake Dowager! Has the time of our thousand year contract come already?' Leylin sighed lightly as he stepped away. He watched as the surroundings changed greatly.

As spacetime began to change, Leylin had already arrived outside the world boundary of the Magus World. His true body now emerged in the endless astral plane. A woman dressed in black was waiting for him in the limitless starry skies.

“We meet again... Snake Dowager!” Leylin said softly. He now had a clear estimate of the Snake Dowager’s strength. She was a rank 8 Magus! Even if she hadn’t formed her own path by refining her laws yet, and her combat power was a little inferior to the Lords of Calamity, she was a creature who’d lived countless years and most likely had several trump cards hidden.

“Your Excellency Leylin! Every time we meet, I seem to be ever more surprised...” The Snake Dowager’s face was veiled with a black muslin cloth. Only her glittering eyes, as bright as stars, were revealed to the outside world. They rippled with endless charm, filled with sweet-tempered emotion.

One could see a fondness for life and beauty from her eyes, and anyone could see their most perfect image of a woman at its centre. It had to be said that when it came to laws of charm, the Snake Dowager’s comprehension had reached a terrifying level.

“With your current power, you’re at the forefront of rank 7 existences across all worlds. If it’s like this, then I can feel at ease...” The Snake Dowager stood shoulder to shoulder with Leylin. Her thousand snake form did not have the sphere of serpents below her, but Leylin felt that this was a true form, not her avatar.

He smelt the fragrance of a maiden as well as the rippling of silky hair— and the most important thing was the intimate connection of bloodline. It gave all her bloodline descendents the feeling of being favoured by the gods.

Still, no matter how beautiful she was, she was still just a cooperative partner to Leylin.

“I have not forgotten our thousand year contract about the Shadow World. So, why have you come to find me?” Leylin wrinkled his brow.

It was not easy to fight over a large world, especially the Shadow World which was equivalent in rank to the Purgatory World. There would be many beings of law in that place, and what’s more they’d managed to expel her in the past!

Snake Dowager was originally an existence of laws from the Shadow World, and had been a rank 8 Magus for a while. It was a pity that while fighting over the control of the world, her refinement of the power of shadows into her own path had failed. She had been forced to bring her bloodline descendents to the Purgatory World.

Since then, parts of her bloodline had circulated outside. They were tinged by the chaotic nature of Purgatory whatever world they spread to.

Strictly speaking, Leylin’s Kemoyin Warlock inheritance had been part of her legacy. Because of that, there was no way that the

path of bloodlines and its conflict would be so easily resolved.

Since it stemmed from this reason, and he also intended to quell his quarrels with her, Leylin finally decided to help her out once. As for the other conditions and treasures, in truth it wasn't enough of a motivation for an existence of laws to act.

“Is this fate?” Leylin's eyes brightened. As if something had snapped, his aura began to come to a standstill. At this, the Snake Dowager's eyes glowed with extraordinary splendour. It was clear that her junior Leylin had surprised her.

“Of course not. I had an agreement with the Trial's Eye as well as other supremes to act at the most appropriate time,” the Snake Dowager said in a nasal voice, her tone clear and silky. All who heard it unconsciously lost themselves.

“Have you completed your preparations, Your Excellency?”

“I have, I'm ready to act at any time,” Leylin replied. His origin force weapon was now mostly complete. He'd need time to pour laws in and sculpt it, something that could not be rushed. Still, his current battle might exceeded that of ordinary rank 8 existences, making it very possible for him to escape with his own life.

Besides, if he was able to drag the Snake Dowager into Dreamscape, Leylin was sure that he would be able to teach her an unforgettable lesson.

With his confidence in his own power, Leylin now dared to reveal his true self before the Snake Dowager. After all, his opponents were not limited to the existences of laws within the Shadow World. In the depths of Leylin's heart, he had never trusted the Snake Dowager. This was so even if he'd signed a bloodline contract with Dreamscape as his witness.

“Very well, then. Let us depart now. We need to pass by five other worlds to reach the Shadow World, passing through the cracks between worlds...”

A giant pitch-black serpent emerged from her dulcet tones, the Allsnake symbol upon its head as it leapt into the endless astral river.

This sort of ultra long-distance world transformation was required to transport Leylin and other existences of laws like him. Astral gates were unable to bear such a burden, so it was necessary to use the most primitive form of travel.

Leylin shrugged his shoulders and stepped onto the path paved by starlight, walking side-by-side with the Snake Dowager as they journeyed towards the Shadow World.

The astral plane— This was the concept that the ancient Magi had of the distant universe. It represented the limitlessness of space with its endless borders. The ancient Magi had all been fond of exploring and exploiting the astral plane.

The astral plane was full of numerous dimensions and worlds,

planes, demiplanes, and even special places where the remains of ancient Magi lay dead. It was filled with danger, and the chaotic flow of space there would make it difficult for even rank 5 and rank 6 Magi to survive. It was even more pointless to talk about the strange and savage creatures here.

During ancient times, Magi below rank 7 used astral gates to explore the astral plane, danger omnipresent in their expeditions. However, for these two who were strolling through the astral river, the danger that was enough to annihilate a legion of great Magi was nothing more than some entertainment in their leisure time.

The frantic space storms did not raise a single corner of the pair's clothes. The astral creatures all made a detour around them, the turbulent and berserk auras of their bloodlines causing all weaker creatures to flee.

Currently, the Snake Dowager seemed to maintain a very low profile. When they encountered the aura of existences of laws, it had always been Leylin who had confronted them.

She naturally wanted to preserve the surprise of their attack, but Leylin felt that this was a rather useless gesture.

Leylin had not come unprepared. He'd already researched everything to do with the Shadow World, even if it was a shame that the Final War and its distance from the Magus World had left the news near useless.

Leylin only knew that the Snake Dowager's contest for the control of the Shadow World had failed, and she had been banished. However, he was completely in the dark about who her opponent had been.

The Snake Dowager had not breathed a word about the matter to anyone. Leylin reckoned that it was only when they reached the Shadow World that she would honestly tell him everything.

Awooo! Awooo! Standing on the path of starlight, Leylin watched as a huge creature with an extremely long tail walked past them with interest.

The creature's physique could not be described with just stats. It was roughly the same size as the Snake Dowager's astral body, with dark brown leather on its skin imprinted with scales. It had thousands of gigantic feet beneath its fat body, their shapes strange and twisted. Six pairs of broken fleshly wings were on its back, and it saw them through a pair of amber eyeballs that had only just appeared. Its light green pupils greedily scanned across its surroundings.

An enormous tongue occasionally pulled several floating creatures into this body, even the stronger astral creatures unable to escape this fate.

After seeing Leylin and the Snake Dowager, the enormous monster snorted. Two destructive pillars of smoke erupted from its nostrils. With a wave of its tail, it disappeared deeper into the astral plane.

The Snake Dowager introduced the creature to Leylin, “This was Merxiname, the astral plane’s ‘streetsweeper’. It feeds on the corrupted trash of the astral plane, and has a gentle temperament...”

“I’ve seen its description before in books on the astral world, but this is the first time I’ve seen it in person...” Leylin looked at the enormous body of the Merxiname, his eyes filled with a faint regret.

The creature’s body was almost as big as a plane, so it could only survive on the amount of food it would get in the astral plane.

“Also, the Merxiname has the ability to create astral wormholes. Follow it, perhaps we can save some time.” This secret was just one of many an ancient existence like the Snake Dowager would know, such as the burial grounds of treasure from ancient Magi. Even one bit of news could drive others crazy.



# Chapter 1066 - Mistress Of The Night

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The ‘Astral Plane Devourer’ dragged its enormous body ahead on its path. Merxiname’s two tails swayed without the slightest care.

Devouring a broken fragment of a plane, this enormous ‘streetsweeper’ of the astral plane roared out like a tiger, causing the surroundings to tremble. The space in front of it cracked apart, causing a pitch black tunnel to emerge.

“An astral wormhole!” The Snake Dowager looked at the spatial tunnel with some excitement, “I smell the unique aroma of the world’s ridge at the end of the tunnel. It’ll help us save nine astral days on our journey.”

“That’s really lucky, given how random the Merxiname’s wormholes are. Being able to find a useful one by coincidence... this is rather fortunate indeed. It seems to be an omen of good luck,” Leylin echoed.

“Speaking of spatial techniques for the astral plane, the Magus World’s astral gate is the most outstanding of them all. Pity it’s not suitable for our ranks, it would require ten years’ worth of resources for a single trip...” The Snake Dowager spread her fair and tender fingertips, her alluringly red nails bright and glittering.

“The World Spring technique is probably the most suitable transportation method for those of our rank. With Merxiname’s astral wormholes combined with a shortcut through Dreamscape... Such a pity, Dreamscape is currently exhausted of origin force...”

As she spoke of it, the Snake Dowager's bewitching eyes were pointedly fixed on Leylin.

“Oh? My lady's information truly is extensive, I'm ashamed of being so inferior to you...” Leylin's skin was currently so thick that he posed with a modest expression.

“After I wrest back control of the Shadow World, I would be quite willing to spend some time with Your Excellency. I have many secrets from ancient times that are worth sharing with you...” The Snake Dowager laughed in a silvery girlish tone. However, it was filled with the enchantment of a mature woman, able to drive all male creatures crazy.

Leylin scratched his nose and did not say much in reply, instead diving directly into the astral wormhole.

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Having experienced the astral wormhole and the magnificent world ridge, Leylin and the Snake Dowager arrived near the boundary of an enormous world.

“I have returned... This time, no one will be able to banish me!” The Snake Dowager looked at the enormous murky world in the distance, the shadow force surging above it causing her eyes to fill with determination and desire.

“My opponent is very good at concealment, and my enemies that

are hidden in the shadows have a sharp perception. Follow me...” The Snake Dowager took the initiative and led Leylin by hand, fleeing to a different location.

The space here was empty, in a region a little smaller than a semiplane. It seemed to be rooted outside the Shadow World, yet strangely isolated from it. Without the Snake Dowager actively leading him here, Leylin would have spent a long time trying to find this place.

He withdrew his hand, reflecting on the soft satin-like skin of the Dowager as well as the connection of their bloodlines.

However, he soon turned his attention elsewhere. Several existences had been waiting for them within this secret space.

On the left was an enormous vertical eye wielding the power of trials and laws. It was the Trial’s Eye, someone Leylin was intimately familiar with. There were two other beings of law beside it, an old fellow dressed in luxurious black robes and a sphere of smoke.

“Let me introduce everyone. This is Leylin of the Magus World,” the Snake Dowager took centre stage and warmly introduced Leylin, “You’ve met the Trial’s Eye before. This is Yuri the Conqueror of the Thunderstorm World, and Lady Massa of the Dark World...”

When her finger moved from the imperial old man to the sphere of smoke, the Dowager added, “My apologies, Lady Massa is a little

shy in front of strangers.”

‘How did such an exotic flower bloom amongst the beings of laws?’ Leylin thought to himself. Still, he didn’t show any of this on his face. The two experts’ strengths hadn’t been disguised.

Yuri looked at Leylin with an exacting glance before turning his attention to the Snake Dowager, “A rank 7 Warlock? I suppose he barely qualifies as this elder’s ally. Only, Snake Dowager, you should tell us what happened since we are all here now. I don’t want to cross swords with an enemy that I know nothing about...”

“Ah, I wanted to discuss that now anyway,” The Dowager looked all around her with a rather bitter smile, “My enemy is not a native of the Shadow World. She’s an outsider!”

“An outsider!” Leylin cried out in alarm. This had surpassed his imagination, and it was no wonder that the Dowager had been so reluctant to loosen her lips on the matter. It was inconceivable that the World Origin Force would favour an outsider over an existence of laws that it had nurtured itself!

Since it was an outsider, the information on this enemy was very sparse, especially since they grasped the laws of concealment..

“Yes... The enemy was like an incarnation of shadow, receiving the favour of the entire world,” the Dowager slowly stated.

From her description, she had the advantage of having a soul

native to the Shadow World, which meant that she would easily obtain the favour of the World Will. Once she reached rank 8, she waited until she had grasped her own path and refined shadow force to advance to the peak of rank 8.

At that time, perhaps she would have chosen to fuse with the entire World Will and become the avatar of the Shadow World. From then on, she would be eternal with the world. It was a shame that it had all changed after the outsider had arrived.

“When I discovered the outsider at first, I felt that their aura was very strange. Although it had been concealed by concentrated shadow, it still felt a little weak...” The Snake Dowager’s beautiful eyes were a little distant, as if she had sunk into her memories.

“Once the outsider entered the Shadow World, the entire World Origin Force seemed to cheer, as if it had found its true master. It was in such high spirits that no one could comprehend. I never thought that a World Will could be so fond of a living creature...”

“With World Origin Force pouring into the outsider, they seemed to recover quickly from their weakness. They advanced at unthinkable speed to rank 8. I began to grow impatient, and chose to fight over the authority of the Shadow World, and all of you know the outcome already...”

Although he couldn’t see her face, Leylin felt the Dowager’s soul aura begin to fluctuate, filled with resistance and resentment.

‘According to the Dowager, the outsider had received the great

favour of the Shadow World. Perhaps they surpass the Nightmare King with his Nightmare Absorption Physique already. Then, that is to say that the World Will approves of the outsider and feels that their path is the most suitable for the Shadow World?' Leylin thought to himself and involuntarily sighed. He felt that things had gotten a lot more complicated.

Even though the outsider did not have other existences of laws to help them, once a World Will got involved, they could become very powerful.

Fighting at close quarters in a world brimming over with hostility, with the child of that very world? Leylin would not do something this stupid. The unfortunate Lord of Calamity Salilus had been the best example of the problems with that.

Leylin saw that Salilus could perhaps flee in another world, but in Dreamscape Leylin used the World Will as an unstoppable weapon to slay him. Winning against his enemy in such a way was awfully entertaining, but being challenged himself like that was quite frightening instead.

"Dowager! According to what you said, when we fight the outsider, won't the entire Shadow World support them against us? Since it's like this, are you still choosing to fight the enemy from the shadows?"

"Even if we are allies who have signed a contract, we still have the authority to retreat when faced with such danger!" It was clear that the World Will of a great world had the Trial's Eye feeling fearful.

None of the beings of law here dreaded the World Will of planes, they themselves could easily steamroll it. A small world's World Will would call for a little more power, while a medium-sized World Will would surpass the power of an existence of law. Two or three, however, would be sufficient to win.

But the Shadow World was a large world. One would need peak rank 8 strength to contend with it! Sadly, none of those gathered here possessed that power. In other words, if the Dowager used to have a helper of that rank she wouldn't have been banished so easily.

“You can be rest assured on this point. I'm a native of the Shadow World, my innate soul approved by the World Will. The opponent, on the other hand, is an outsider. Their soul of laws has been branded differently, and cannot be changed. With the hundred thousand years I lived here before, I still have some authority in this world.”

The Dowager stood there and tried to comfort the others, otherwise the group of members would immediately flee.

“It isn't possible for the Shadow World's World Will to give up on the outsider, but it's possible to force the other native beings of laws into a neutral position, which means that the Shadow World won't especially target us. We still have a chance of success. My impatience was what originally led to the opponent gaining the upper hand!” The Snake Dowager gritted her teeth.

“Mm, then it should be possible if this is the situation. Right, what is the name of your enemy? What form do they take?” Leylin stroked his chin and soon asked.

“She enjoys hiding in the shadows and darkness, and no one has seen her true face. Her public form is that of a strange elven girl, so she’s called the Mistress of the Night!” the Snake Dowager said softly.

“The darling of the shadows? The Mistress of the Night?” Once Leylin heard of this description, he immediately reacted with thoughts of the World of Gods.

‘I remember very clearly that there was a Mistress of the Night who controlled shadows in the pantheon before the dusk of the gods. Shar disappeared mysteriously after the incident, so it can’t be a coincidence!’



# Chapter 1067 - Sneaking In

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Mistress of the Night, Shar. The Goddess of the Night, Shadows, and Magic. This was an intermediate god.

Shar's power was equivalent to that of a rank 8 Magus. Rumours said that she used the form of an eccentric elven maiden dressed in black muslin, worshipped by many wizards who walked the path of darkness.

If a god of such standing came to the Shadow World, it was quite possible that she would obtain the favour of the World Will and origin force.

‘There seems to be an error in my previous thoughts,’ Leylin's brain quickly whirred into action, ‘During the ancient Final War, Magi arrived at the World of Gods, but those gods could also come out. If they were willing to give up their godhood and divine realms...’

To a god, giving up their godhood and divine realm was like destroying the foundation of their entire being. It was equivalent to committing suicide.

Besides, the World of Gods was sealed, and gods could only face off against Magi due to their divine realms. In the astral plane they'd be heavily suppressed, so why would a god who'd almost been killed do such a thing as go there?

Even the ancient Magi didn't think such a wonderful god would

exist. Sadly they'd forgotten something due to the differences in their lines of thought. Luck was a very important factor in the birth of a god, maybe even the primary reason. This led to the existence of many wonderful and exotic gods.

‘Besides, if a god had their followers slain and their divine realm destroyed, they'd be left with no burden. It'd make sense for one to give everything up...’ The more Leylin thought about the matter, the more certain he was that his hypothesis was possibly correct.

‘As a result, when Shar entered the Shadow World, she appeared rather weak. Only with the help of the Shadow World did she very quickly recover her power and banish the Snake Dowager...’

Without faith and their divine realms, gods basically had graves dug and waiting for them. However, Shar had effectively changed her ‘class.’ It could be said that, after a painful process of abandoning her immortality as a deity, she'd become a Magus!

As a result, she had successfully lived and hidden ‘behind enemy lines’ and rooted herself beneath the eyes of the Magi.

‘I smell the aftermath of the Final War...’ Leylin began to feel horrified. How many in the astral plane were existences like Shar? If they burst out at the suitable moment, then what impact would they have on his own plans?

Though they had never met, Leylin's heart was over 90% confident that the Mistress of the Night who had taken over the Shadow World and banished the Snake Dowager was none other

than Shar of the World of Gods!

‘A surviving god, it’s better for her to die...’ In his heart, he had unhesitatingly passed a death sentence on Shar.

He was thinking a little logically. Leylin was a Warlock, and since he was with the Magi he naturally wanted to quickly exterminate this remnant god. Of course, the benefits he’d gain with this were a whole other matter.

“What? Leylin, did you think of something related to the Mistress of the Night?” The Snake Dowager clearly discovered that Leylin had momentarily become absent-minded. Her beautiful eyes turned towards him, which also attracted the attention of the other existences of laws.

“Oh, it’s nothing much. I just recalled the name of the Mistress of the Night, and I feel like it’s a little familiar...” Leylin thought and decided not to drop that bomb. After all, he wasn’t certain that it would bring him any benefits at all.

It wasn’t just that. There were few records of the World of Gods after the Final War, and they were very messy. The name of the Mistress of the Night wasn’t something these existences could connect things to.

‘I’ll go and have a look first, but even if we can’t dispatch of the Mistress, fleeing wouldn’t be a problem. At the most crucial point, we can send communications to Mother Core and others of that rank to kill the god. We’re just the frontlines of the battle...’ Leylin

thought irresponsibly.

“The name of Mistress of the Night has been used by many. I propose that we start with the identity of the enemy existence of laws. How could a rank 7 or above being not leave the slightest of traces across the astral plane?” the old emperor Yuri suggested.

‘You’ve found the direction, but there’s still an issue. The enemy is not an existence from our astral plane, but has instead come from the sealed World of Gods. The crystal sphere prevents all exchange of communications!’ Leylin sighed in his heart.

“It’s no use, I went looking for Sage Anthony before this. Even someone who can listen to every piece of news in the astral plane didn’t find a single record of a being of laws going by the name of Mistress of the Night...” The Snake Dowager shook her head.

“Very well! The enemy’s history isn’t important. The most crucial point is your plan, Snake Dowager,” Yuri waved his hand and looked at the Snake Dowager. He completely ignored the effect of her bewitching eyes and floating silky hair.

“Leylin and I share a bloodline that originates from the Shadow World, so we won’t be rejected by it. So this time, let me first go with him into the Shadow World and see the latest news, while you all wait outside the world for our response,” the Dowager unhurriedly spoke of her plans.

She was a native of the Shadow World, and Leylin had originally been of her bloodline. The Kemoyin bloodline would naturally not

be rejected by the Shadow World and could harmoniously enter. He would not suffer the attention and suppression of the World Will.

As for the other existences of laws, they could only unfortunately continue to stay here. After all, the entry of a foreign existence of laws into the world would certainly arouse the Mistress of the Night's attention.

“So you're sure that the outsider hasn't broken past the peak of rank 8 and fused with the World Will? After all, according to what you just said, the Mistress is incomparably compatible with the Shadow World!” Lady Massa questioned from within the mist.

“I am very doubtful that this has happened. I previously left an imprint on the Shadow World Will, and if the Mistress fused with it I would know immediately. However, there has been no response until now, which implies that the Mistress was unsuccessful...” The Snake Dowager frowned, obviously puzzled by this point as well.

Even if she was an outsider, with the Shadow World Will's tolerant attitude, she should have been promoted to the peak of rank 8 already. The Snake Dowager could only give up and stay in Purgatory World. However, several thousands of years had already passed. The Mistress' strength had not grown greatly, and only recently had there been some change. This aroused certain feelings in the Snake Dowager's heart.

It was Leylin who guessed the reason. ‘Was it the influence of the god's brand? It's true, a rank 8 existence changing factions as she

pleases, even if it is their character, what sort of joke is this?”

He estimated that Shar had spent thousands of years after she banished the Snake Dowager adjusting and adapting. Only after her innate self had been transformed completely could she fuse with the World Will of the Shadow World, advancing completely to the peak of rank 8.

It was clear that the Mistress was about to succeed. The Snake Dowager could not sit still initiated her final struggle to the death.

Indeed, this was a struggle to the death. In Leylin’s view, the Dowager was a native who’d grasped the right time and location, fulfilling all the essential criteria to fuse with the World Will. It was a shame that Shar turned the tables on her, causing her to fail her first attempt. It was even more pointless to discuss the second attempt.

Shar had now spent several thousand years recovering and adapting to the Shadow World. The World Will didn’t hold back in terms of origin force, and she should have been close to peak rank 8, almost an existence like Mother Core.

‘If the Snake Dowager attacks again, her only fate is defeat. Not only is Shar shockingly powerful, her shrewdness and schemes are similarly outstanding. This is a powerful evil god we’re talking about, her name enough to make all the gods of good tremble...’

‘However, since she has me, this has all changed,’ Leylin thought shamelessly, ‘This time, the Dowager must pay the price for my

satisfaction. Otherwise...’

“So, your Excellency Leylin, do you have any objections towards my arrangement?”

“I have none, but just to be cautious, we had better move separately,’ Leylin added.

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After everything had been decided, several existences of laws began to act swiftly and decisively.

The Trial’s Eye, Yuri, and Lady Massa hid in different places, awaiting the Dowager’s summons. Leylin and the Snake Dowager concealed their auras, directly arriving outside the world boundary of the Shadow World.

‘This abundant World Origin Force, as well as this sort of radiance...’ Leylin looked attentively at the enormous Shadow World with a trace of regret lingering in his eyes, ‘I see the light of civilisation above the sea of origin force, glittering and splendid.’

“It seems as if the Mistress of the Night did very well after I left,’ the Snake Dowager’s eyes seemed to grow a little despondent as she stood there in her maiden form. She was even more dismayed by her fall. It was clear that in terms of helping the world to evolve, the Mistress of the Night had far surpassed her. Under her faction, the feeling that the Shadow World now gave Leylin

surpassed the aura of large worlds like Purgatory and Icy World. Only the Magus World, the World of Gods and Dreamscape were a little superior.

“So, would you still like to continue?” Leylin politely asked, looking at the despondent form of the maiden who stood beside him.

“Of course! After I return, I’ll do much better than the Mistress!” The Snake Dowager’s expression seemed to change. Her regret and jealousy completely transformed into the flames of revenge.

“Besides, this time I won’t leave again!” Black datura petals bloomed beneath her feet, enveloping her entirely into a black flower bud. In this form, she touched the membrane of the world boundary.

The Shadow World did not react and allowed the black flowerbud to merge through the membrane. This was the method that the Dowager used to pass illegitimately through the boundary.



# Chapter 1068 - Shadow

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‘Female jealousy!’ Leylin shrugged his shoulders, sighing helplessly before he followed the Snake Dowager. His current abilities allowed him to pass silently through the crystal sphere of the World of Gods, so the Shadow World wasn’t a challenge.

The force of his Kemoyin bloodline surrounded him, and the Shadow World emitted a comforting aura. It immediately admitted Leylin inside...

At the core of the Shadow World, within the limitless sea of origin force. There was a magnificent and refined palace here, built out of black stone. Shadow force pervaded the surroundings, and at the very centre was a large black crystal. A beautiful girl could faintly be seen within the crystal, lying in slumber.

‘Hehe, the Weave has responded, the prey has taken the bait. Is it the Dowager?’ A laugh like the tinkle of a bell sounded, as a maiden dressed in black muslin emerged from the shadows. She looked just like the maiden sleeping within the black crystal.

“Let’s see, where are you?” The maiden stretched out her fair and delicate fingers. She seemed to connect with the authority of the world, and a bright and beautiful screen appeared before her.

The screen showed a black datura flower bud and a blood-red cocoon transform into streaks of light, advancing like lightning through the world’s boundary. They streaked across the skies.

“Ah?” However, just as the maiden was about to zoom in and follow their trails, the screen suddenly flickered with static. A mechanical voice sounded out, “Unknown interference has occurred, tracking terminated.”

“Haha, what an interesting opponent. They want to play hide and seek with me? Well, I just happened to want to go out for a walk.” The maiden stretched lazily, exposing the graceful curves of her body before disappearing into the palace. Multiple shadows formed to conceal everything within.

“Damn, what was that just now?” The Snake Dowager’s flustered and exasperated voice could be heard ahead of him. Leylin’s lips curved into a faint smile in response.

‘A magic network, or should I call it a Shadow Weave? If it wasn’t for my previous experience with the World of Gods’ Weave, as well as my research into Karsus’ Avatar, it wouldn’t have been this easy to disrupt it.’

“Dowager, I’ve already blocked the Mistress’ surveillance. The situation has changed now, but we had better split up at once!” The blood-red cocoon turned beautifully in midair, changing its trajectory.

Before they parted, Leylin kindheartedly reminded the Dowager, “Be careful, perhaps the current Shadow World is completely different from the one that you remember.”

After officially entering the Shadow World, Leylin knew why the

Dowager wanted to drag him in. The Shadow World tolerated Leylin in the same way as the Magus World did. He did not feel the slightest sense of rejection, as if he was a native here.

‘Is this complete lack of rejection and suppression due to the original Allsnake bloodline? So only the Dowager and I can minimise the surveillance of the World Will, and avoid discovery by the Mistress of the Night.’

The Dowager was originally a Shadow World native, and had been the person closest to controlling the entire world. She had been greatly favoured by the World Will. Since he was once a descendant of hers, Leylin carried the brand of the Shadow World in his body. The world would not reject him innately, which would allow him to conceal his presence as much as possible.

The Trial’s Eye and their other allies were different. They would be discovered the moment they touched the world’s edge, and the Mistress of the Night would act against them immediately.

‘My interference will put Shar off our trail for a short period of time. Still, it might not be enough to secure our safety.’ Leylin took out a few bizarre dolls with painted faces.

‘I never would have thought that I would use up the voodoo dolls that I made earlier in this place.’ A blood-red glow appeared on the dolls’ bodies. Enveloped by light, the strange dolls seemed to inflate and giggle cheerfully.

“Hee hee!” “Haha!”

Having grown to the size of normal humans, the paint on the dolls' faces changed. They grew more and more animated, and their auras slowly changed to resemble Leylin's own.

Bang! The three voodoo dolls separated, the original blood-red cocoon dividing into three and falling in different areas.

'This Shadow World has been radically changed by the Mistress of the Night. The most startling change is the warning system surrounding the world boundary.'

In his former location, Leylin had already concealed his own figure and begun descending slowly. He felt like Shar had transformed the Shadow World into an extremely secure fortress in all these years, which meant their own operations could meet great difficulty...

"Beep! Unidentified flying object detected, transmitting information to ground station!"

Once Leylin had divided himself into several avatars, a number of satellites that had been orbiting the Shadow World paused their normal tasks to send a warning to ground control.

Inside a large hall with receptors for the signals from the satellites, those within working tirelessly. A soldier stood up and marched over to her superior, handing him an image. On the image was one of Leylin's avatars in the shape of a blood-red meteor. "Sir! An unidentified flying object has been spotted. This

is the video capture from drone #3.”

“Mm, what does the warning officer advise?” The commander was a middle-aged man with faint white streaks in his hair. He had eyes like an eagle’s, his gaze sharp and chilling.

“The images from the satellite show that the target’s volume does not exceed two shadow cubits. It’s not a giant meteorite, so it might be some astral debris or natural star fragments. However, we haven’t been able to deny the possibility that it’s some astral creature,” the soldier replied quickly.

“Mm, those astral creatures have always been extremely dangerous. Those that bring disease or curses are the most dangerous, if it spreads far it might harm society greatly.” The middle-aged man waved his hand, “Exterminate it!”

“Understood! Secondary space cannon prepared. Shadow Weave fully charged, beginning countdown. T minus 3, 2—”

Having received the order, the control tower quickly leapt into action. A blue laser shot out of the ground, accurately targeting the blood-red meteorite.

But just at this moment, the blood-red meteorite on the screen suddenly changed. A glaring scarlet flare flashed, and a sharp warning sound issued out.

“Target has issued a high-energy response. Current energy level

surging rapidly. It's already reached a danger level of 5A! Sending automatic report to the security bureau of the empire!"

A researcher looked at the twisting image on the screen and suddenly cried out, his voice filled with panic. On the screen in the main hall, the blood-red meteor seemed to have developed its own will, drawing out a bright trajectory and directly dodging the laser attack.

Afterwards, the image of a doll emerged from the streak of light, its jet-black scleras suddenly flashing with light. The screen suddenly burst into a flurry of static.

"Drone #3 has gone silent!" The soldier from before cried out involuntarily, a stack of folders in her hands falling to the floor.

"Something malicious from another world! Has a powerful existence entered this place?" The commanding officer, that middle-aged man, wrung his hands as he muttered under his breath, "I never thought that I would run into another one.

"Everyone, the security bureau has issued the highest of orders. It is time, we must dedicate our lives in our loyalty to the empire!"

The middle-aged officer stood up and tore his collar off. He began to shout himself hoarse with orders, "Fire all the guided missiles from the surface! Destroy the target at all costs! Cancel all vacations of the surface armoured vehicle department, all members are to remain on standby! Also, connect me to the empire, I need to obtain the highest authority in Ando City's

Shadow Weave!’

“Sir, yes sir!” Multiple drills and the obedience training caused the soldier to bow and accept his order. Her heart was still at a loss, however, ‘These preparations, doesn’t it mean we’re gearing up for a world war?’

“Report!” Just at this time, the control tower’s communication device rang out. An alarming voice rang out, “Satellites #4 and #5 have encountered residual high-energy, unable to capture the meteor.”

Crash! A tremendous vibration rattled the area. The floor and the ceiling trembled continuously as the new energy-incandescent lights blinked on and off. A glaring red alarm flashed across the entire hall.

After a long time, the voice of a communications officer could be heard, blank and frightened, “Target has launched an offensive. Second division base has lost communications!”

“The fifth attack, enough to destroy the empire. Is it about to arrive?” The middle-aged officer’s glasses fell from his face, shattering into countless shards of glittering glass on the floor. He limply sat on his chair, seemingly losing all signs of energy.

‘What was that satellite just now? It looks like this world’s technology surpasses my expectations.’ Connected via his truesoul, Leylin could see the satellite that the voodoo doll had attacked. Strictly speaking, it looked no different from the satellites from his

previous life. However, it seemed to be powered by a different source of energy.

‘Besides, they tried to attack the voodoo doll with laser weapons. I should try to attack and see their defence!’ Leylin gave the command with no hesitation, and later saw a scene that satisfied him.

‘It seems like it is a branch base, their defence is on the level of Breaking Dawn Magi. Still, that base was being controlled by ordinary people!’ It was a pity that this sort of strength was nothing to Leylin. With a wave of his hand, his puppets could easily erase them.



# Chapter 1069 - Xavier

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‘Remain hidden as much as possible. Gather information and wait for further instructions.’ Giving commands to the rest of the puppets, Leylin descended into the atmosphere himself. Currently still in stealth mode, he was small enough a target to avoid the satellites’ detection even if they were still here.

After passing through a thick cloud full of radiation, Leylin saw a mysterious continent in front of his eyes. It was filled with the radiance of civilisation.

‘A.I. Chip, begin preparing plan 1,’ Leylin commanded.

[Beep! Plan 1 activated. Gathering data on gravity and atmosphere, remapping physical constants...]

The A.I. Chip loyally carried out Leylin’s orders, and then presented an analysis chart filled with information to him.

‘The atmosphere here is suitable for the survival of large life-forms. The other physical constants aren’t much different either, just that the inertia of the elemental particles is greater. So I can only absorb them through specific channels?’

Leylin felt like the Shadow World was rather interesting. Microscopic soul sensing allowed him to discover a huge and terrifyingly powerful Weave here.

‘In essence it’s like the one in the World of Gods, but there’s some difference in its scope and ability. As well, its mainly powered by shadow force. Should I call it the Shadow Weave?’

Now Leylin was left without doubt about the identity of this Mistress of the Night who’d taken the Shadow World from the Snake Dowager. It was evidently the Goddess of Shadows from the World of Gods, Shar!

‘Rumours say that the faith of dark wizards allowed Shar to involve herself in the domain of magic. Seems like it’s true...’ Leylin didn’t connect to the Shadow Weave directly. After all, Shar may have implemented some special restrictions, and any misstep could cause him to be discovered.

‘The most important thing now is to blend in and slowly get access to the Shadow Weave, obtaining enough power to control it.’ Leylin’s eyes glinted. With his experience from the World of Gods, it wouldn’t take long for Leylin to analyze the Shadow Weave.

Vroom! The sharp sound of a fast engine sounded out, and a large, foreign, yet all so familiar body flew past Leylin’s eyes.

Its streamlined design could reduce air drag greatly, and the two wings at its side maintained its balance. The powerful engine drove it forward, allowing it to fly in the sky with several thousand people within.

‘A plane? I never thought they’d be so advanced...’ Leylin sighed. He could see the numerous specks of light that represented souls within the flying vehicle. These souls were so tiny a mere ripple of power on his end would completely decimate them. Still, the knowledge of these puny things had allowed them to successfully conquer the skies!

‘A similar inclination towards technology and development...’ Leylin had a look of nostalgia in his eyes as he stood atop the upper cabin of the plane. He slowly sat down, memories from his previous life appearing in his mind.

“What’s going on?” Within the cabin, a young girl with a ponytail gazed at a brown-haired young man anxiously, “Are you feeling sick, brother? Should I get an attendant?”

“No I’m fine, Jill. I just felt uncomfortable all of a sudden. This terror, only that time with the school bus can compare...” The brown-haired youth smiled with a pale face, but his hands were still trembling unconsciously.

“That accident?” Jill’s eyes darkened. She knew fully well that her brother Xavier was exceedingly talented, and his natural sense of danger was quite powerful. Once in primary school, it had allowed them to avoid a serious traffic accident.

Recalling how terrible the news had reported it to be, as well as the scene where none of her classmates had survived, the girl’s eyes reddened. She couldn’t control the tears that fell, “It’s all my fault... If I didn’t force Brother to go as well...”

“Er... Didn’t I say it already? Don’t worry about it, and act as if we’re going to crash in the next second...” The young Xavier glanced at the surrounding passengers sheepishly and quickly hugged Jill, smiling apologetically at everyone else.

What he hadn’t mentioned was that he hadn’t had such a premonition before getting on the plane. It was just that he suddenly quivered in that instant, feeling helpless and despair at a sure death. This feeling buried itself into his heart, causing great trauma.

However, this feeling disappeared just as quickly, leaving not a trace. It made him feel like he’d gone crazy.

“It’s nothing. Stop crying, Jill!” Xavier could only do his best to console his little sister, but he could not help recalling what had just happened.

‘That feeling of a sure death that suddenly disappeared... What was that about?’ At this thought, the young man could not help but pull out a pendant at his neck, the bright red string having a black snake rune on it, ‘Is there a force here that can destroy this plane in an instant? Or is a war about to break out soon?’

“Haha... A crash? You’re hilarious!” A middle-aged man who was reading a magazine at the side put the book in his hands down, adjusting his glasses, “Crashes were indeed common twenty years ago. You could be unlucky enough to have failing components or meet a bird. However shadow force has come quite far since then,

and all aircraft are integrated into the Shadow Weave. All vehicles have powerful shadow armour protecting them, so even if you bump into a prehistoric dragon you won't face any problems..."

"Exactly... I've gotten on so many flights, and I've yet to hear about any dangers!" A curly-haired woman beside them began to chatter away.

"Is that so?" Jill was still very childlike in her thoughts. Having heard this she immediately stopped crying. Beads of sparkling tears hung on her rosy face, making her look even more pitiful.

"Yes!" After seeing the state Jill was in, the man who had been speaking suddenly sensed his lolicon soul come ablaze, suddenly exploding!

"Don't worry. Look at this!" He raised his arm, pulling at a portion of his sleeve to reveal a digital wristwatch with a unique design on his wrist. On the silvery-grey exterior was the symbol of a black crown.

"This..." Gasps could be heard everywhere. "The newest model of the rapid shadow series! Tsk..."

"Rapid Shadow V, providing the most convenient and quick connection to the Shadow Weave. It was developed by the empire's chief scientist Lirlian using the latest 2D point technique. It now supports the storage and download of spells at rank 3 and above, even if casting mid-ranked spells needs the caster to control things very well. Only university students of the empire and mechanics

above grade 5 can work this. I never thought uncle was such a bigshot!”

The young man could not conceal the envy and fervour in his eyes after seeing the man’s watch, and he blurted out all the information about it.

“So? Are you at ease yet? Even if anything happens to components of the plane, with the Shadow Armour and Flight that I bought and stored before, it will be enough to protect you...” The man spoke, immensely pleased with himself. He then stowed the watch away, amidst cheers and sounds of admiration.

“Thank you, uncle!” Jill yelled sweetly, and the man sat back down, pleased.

“Right... Maybe I’m too uptight? How could there be supernatural happenings in this day and age? The records at home are like legends. They’re all fake...” The youth, Xavier, heaved a long sigh, beginning to doubt himself for the first time.

“Dear brother!” At this moment, a youth in a black suit and gold-rimmed glasses pulled at the safety belt, heading over with a grim look on his face.

“I think you’re very right!”

“Could you be...” Xavier was now extremely excited.

“Mm! Even with the government forcefully getting involved and increasing shadow protection for all aviation vehicles, accidents are everywhere...” the suited man said stiffly, causing Xavier to nod without end.

“This world is too dangerous. One could be struck down by a maglev just walking on the roads, much less when it comes to a flood of Shadow Weave connections allowing minors to use magic as they wish. There’s other issues as well...”

The suited man’s words were headed in a strange direction. Soon, he picked out a beautiful advertisement from his briefcase and placed it in front of Xavier. “Hence, for the sake of you and your family, insurance is necessary! Our company is now launching the newest services that involve protection from Shadow Weave radiation as well as flight risks. Take a look, and ask me any questions you have. Here’s my business card...”

“So it’s to sell insurance...” Xavier’s face was now crinkled in a frown, and Jill finally smiled after all the crying.

“Well... I’ll think about it. But the attendant is coming over...” Xavier pulled back, pointing to the long-legged stewardess with a smile on her face.

“You must choose our Imperial Love. By picking Imperial Love, you’re choosing a better future...” the youth said sternly with a nod before returning to his seat.

“Sigh... young people these days...” An old granny seated behind

him sighed, causing Xavier to wish he could bury his head in his chest...



# Chapter 1070 - Ancient Book

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The passengers in Xavier's cabin heaved a sigh of relief after the plane landed safely on the runway. Following that, they stared at him in blame.

"My apologies!" Xavier held his sister's hand and left the cabin, as if running away to the airport terminal.

"Hey wait up! Wait!" The man with the watch caught up to them, "You left your purse behind!"

"Oh, thank you Mister!" Jill thanked the man courteously, taking a pink purse with a cartoon bear on it.

"Haha, I'm just 25. Don't call me Mister, just Crowley is fine..." This man who looked like an uncle with long sideburns smiled wryly, "And your names are?"

Xavier gripped his sister's hand, and spoke politely, "I'm Xavier, and this is my sister Jill, we're here to study..."

Crowley noticed the wariness in Xavier's eyes, but he smiled without caring, "Oh I see... This is my number. I have some connections here in Thousand Bears City, so remember to look for me if something's up." Having said that, he handed a long string of numbers to Xavier and disappeared into the crowd.

"Jill, don't just casually speak to strangers in the future!" Xavier

reprimanded his sister after seeing Crowley off.

“But I felt like Mister Crowley was nice...” Jill bit her lips.

“Don’t rely on your instincts anymore. Live like a normal person!” Xavier sighed, seemingly relieved of all his burden. He hailed a floating vehicle and boarded it alongside Jill, the wheelless machine converging into the roads that were like a network of arteries...

Neither Xavier nor Jill realised that a strand of black hair had attached itself to them. It was a power that lay between material and secondary energy, so even with extraordinary powers the siblings didn’t detect it.

“I never thought I’d find the blood of the Snake Dowager while just looking around!” Leylin could sense the bloodline of the Snake Dowager in the siblings, even if it was extremely thin.

The siblings possessed extrasensory powers, able to foresee bits and pieces of the future. Although he hadn’t been masking his presence, the ability to sense him was still somewhat remarkable. Because of that, Leylin made an exception and put some attention on this pair of siblings, attaching a tracking spell to them.

Standing amidst the river of people, he observed his surroundings. The passersby walking to and fro did not seem to see him.

The high-rise buildings with over a hundred floors, the apartments, massive billboards, maglev trains and transparent tubes that served as streets... Everything gave Leylin a sense of extreme nostalgia. It was like he'd returned to his previous life.

‘No wonder I could see traces of civilisation in the world’s shadow force. Evidently they’ve undergone a few technological revolutions, and the population has grown to a frightening number...’

A rough estimate said the population of this Thousand Bears City was more than ten million. The information he’d gathered on the plane told him this was but a middle-tier city of one empire, which meant the population of the entire world most likely fast approached that of the Magus World. And this was inclusive of the subterranean world!

“It’s been proven that science and technology sustain the greatest growth of life for ordinary beings...” Without any extraordinary abilities, living together as a species and with technology was the best option, especially when there was a mastermind behind the curtains pushing for this development.

“In relation to the population, the number of extraordinary beings seemed to be suppressed...” Leylin thought of the wristwatch, Rapid Shadows. This device was commonly worn by ordinary citizens here.

“Extraordinary powers have been changed to devices. As long as one is able to fork out a little bit of money, even a child would be able to download a spell from the Shadow Weave?”

Leylin's eyes conveyed interest, "This Mistress of the Night, Shar, what is she trying to do?"

He turned his gaze to a giant light screen in the sky. It was made of numerous points of light, currently showing an advertisement for some product. That changed as the time for news arrived.

"A mine containing a new energy source was discovered this morning, causing stock in the energy sector to drop drastically. The market is closed for the day."

"The Prime Minister's wife will appear at a charity even in the Shangri-La Hotel tonight, donating to the inhabitants of the thirteen coastal cities devastated by Hurricane Darkness. Analysts say that this..."

"The authorities have once again asserted their swift, resolute decision to clamp down on all illegal markets of Rapid Shadows 5.0. In a joint effort stretched across various parties, the target this time was the fabrication of false documentation, especially that specifically required to purchase Rapid Shadows.

"Emergency Notice: Amdo City was hit by a meteorite 3 hours and 12 minutes ago, causing an infrastructure collapse. The surrounding tremours were extremely powerful, causing financial damages amounting to 37.85 million. The number of casualties is unknown at the time of this report. The local garrison troops have..."

The reporter who wore a work outfit explained the disaster in a stern voice, as images of troops entering Amdo City was seen.

“Their reaction is pretty fast, huh.” Leylin shook his head and did not pay any further attention to it. A newly developed empire with a mysterious entity like the Mistress of the Night controlling it from behind the scenes could unleash extreme power if he stepped on it.

The ancient Netherese were an example. The golden period of the Nether Empire allowed it to rival even the gods!

Leylin had no doubts that, should Shar use some of her hidden cards, his very own voodoo dolls would be discovered sooner or later. However, they were only meant to distract her. He was already satisfied that they were able to last this long.

“Hmm, maybe I should watch the news more often, who knows if any news about the Snake Dowager may appear...” Leylin grinned.

According to his observations, the Shadow World now was a completely different world from the one that she spoke of. Just like the differences between the middle ages and 21st century of his past life.

An antique like her may not be tech savvy, captured on some fellow’s camera due to the technological advancement of this world. However, these were all minor details. Leylin believed that even if it were to happen, the Snake Dowager would sense the difference and conceal herself.

‘To put it in other words, after those voodoo dolls, the Snake Dowager will be the one who will divert the attention away from me...’ Leylin’s eyes flashed. Although he was invited here by the Snake Dowager, he had no intentions of playing the role of nanny.

‘Intelligence is the current priority. I can’t connect to the Shadow Weave recklessly, I need to find an opportunity...’ Leylin looked at the news that was being replayed, and suddenly got an idea.

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Outside of the city, at the second level of a small villa.

Compared to the outside world which was so technologically advanced, this villa had a rather rustic and unadorned layout. Or in other words, it was old-fashioned.

“I never thought we’d be able to live at home even if it hasn’t been maintained in so long.” Jill wiped the sweat off her cheek, and her dusty hands left several black streaks on her face. She was like a kitten playing around.

Xavier, wearing an apron, saw his sister and frowned, “You’re dirty! Hurry and wash up...”

This was their old home, one that had been abandoned for many years. If not for the fact that this place could allow them to

commune to school, the siblings would never have stepped foot in this place. It took some dusting and cleaning up to make it fit for living.

“I wonder why Mom and Dad didn’t sell this place off back then. Is what they say true, that this is our heritage from several hundreds of years of ancestry?”

Xavier did not believe much of it. Finishing dinner, he placed a video call to a gentle and smiling older couple.

“I have organised the things...” Xavier nonchalantly said.

“Alright! Little Xav, you have to bear the burden of an adult and take care of your sister...” The middle-aged man said, before continuing after some hesitation, “Also...In our old home, between the layer of the two bookshelves, there are some things that you can have a look at...”

“Oh? That useless book? I have seen it several times since I was three...” Xavier said in an unperturbed manner.

“What?” The voice on the other end was raised by a full octave. The man grasped at his heart as if unable to believe what he had just heard.

“Isn’t it just a book written about some strange fantasies, magic and other nonsense? I can’t believe you actually stowed it away like some treasure, and the main point is you did not do a very

good job of hiding it...”

Xavier rolled his eyes, before exchanging a few more sentences with his parents in a pacifying manner and ended the call.

“That book...This brings back some memories...” Through some sort of nostalgia, Xavier went to the study room in the upper level and found the book that was hidden between the two shelves.

Due to the accumulation of time, the cover of the book was now extremely faded and obscure, with a thick layer of dust gather on it. This caused Xavier to become annoyed before he cleaned up the place another time.

“It’s so ancient. I’d believe it even if someone said it was a thousand years old...”



# Chapter 1071 - History

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Time had eroded the light yellow parchment. Not only were many of the handwritten words within blurred with age, the pages themselves stuck to each other as well. Several footnotes were stained with the trace of decay.

The book was written in form of ancient script, the worlds looping and distorted. It seemed like a three-year-old child could have written it better.

Xavier had hated reading and writing ever since kindergarten. With the 'good fortune' of a father with a doctorate in history, he'd had to understand various ancient writing styles since his youth. This specific script was a specialty of his, having been taught it seriously by his father.

Xavier managed to read the parts that were still legible.

"This is clearly a mythological story..." When he thought of his youth and how this storybook had accompanied him in his childhood, a faint smile arose on Xavier's face.

"The Snake Dowager ruled the entire Shadow World, and her descendents could later be found throughout the vicinity of Sanal. They possessed great power and defeated the homo sapiens, the Elias and other ancient creatures. Finally, they occupied the entire star continent."

"The Allsnake's heirs were called 'blood descendants' and

grasped the shadows, able to talk to all species of snakes. The blood descendants divided the continent into 15 kingdoms, crowning the most pure-blooded of them as their monarch...”

“They wrote this like it actually happened.” Young Xavier continued to flip the pages. Most of the book’s latter pages were spent describing the beauty of the Snake Dowager and her power. There was also rich descriptions of the Shadow World under her rule. Just as he had arrived at the latter half of the book, information appeared that made Xavier’s eyes light up.

“When the giant serpent’s final glorious empire fell, their ancestor’s bloodline mixed with other tribes. Theoretically, all creatures who possess the bloodline of the giant serpent can go through a period of cultivation and trigger their unique bloodline power...”

Xavier’s finger traced a datura flower bud, his fingertips stroking the uneven surface. This complicated craftsmanship definitely required skill, and was not something that was made for fun.

If one looked at it carefully, they could see many complex black runes on the flower. Still, about half had been worn away by time.

After the symbol was a bunch of meandering descriptions of training techniques. They suggested things like mixing together the blood of bats and lizards, smearing it under the nose to increase one’s chances of entering a meditative state.

‘This is what caused me to make such a huge fool of myself in

kindergarten...' Xavier's face twitched a little. In his view, this book's techniques were extremely childish. It seemed to have come from the primitive tribes who liked to prank people.

'Even if it's fake, they should have made it a little more realistic. Everybody knows that there is nothing like soul force or a weave. It's impossible to harness these abilities to use magic...' Xavier speechlessly turned over the pages until he reached the very end.

The handwriting here was rather new and was clearly added later. It was written in a modern language and didn't seem to be difficult at all.

This first part of this new content seemed to be a self-introduction of someone known as Chanal. The main idea was that he was from the same tribe as the original author, but his ancestor's records were far too absurd. He did not believe in the descriptions of his world travel as well.

However at the every end, Chanal had added something else. Reportedly, it was a complete military technique from his own tribe. It was originally meant to be used by cultivators.

"This looks a little more sincere— So it's called Snakebite Fist?"

Xavier flipped over the pictures at the very end and discovered several unusually realistic figures of a human body. It was rather genuine in its complexity, and its content looked very similar to other high-level biology diagrams.

From his recent martial arts experiences, this physical training didn't look as if it was just some crazy nonsense.

Soul energy and this weave had caused the humans of the Shadow World to acknowledge several extraordinarily powerful existence. It had aroused a popular craze in martial arts and extrasensory perception. Sadly, this fad was soon found to be full of liars.

Apart from soul energy and the weave, extrasensory perception seemed to have disappeared from this world entirely.

After some half-baked consideration, Xavier had wasted a considerable sum of money to enter and train in a high-ranked martial arts school. Unfortunately, the only benefit it gave him was the strengthening of his muscles.

After all, those true inheritances had been tenaciously hidden away by the military instructors. Those without enough power and money would not receive proper instruction and become true brothers in training. It was unfortunate that although Xavier's family was a little wealthier than others, they were not infinitely more opulent.

Primarily based on his intellect and good relationship with his martial instructors and apprentice brothers, Xavier had learnt several genuine things.

'According to the teachings of the red-nosed military instructor, rank 0 to rank 2 spells are completely unable to harm experts with

truly powerful cultivation techniques. Perhaps... Before the command is given, they could completely break off the wrist of 'Swift' that you prepared...'

Xavier looked at the resources on the Snakebite Fist and discovered that the written account was very detailed and reliable. From the most basic breathing techniques to the attacks and defensive techniques, there were also records of the necessary drug ingredients that were required for the cultivation. It could clearly be seen that Chanal was a very meticulous person at heart.

'I fulfill all the basic requirements, so next is to buy these ingredients and make some training equipment...' Xavier's eyes seemed to burn with fervour, 'Seems like I found something good when I was young. Shall I give it a go?'

"Wait, didn't I plan to remain an ordinary man. What's the point of these fighting techniques?"

Xavier suddenly thought of his old military instructor's advice, "Those with real power these days are the strong mechanics who grasp several high-ranked spells. Researchers in psi energy who've graduated from famous universities are also strong, especially those with doctorates. Fighters have no chance of resisting their high-ranked spells..."

Xavier clearly recalled the desolate look in his instructor's eyes.

"Yes, as long as one has enough money, they can easily download and use low-ranked spells. It's not impossible to obtain mid-ranked

spells either. Those martial artists who train their bodies and use martial arts to cultivate themselves are all fools. So why am I still considering it? I should hurry up and pass the entrance exam for the high-ranked mechanic permit and obtain the authority to use mid-ranked spells. Then, even the world's top 500 companies will fight for me..."

Xavier sighed and shoved the voluminous book back into its original location. There was a trace of regret in his heart that, try as he might, he was unable to completely suppress...

Once the youth left and the door clicked shut behind him, the room was plunged into darkness. Leylin's figure appeared suddenly, stepping across limitless space to arrive directly inside.

The bookshelf was opened up, and the large book was wrapped in a faint light that delivered it to Leylin's hands. Page after page turned rapidly, until Leylin stopped at the symbol of the black datura flower bud.

"The Allsnake descendants' inheritance? It seems like history's hurt it a lot..." Given Leylin's knowledge and experience, a single touch told him this book was written 1257 years ago. The author was an extraordinary expert, about equal in power to a rank 2 or rank 3 Magus.

It was only that the expert had received an incomplete form of the inheritance. With the passage of time, it had been reduced to this dilapidated state.

“According to the book’s meditation techniques, it’s still possible to cultivate extraordinary power. However, the chance of becoming a monster is even greater...

“The martial techniques at the end, however, abandon meditation techniques and spiritual energy. They’re rather suitable to this world’s laws. Perhaps it’s possible to cultivate something using it...”

Leylin vaguely gave his opinion before tossing the book back to its place in the bookshelf. As he was now, he was far too lazy to read this sort of thing. He instead turned his attention to the spines of the many black books that looked like a wave.

“A historian’s study... It should be enough for me to know how the world has changed,” Leylin’s eyes were fixed on the upper right hand corner of the bookshelf, where a voluminous book lay. The A.I. Chip’s light scanned across it at lightning speed.

It was most likely the history of this specific family, This scholar had preserved a great deal of his material books, which made Leylin feel pleasantly surprised.

Although he could access many powerful safety nets and even the Shadow Weave itself to obtain all he needed, it was difficult to avoid leaving traces behind that way. If it was discovered by the Mistress of the Night, he would face a difficult situation. Compared to that, even if this primitive method of collecting information was more tedious it could completely avoid Shar’s detection.

The bookshelf showed that the teenager's father was quite meticulous. It was laid neatly in order, sorted by dates.

The bottommost section contained ancient myths and stories of bards, which seemed like the owner did not care very much for. In the middle were a stack of history books. Some of them even had their pages threaded by strings, old enough to be sold as antiques. On the uppermost portion was modern history, and the brand new covers gave off a glossy look. It was evident that these books had been picked up the most by the owner.

The history and changes of the Shadow World soon lay bare for Leylin's perusal.



# Chapter 1072 - Cleanup

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The Snake Dowager ruled over the Shadow World in ancient times. Then, this place had been largely similar to the Magus World, with extraordinary power granting high status and various empires at war with each other. Wars erupted every day, and it was a dark time for the commoners.

It seemed like Xavier's father adopted a prudent stance against these descriptions of snake descendants and bloodline carriers, thinking they were just superstitions used by people of ancient times to control them through fear.

History had changed when the Snake Dowager had lost her position about thirty thousand years ago. The Mistress of the Night had taken control of the Shadow World. Unknowing of the facts, the regular humans had met a pivotal point— psi energy and the Shadow Weave had been established.

“With the Snake Dowager gone humans took primary control of the Shadow World, allowing science to flourish. The most crucial bit was the discovery of psi energy...” Leylin's right index finger tapped on the cover of a history book as he pondered the subject deeply.

‘Psi energy, the gift of the Shadow World. Pure and effective, it has low contamination. Even more important is that a lot of it can be stored, and humans could make containers for it quite easily. Once it was discovered it replaced all kinds of fuels, developing into many other fields as well. Now the maglev trains, aircraft, and even the high-tech armour used by their soldiers ran on psi

energy...’

Leylin read on slowly.

‘Psi energy did not exist during the reign of the Snake Dowager, instead coming right after the Mistress of the Night appeared... It is extensively used, connected to another new creation called the Shadow Weave.’

Once one read to this point, even a fool would realise it was a setup of the Mistress of the Night.

‘Ever since then, humans have had near unlimited energy. Money allows them to cast spells from the Shadow Weave, letting them toss extraordinary ability into the trash and abandon all ancient training techniques. Is this now the era of science?’

This was all within the books from Xavier’s family. Several tens of thousands of years ago, there were countless myths and legends of heroes with superpowers, but by the era of Xavier’s ancestor all small discoveries of such abilities had been carefully recorded. It was evident that history had changed greatly.

‘Make them over-reliant on equipment, having them forgo true strength and regress in their extraordinary abilities... It reduces the number of enemies, and allows you to use the Weave to control the entire world...’

Leylin felt like he understood part of why Shar had prepared all

this. At the same time, a spirit force message travelled over, causing his face to change.

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Amdo City had now been surrounded by soldiers with powerful-looking cannons. Many of these soldiers had expensive equipment on, making for an extremely imposing sight that stilled the atmosphere.

At the centre was a large piece of land that had been hollowed out by a meteorite. The extreme heat had left behind traces of crystal within, but the meteorite itself had already disappeared.

A command post had been erected here temporarily, with many troops analysing data and conducting investigations within. They were all submitting their information to the middle-aged commander from before.

“The Weave has been checked, no traces of psi energy found.”

“Meteorite sample collected, sending a copy to the royal family for further analysis.”

“All troops on standby, prepared to move at any time.”

All this information did nothing to improve the commander's mood. After all, he was facing an opponent that had obliterated a military base in an instant. What's more, there was more than one

enemy!

“So the culprit within this meteorite hid himself inside Amdo City. What about the other two, where did they land?” The officer rubbed his temples.

“The estimated trajectory puts the second landing point in the east of the empire, within 30km of Danube City. However, the base there was extremely quiet. The mission has been handed over to the local troops.” The report came from a well-trained intelligence officer with a pair of long, beautiful legs. She adjusted her spectacles as she spoke calmly, “The third landing point is at Coral Coastal City. We’ve already sent a request to the navy to find and annihilate the opponent.”

“Three apostles at a time...” The middle-aged officer seemed unable to bear this heavy burden, “And one’s already infiltrated Amdo City. How is the city’s shutdown going?”

“Our troops have already surrounded the place, forbidding any citizens from leaving the city. A couple of small fights broke out, but the situation is under control...”

“Alright then... We can only impose these heavy laws for the sake of the empire,” the officer said with an expressionless face.

Creatures from the stars were extremely dangerous. They could hide within the souls of ordinary citizens, beginning to spread contamination. They’d taken down entire empires in the past, so he had to prevent it at all costs!

Even if these specific apostles couldn't contaminate the soul, any foreign pathogens or viruses they carried could cause serious damage to the affected citizens. Thinking about it some more, the officer passed down further orders, "Relay the new safety measures once more! Deny all citizens who wants to leave, including the local officials inside too. All who disobey must be killed immediately!"

"... Yes!" Listening to the merciless order, the soldier was taken aback. Still, she ended up obeying his orders.

"Hehe... It looks like the Empire Hawks aren't all that capable? They actually have a headache from such a small event?"

Just as the soldier was about to leave, a mocking voice sounded from outside the strength. The green flaps were pushed open to reveal a group of soldiers in black uniform. The one who laughed earlier was a member of the group with yellow crewcut hair.

"Soldiers! Soldiers!" The soldier pulled out a minigun, aiming at the group that had barged in. She was extremely furious at the lack of security outside the tent.

"Raise your hands slowly! You are now intruding in a restricted area of the army, I have the rights to kill you immediately!"

The other officers pulled out their guns as well, pointing them at the group.

“Hehe... Kill us? How interesting! Foolish humans...” The group of black uniformed personnel did not show any expression. As for the yellow crewcut man, he pointed his finger at the woman and twirled it.

“Ahhh...” Suddenly, the woman felt like her hands did not belong to her anymore, and the gun fell to the ground as she was lifted and floated in midair, her head facing towards the ground.

“How can this be? The Weave is sealed in here, mid-grade spells can’t be cast at all!” The other administrators were shocked.

The yellow haired man looked at the female soldier’s thighs, his sleazy eyes revealing his lust. He then asked his leader for permission. “Not a bad pair of thighs! This stocking... You’re rather wanton on the inside. Boss, can I play with her?”

“Enough! All of you, stop now! Put down your guns!” The middle-aged officer ordered. Very soon, he looked at the leader of the black uniforms, his eyes revealing a complex gaze, “Are you here to mock me, Jarvis?”

“I don’t have time like that to waste, elder brother.” The huge bloke called Jarvis looked at the yellow-haired man, who immediately released the female soldier. He then took out documents sealed by the imperial seal.

“I’m here to clean up your mess... It’s a fact that the Special Forces are the true trump card of the empire, used to deal with

things like this.” All the military personnel within the tent gasped after hearing the words ‘Special Forces’.

This was a covert team put together by the empire. They consisted of people with extraordinary abilities, and were supported by many resources and the newest technology, tasked with dealing with special occurrences like this.

More importantly, the members of this team were extremely lawless. Nasty news and rumours floated around the army about them, labelling every team member a crazed criminal.

“The empire has sent out the Special Forces, do those up the hierarchy believe that things have reached such a bad stage?” The female soldier collapsed to the ground, breaking out in cold sweat. She didn’t dare to look at the yellow-haired man anymore.

“Since it’s the orders of the empire, I have no objections!” The commander looked through the documents and even saw the seals from his direct superior. He saluted in a military pose, before handing over a silver key over to Jarvis, “I hope you don’t let the superiors down!”

“Relax, I’m not you!” Jarvis smirked, the silver key melting as it entered his body through his skin.

Suddenly, a mechanical voice sounded in the tent. “Authority passed on. Shadow Weave control of Amdo City has changed, welcome General Jarvis.”

“Very good! Contact Mole and Wolf Fang for me!” Jarvis barked out his orders. Very soon, two soldiers wearing black uniforms appeared on the screen.

“Boss! Team 1 is in position!”

“Team 2 Ready!”

“Our target this time has the ability to enter souls. The feedback from the Weave and the estimation of the central neural net say that the possibility of the enemy hiding in a citizen’s body is extremely high. This is a list compiled by the city’s surveillance system, I want you to dispose of every member there!”

Javis raised his hand, and an extremely detailed, long list of names appeared. This was the list of suspects put together by the central neural net, where the Weave had sensed the greatest number of questionable energy spikes.

“Have you gone mad?” Jarvis’ brother looked at the list of names. There were over ten thousand names written in there! He howled once more, “These are all citizens of the empire! There may just be one culprit while the rest of them are innocent!”



# Chapter 1073 - Annihilation

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“You’ve always been so soft, brother. It’s your greatest weakness...” Jarvis looked at his brother. They had similar faces, but their hairs were already turning white.

“I’m the person in charge right now. If not for the citizens, I would long since have applied for the Shadow Weave Team to destroy the entire city...”

Javis dug his ears, “Where are the soldiers? Remove unauthorised personnel from this tent at once!”

Suddenly, a group of armored troops entered and chased the middle aged officer and his subordinates away.

“People who get in the way should leave. Now... Let us play our game of hide and seek!” Jarvis looked at the screen, his extreme insanity spilling over into calmness, “Enable city surveillance. Lock down all spells using the Shadow Weave, and disable teleportation. Scan for any strange sightings and energy movements. Begin the purge!”

“Go! Action!” Mole and Wolf Fang waved their hands in a forward motion, and the armoured troops behind them began their operation to kill the people on the list.

“Hey, what are you trying to do?” Armoured troops entered a civilian’s home, and began shooting at the family of three who were having a meal at the dining table.

Bang! Bang! Very soon, the head of the man exploded, and his body lay in a pool full blood, followed by his wife and his daughter.

Although middle-grade spells in the empire had seals that needed unlocking and high-grade spells were reserved for soldiers and royals, commoners still had the right to use low-level spells. However, Jarvis had already locked down on magic in Amdo City, so all Rapid Shadows watches had turned to trash.

Without those tools, these commoners were weak and small in front of the armored troops. Wave after wave of flying drone encircled the air around Amdo City, releasing messages of warning.

“Troops of the empire are currently in the midst of capturing spies. All civilians are requested to stay in their homes, and not to leave. We will not hurt the innocents. I repeat, we are troops of the empire...”

Gunshots sounded from time to time, and there seemed to be a flurry of activity within the city. However, the soldiers had still managed to suppress the situation and keep it in control.

After all, ten thousand was still only a small fraction of the ten million plus population here. As long as their own names weren't on the list, these citizens wouldn't be brash enough to resist the executions.

As for Jarvis, he sat in the command post and watched the screen

in admiration, enjoying the wine in his hand.

Bang! Yet another man was killed in his own home, and blood spilled everywhere.

“No! Don’t....” This was the plea of a young lady before her death, but the soldier did not even spare her another glance.

To obey commands was the basic duty of a soldier, and one who didn’t think for themselves was basically the ultimate weapon. Only resolution and strength would carry them through all situations and missions.

The mass killing was executed quickly, but there were still some hiccups from time to time.

“Damn it! The Empire still has a hostile outlook on us extraordinary humans?”

A bespectacled young man howled at the gun pointing towards him. Suddenly, he was covered in flames as he turned into a malevolent creature that was filled with scales.

“Shoot!” The psi energy filled bullets only left white scars on the scales.

“It’s a mutant! Extraordinary person! Hurry and call for backup!” A squad leader howled at the communicator, but it was already too late.

Zoom! Whoosh! The monstrosity leapt forward, turning into a black line on the screen.

Crash! The armour that the troops wore was soon torn apart, spilling out broken white bones and blood.

“Huff... Want me to die? You first!” A human voice sounded from the creature’s mouth, as he ducked into the sewer quickly.

“Ding! Target’s identity confirmed! Second level civilian, Chengfei! Father... Mother...Current home address:... Beginning lock-on!”

The central system screen revealed pieces of information on the target, and on the left side was the appearance of the young man before he transformed.

“Good! These mutants are hereditary. Mole, find a couple of men to get rid of him. As for the rest, look for his parents and blood-related kin!” Jarvis ordered.

“Kiddo! You had a fun time earlier huh?”

The sewer duct was shattered into pieces, reveal the underground pipe network and the creature’s shocked expression.

A black-uniformed soldier stood in midair before the creature,

looking down on him in mockery.

“Spawn of the witch! Meet your maker today! Before you die, I hope you can give me some fun...”

“It’s only a low-level bloodline carrier?” Jarvis nodded his head indifferently as he watched the young-man-turned-creature being brutally killed on the screen.

The expansion of technology and the constant purges from the empire had dropped the numbers of these mutants. Some of the present generation didn’t have strong powers. On the other hand, people who had obtained extraordinary strength through training rigorous techniques were still around.

However, these two types of extraordinary humans were as weak as ants in front of the forces of the Empire and the Shadow Weave. As the killing in Amdo City continued, many innocent civilians who were caught in the crossfire ended up dead as well.

There were also other unlucky ones like the mutant earlier, killed mercilessly without any proof or verification needed.

These mutants formed the underground world of the each city, but after this event they were completely purged from Amdo city. However, if Amdo City could survive this ordeal, they would instead reach a very high level of society.

As the massacre continued, the several thousand names on the

screen disappeared, finally showing only the last few hundred targets.

“All teams on alert!” As the target area grew smaller, even Jarvis himself had turned more solemn.

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Whoosh! Whoosh!

A woman wearing an office outfit rapidly ran down the streets, as if a predator that was searching actively for its prey.

Suddenly, a metal net appeared from the side of her vision. She leapt upwards for a distance of more than five metres, passing through a wall to disappear from the scene.

“I have to avoid the surveillance cameras, and also throw away any hi-tech equipments related to hidden energy and the Weave!” The office lady face changed as she crushed the Rapid Shadow on her wrist...

About ten minutes later, in an abandoned factory. Blood splattered on the walls like plum blossom in a dark corner.

The office lady took off her coat, revealing a white blouse underneath. She had a hole on her hand.

“Urgh...” However, she gritted her teeth and moved her muscles, forcing out a golden metal bullet out from her body. After expelling the bullet, she heaved a sigh of relief. She then tore part of her blouse to wrap the wound, and her face turned extremely pale.

“The empire is quite resolved this time. Was our organisation discovered?”

“No! Even if we were exposed, they would not need to take such drastic actions. Moreover, the whole of Amdo City is filled with gunshots... We were just unlucky to have been discovered... Were they after some powerful mutant organisation?”

The office lady smiled wryly, “Even if I learned a few body techniques and trained my Plum Blossom Fingers to rank 5, I can only run in the face of the Empire... If not for the other mutants diverting the attention from me, I would have been captured or killed by now... After they narrow down the radius of their hunt, the situation will grow even more troublesome. I need to leave this place as quickly as I can!”

She did not realise that a strand of her hair had already turned crimson red, with a phantom voodoo doll faintly floating behind her back.

[Host Command: Gather intelligence and conceal as much as possible! Chances of current target being discovered is too great! Abandon current target immediately!]

Very soon, the phantom of the voodoo doll left the office lady's body and merged into the darkness.

[Current location is unsafe, attempting to leave! Traces of spatial lockdown discovered! Attempting to break through!]

Light flashed within the dim eyes of the voodoo doll.

“Found you!” Jarvis howled from within the command post, “Gather up immediately. Attack!”

A dazzling white light flashed as the abandoned factory and the office lady within it disintegrated, turning into dark liquid before sizzling and evaporating into thin air, not leaving behind a trace.

[Beep! Whereabouts discovered, mode changed to breaking through!]

The smile on the voodoo doll's face turned even more sinister than before, as light flashed past its eyes once again.

Boom! The incendiary bomb which contained a huge amount of energy caused a quarter of Amdo City to be completely destroyed.



Javis and the other members of the Special Forces stood above the explosion in mid-air, surrounding the voodoo doll.

“First apostle found!” Javis snapped his fingers, and powerful spells took form nearby. The energy waves they radiated were no less than that of legendary spells!

“Damn it! That crazy Javis!” Javis’ brother, that middle-aged commander, couldn’t help but curse as more than a quarter of Amdo City was destroyed.

“I knew it... Handing over the Weave to him was not a wise thing!”

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Leylin was shocked for a moment as he received the news in Thousand Bears City.

“Although they have made a large sacrifice, they still managed to capture the doll and destroy it, huh?”

# Chapter 1074 - Snakebite Fist

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“Able to destroy my voodoo dolls... This empire is much stronger than the kingdoms on the surface of the Magus World...”

Leylin nodded his head from Xavier’s old home in Thousand Bears City. His voodoo dolls were as strong as peak Breaking Dawn Magi, at the limits of rank 6. On the surface world this could afford one a throne, yet that strength was now obliterated by the special forces of a single empire.

Put in other words, the Monarch of the Skies, the Blazing Flames Monarch and the like would not meet with a good end if they came to this world.

‘I haven’t discovered the Mistress of the Night yet either. She could track my dolls down using the central neural net and the Weave, forcing one out into the open. Such swift and decisive action...’ Leylin evaluated indifferently, at the same time not harbouring much more hopes for the other two dolls. With the powers of this empire, discovering the other two was just a matter of time.

However, the goals of acquiring intelligence, data, and even stalling for time had been achieved, so it was already enough.

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Leylin stayed in Thousand Bears City for some time, watching Xavier train recklessly in the Snakebite Fist. Curiosity had gotten

the better of him, and he'd bought a large quantity of medicinal herbs and training dummies for practice.

Another of the dolls was discovered during this time. However, several important cities had suffered collateral damage to destroy it, and the destruction and viruses spread by the doll reached millions. The government had started a donation drive for the victims of this tragedy, and Xavier's sister Jill herself donated part of her pocket money.

As for the last surviving voodoo doll, it was currently hiding in the vast ocean. However, it was only a matter of time before it was discovered.

Leylin didn't mind that, having it gather as much data as it could before being tracked down. Past that he didn't bother with it. In any case, he was confident in infiltrating this world even without the help of the voodoo dolls, and could avoid the surveillance of the Shadow Weave himself...

Within an underground basement. Xavier had already moved most things out of this place making an empty space the size of half a basketball court. The area was littered with sandbags and dummies.

Xavier did not have his shirt on, and he'd wrapped his fists with cloth as he began practicing the technique written in the Snakebite Fist Manual.

Sssii! Every punch of his seemed to soften his bones, letting them

twist and contort in different ways. A hiss sounded with each fist thrown, as if it was a venomous snake that was striking.

“Huff... Snakebite Fist! Ruthless, insidious, and the trick lies in it being unexpected, striking at an angle that the opponent will not anticipate! Hence, I have to soak both my arms inside a special concoction broth in the beginning stages, to soften the bones...” Xavier muttered.

After practicing one stage of the technique, he went to the nearby water tank and picked up a white towel and dabbed into it. He then applied the black substance on the towel onto his hands, not missing a single pore.

The blackish liquid seemed to burn his skin upon contact, and bored its way through the pores into the bones, as if wanting the melt the entire arm.

“Argh... Damn... It hurts so fucking bad...” This pain caused Xavier to curse. He stuffed another towel he had prepared into his mouth as his expression turned malevolent, and faintly let out the hissing roar of a beast.

This pain lasted for over half an hour before it subsided, leaving Xavier with cold sweat.

Pu! He spat out the towel in his mouth and looked at his own hand. Once the residue of the concoction was washed off it revealed fair, whitish skin with a glossy sheen.

“This...” He touched his own hand, and felt that the skin had gotten thicker.

“No... It’s totally adding on another layer of outer skin...” Xavier looked at it for a while longer before he took out a needle and pierced his own skin.

Resilient and smooth, just like hide...

He needed about half his strength to finally pierce through the skin, and even that only made him feel a pinch.

“Both of my arms have an increased piercing effect, and even my bones have turned softer, arriving at the minimum requirement of the Snakebite Fist...” Xavier nodded his head, and suddenly felt his heart ache a little, “The ingredients for the concoction is too expensive, and this pain...”

His heartbeat grew fast as he looked at the manual, “Just the elementary stage cost me all my savings. I even need to put my hands in poison in the later stages, giving my strikes a toxic effect. No matter what it doesn’t look like an orthodox skill, more demonic...”

In fact, Xavier’s guess was rather accurate. Back in the past, the Snakebite Fist was was a manual used by the servants, so it was not anything great. However, it granted great power in a short period of time.

However, with the thinning of these bloodlines and the suppression from various kingdoms and empires, bloodlines had regressed over time. Manuals like the Snakebite Fist instead became treasures to be passed down.

‘If he continues to train like this, he’ll most likely deviate and go crazy. Even if he’s lucky enough to succeed, it’ll at most be some skill around the mid-grade Rapid Shadows...’ Leylin stood by the side and casually watched Xavier train. ‘Forget it... I’ve been a guest this long, it’s about time I pay some rent...’

Po! Leylin smiled as he reached out with his hand, and a black light entered the manual of the Snakebite Fist. As this light was too weak, Xavier who had been practicing diligently did not notice it.

However, the ancient manual trembled, before it resumed a stationary position.

In a certain page within the book that recorded the runes of the black datura flower, the lines of the runes continuing to extend and fill out as the flower bloomed. Very soon, these lines lost their powers and did not move any longer. However, the black datura flower which was originally only quarter full was now halfway done, and energy waves seemed to be spreading from the runes.

Hiss! Naturally, Xavier did not notice these changes. However, as he punched, the hissing of a giant serpent sounded once again, causing the rune of the black datura flower to flash. An energy radiation that the original owner, a Magus, had placed into the book was now drawn out, as it began to move towards the only bloodline descendant around the manual.

Hiss! Hiss!

The Snakebite Fist's hissing sound grew louder and louder, as the vibration of the sound waves grew stronger. It was like a giant serpent had coiled itself around Xavier's body.

The teenager had entered a miraculous state. His eyes grew dull as he unleashed punch after punch. The teenager now had entered a miraculous state. Black gas formed a phantom of a black snake behind him, its crimson eyes and tongue giving off a dangerous aura.

With the appearance of the phantom, the skin on Xavier's arms began to molt. Once the old skin fell off it revealed scales underneath.

'This energy is only to pay rent. However, it's like a key that unsealed the radiation locked inside the manual.' Leylin smiled as he watched the black gas engulfing Xavier whole. With his current powers, he could easily grant Xavier the strength of a Breaking Dawn. However, this did not stand in line with the principles of Magi, that trades demanded equal measures.

Moreover, such a spike of foreign power would definitely alert the Weave. Why would he do such a thing?

Hence, Leylin chose to pay his rent in equal measure. This had unsealed the energy radiation within the book, allowing Xavier's ancestor's intentions to be fulfilled.

‘Although your ancestor was a low ranked Magus, this is a start to having extraordinary abilities. Moving forward, it’s all up to you...’ Leylin smiled, his eyes filled with anticipation.

He did not do this because he was bored, but because wanted to confirm a few things through this boy. For instance he wanted to know whether mutant organisations existed, as well as other bloodline carriers.

After Xavier demonstrated his abilities, he would immediately turn into a magnet and attract many people who intend to use his powers. This would put the boy in a bit of a perilous situation, but that only served to give Leylin some excitement as he watched.

‘Don’t let me down, young man...’ Leylin looked at the figure that was still training in the basement. The phantom of the snake now grew larger, and Leylin’s smile grew wider...

Xavier only woke up from this unconscious state the next morning. He scratched his head and muttered, “Eh? What’s happened to me?”

Pat! Suddenly, a piece of wood from the table that he used to prop himself up had been ripped off, causing him to fall onto the ground again.

“What? This wooden table is really unsturdy?” The teenager exerted more force, and his eyes grew bigger as he saw that the wooden block were grinded into fine wooden chips which fell to



the ground.

“This situation... It’s not that the table is weak, but I’ve gotten stronger...” Xavier stood up and looked at both his hands. Suddenly, he punched out— Piercing Strike!

Swish! A sharp whistle and roar filled the room, carrying the bellows of a giant serpent. A small hole was punched into the walls, causing dust and wood to fall.

‘It seems like my body has completely adapted to the movement of the Snakebite Fist... and this...’ Xavier looked at his hands, at the scales that had already grown on his skin.

“Complete mastery of the Snakebite Fist?!”

# Chapter 1075 - Rapid Shadow

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Xavier remained confounded over the next few days.

His family inheritance, the Snakebite Fist that was extremely difficult to train in, had been mastered just like that? It was too good to be true, leaving the teenager so distracted he didn't even notice the change to the manual. In the end, he broke seven to eight more items in the house, being nagged by his little sister until he finally learned to control his own strength and stop crushing things.

However, Xavier soon put these issues to the back of his mind. There were more important things to consider.

“Greater Skill Proficiency Test...” Xavier clenched his fists as he looked at a date circled in red on the calendar, “I need to pass no matter what. The access to the Shadow Weave will give me stronger and more powerful spells, letting me find a good job and take care of my family...”

“Martial techniques only enable one to serve as a fighter or security guard even if you master them. Talents who can use high-level techniques are instead sought by many organisations...”

Hence, Xavier did not care much about the strange phenomenon that occurred to him, and immediately delved into a questionnaire and database to study for the test.

Leylin too did not idle around. He casually browsed through the

books that Xavier had bought, and saw a small advertisement on one of them.

“Advance sale of answers, a 100% pass rate?” Leylin smiled as he called the number that was left on the note, and got an address.

“Lad, it’s you who wants that copy of answers for the high level skills test?” Leylin met two muscled hoodlums at a certain corner of Thousand Bears City. Their bodies were littered with piercings and tattoos, the kind of people one would avoid on the street. They were the type to get into trouble with the police often.

“Yes! Is it true, the 100% pass rate?” Leylin left his concealed state, looking like a youth who wore a jacket and jeans. He was also carrying the ad pamphlet.

“Hehe... Of course it’s true!” A hoodlum exchanged gazes with his partner. “We sell everything here, do you know Rapid Shadow 5.0? We can even get one of those, so the answer sheet is definitely not a problem!”

This expression on the hoodlum, as if he was looking at a fat juicy sheep, caused Leylin to sigh inwardly. However, he still put on an expression of unease, “Okay. But I want to see the item before we trade, and it has to be simultaneous!”

“Of course, what do you take me, Azure Dragon, as?” The hoodlum grinned and turned around, “Follow me...”

A group of thugs were littered across a messy underground basement. Bash! Bam! Many items fell to the ground, and a few pitiful wails resounded as well.

The two hoodlums which had led Leylin here were now lying on the floor, with blood splattered around them. The group's leader was here as well, one with the tattoo of a black rose on his face. Leylin proceeded to step on his head.

“You have guts, huh? Not only did you use fake answers to try and fool me, you even wanted to rob me? Hmm?” Leylin threw a crumpled piece of paper on his face, “How many fingers do you think I should chop off?”

It was a rare chance for Leylin to be this rampant. He didn't need to fear security cameras, since the underground wanted nothing to do with the country. Even their accounts book was by manual entry and not digitised.

As for any authorities colluding with them? Leylin looked at the boss in disdain and gave him another kick to his stomach, causing the boss to curl up like a prawn. It was not that Leylin did not think highly of them, but collusion occurred at a far greater level than that of this unorganised rabble.

“Do you want to live, or die?” Leylin looked at the boss toyingly, and the answer was immediate.

“So then, take out all the money you have on you! I only want cash! Also... Tell me which underworld organisation is the

strongest here? And who is their head?" No matter how good a society was it always had its dark side. Several rounds of questioning gave Leylin the information he needed, and he left unworried that this group would seek revenge. They wouldn't be able to find someone with the same looks Leylin had displayed here, and even if somehow they managed it that would be their bad luck, not his.

This encounter gave Leylin an understanding of how organised falsifying documents was here. Special providers had established good reputations in manufacturing identities, able to give him true blue documents that could withstand scrutiny. As for the source? It was the extra income of a government official working in the safety bureau.

'Exploitation by selling real yet falsified identities? Why does it give me a feeling like I'm being tracked?' Although Leylin complained in his heart, he still paid the money. After a round of genetic inspection, an identity card was now attached to his body. From this day forth he became a third-class citizen of the empire, not afraid of investigations.

The identity card allowed Leylin to rent a house, and buy a low-grade Rapid Shadow and even surf the net. Of course Leylin could've just stolen someone else's identity by transforming into them, but he wanted to witness the authentication process himself.

'As expected. All this genetic inspection mumbo jumbo is a lie to trick the people. The true goal is to let the Shadow Weave scan a person's spiritual sea, huh?' The surprise had caused Leylin's eyes

to turn darker, and even harder to read.

His experiences with the Weave in the World of Gods was why he had revealed no traces just now. Even if he'd forcefully assumed someone else's identity it wouldn't have ended up well.

However, through the help of that corrupt official, he was now an ordinary citizen living amongst ten billion others. Even Shar would not be able to find him.

“Hello, Mister Ley! This is your communication device, and the first generation Rapid Shadow. Since you don't have any degrees or a greater skill certificate, you can't use Rapid Shadow 3.0 or above...”

The service staff smiled apologetically to Leylin and took the cash that he handed over. This cash and the money used to buy his identity was funded by those unlucky hoodlums from earlier.

“Hmm... They are all portable retina displays, just a little worse off from my previous world...” Leylin looked at the internet that was similar to his past life, and the various tools and advertisements within. Nostalgia filled him, but it was quickly suppressed again.

“I also need to rent a place... Do you know anywhere that would suit me? I want a house that is close to the outer circle...” Leylin mentioned the area that Xavier and Jill were living in.

“This place?” The staffer was a woman in her twenties, with some slight makeup on. This question exceeded her authority, so she was rather stunned as she looked up at Leylin.

“I’m offering adequate compensation,” Leylin added immediately.

“No problem!” The lady very quickly replied, but it was unclear whether it was the promised money that coaxed her or Leylin’s looks. “My house is near that area, so it’s quite convenient for me as well. However, you have to wait for me to end work...”

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After busying himself for a while, Leylin immediately moved into a house close to Xavier’s. Not knowing of their new neighbour, the siblings carried on with their own tasks.

“A first generation Rapid Shadow... Everyone in the empire has one now...” Leylin looked at the watch that had a black crown labelled on it, and activated the thing.

“Ding! ZESKNG988273221 activated, beginning automatic identity scan... Identity confirmed and locked. This Rapid Shadow is for your personal use, if it is damaged please call...”

Once the startup screen faded, Leylin immediately moved to the most important feature of the watch.

“Ding! Identity locked, account confirmed! Current Balance: 3000 Seres.” A notification appeared on the Rapid Shadow, followed by a list of spells and their prices.

“Rank 0 spell— Illumination. 200 Seres per use.”

“Rank 0 spell— Increase Resistance. 300 Seres per use.”

.....

“Rank 1 spell— Shield. 1000 Seres per use.”

“Rank 2 spell— Shadow Ball. 3000 Seres per use.”

“Ding! Authorisation currently limited to rank 2 shadow spells. Please obtain increased authorisation and buy a newer Rapid Shadow to upgrade...”

“The wizards from the World of Gods would definitely cry at this sight. They take painstaking effort to learn spells, but here people can just buy and download the same things...”

Leylin shook his head. All his money had been used to buy his identity and pay for his rent, so he didn't have much left. However, he had enough to buy a couple of rank 0 or 1 spells for fun. 3000 Seres was not even the salary for a normal office job. If the wizards came over here, they would definitely be devastated and cry.



‘However, is it really that easy? Would the Mistress of the Night be so nice?’ Leylin rubbed his chin, “Purchase Illumination.”

“Ding! 200 Seres deducted. Current Balance: 2800 Seres,” the Rapid Shadow notified. Leylin felt like this device connected to the Weave, leaving him with a ball of light in his hands.

‘It’s the same as wizards’ spells, but cannot be stored. If one can’t control these they’ll land in trouble easily...’ Leylin very soon discovered the disadvantage of this system. ‘Furthermore... Although it is in minuscule amount, the Weave steals spiritual energy from every person who makes a transaction...’

# Chapter 1076 - Examination

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The Weave and its spells cost a lot of energy to maintain. Even with the World Origin Force to support her she wouldn't use it recklessly. This was why she'd adopted a system similar to the World of Gods. Every cast of a spell extracted a small part of the caster's spiritual force.

"But this plays takes much less from the caster..." Leylin smirked in disdain. "A.I. Chip, begin analysis!"

[Beep! Mission established, analysing 3d structure of the Shadow Weave...]

A stream of data ran past Leylin's eyes. Compared to the World of Gods, the analysis of the Weave here was much faster and more accurate.

[Beep! ETA: 68 hours 23 minutes and 19 seconds.]

[Beep! Level 3 spells and above sealed. 78.55% chance to breakthrough without alerting anyone. Proceed?]

The A.I. Chip voice intoned.

“Not necessary. I can just go and take a greater skill test...” Leylin shook his head and denied the A.I. Chip’s prompt.

After toying with the Rapid Shadow, Leylin immediately opened his computer and browsed the sea of information that was available on it. The entertainment and leisure section was skipped as he moved onto the empire’s map, governance, military news, and various related issues. With Leylin’s processing abilities now, he managed to quickly browse through the information on the internet. Slowly, everything in the empire was revealed to him.

“Hmm? What’s this?” Leylin witnessed something strange amidst the sea of information. He opened a new page, entering a forum.

“Explosive news! Extreme beauty found in City A! I’m flabbergasted after looking!” This thread attracted many fans, and even many had applied to follow it closely. However, many of the replies were ‘seeing is believing’ and the like...

“I wanted to take a picture too, but I did not bring my communicator device!”

“I brought mine, but the communicator device was spoilt. I couldn’t take any photos, but she was really gorgeous, even causing a few car accidents on the streets...”

“Yea! That woman mysteriously left soon after that. Many rich people in City A have been offering sky high prices to catch a glimpse of her...”

“Could it be a ghost?”

Leylin gave that post a downvote. Many of the posts on the thread were similar to comments like ‘OP is trolling’ or ‘Absolute bait’, until a cocky guy posted a new image.

“Haha... Those above me are retards! I happened to have the latest Rapid Shadow there, and I managed to take a photo!”

A rank 8 existence wouldn’t leave behind an electronic image even if she suppressed her own aura and radiation. The forcefield around their body could contort the space around them, and even if a photo was actually captured or their true name discovered it would come with unimaginable power or even curses!

The person posted a blurry image on this thread, faintly revealing an extremely seductive figure. Even the corner of her dress left people wanting more.

“A photo from the front! I beg you...” Many online ‘wolves’ were asking for more on the thread, but there was no more response from the person who posted the image.

‘Hmm. City A. huh? But the Snake Dowager should have moved quickly, not wanting to meet Shar...’ Leylin could only silently

pray for the Snake Dowager. After all, Thousand Bears City was extremely far from City A, and required him to travel across half the empire.

Furthermore, with the Snake Dowager drawing all the attention to herself, he would be less likely to be found by the Mistress of the Night. He only had a partnership with that woman, so only after his own safety was assured along with an equal exchange did he even consider helping her.

As for now? The Snake Dowager used to live here in the Shadow World. No matter how much it had changed, she could surely adapt to it quickly. Were she to fail at even that, Leylin would choose to walk away from the place right away. After all, lousy teammates were extremely scary creatures who could cause the party to be wiped.

“The Snake Dowager is a rank 8 existence after all... I should believe in her...” Leylin shrugged his shoulders and began pulling the window curtains apart. From his position, he could clearly see Xavier’s two-storeyed home. The study room’s light was still on, which meant that Xavier was studying hard.

“Hmm! The skill test begins in three days huh?” Leylin took out his communicator and also signed up for the test. He’d wanted to obtain greater authority with the Shadow Weave, as well as higher status.

‘Once I get a mid-grade Rapid Shadow even some extraordinary abilities won’t attract attention from the central neural net. It’ll let me do quite a bit...’

.....

The three days passed very quickly, and the day for the greater skill test had arrived.

Xavier exhaled loudly and looked at the mirror after packing his things. Ever since that mysterious change in him, he'd matured greatly in his looks. His skin had grown smooth and glossy as well, causing even his sister Jill to be jealous.

"Okay, I need to succeed this time!" Xavier cheered himself on as he looked at his reflection, before walking out of the house.

"All the best, Brother!" Jill saw him out of the house, and prayed as Xavier's figure left. Her voice reverberated through the alley.

"Woah... There's so many people in here..." Even if he'd prepared himself mentally, Xavier was still taken aback at the sheer number of people at the examination venue.

"The greater skill test is one of the most difficult tests in the empire. Once one qualifies they can use middle-rank spells, equivalent to holding gun rights. Apart from that, many organisations will clamour to hire you... It's pretty normal to have so many people apply..."

A familiar voice sounded from behind Xavier, and he turned around. He saw a young man standing there, his long sideburns

causing him to look middle-aged.

“Why? You don’t recognise me anymore?” The young uncle patted Xavier’s shoulders and laughed.

“What? Un...Uncle Crowley!” Xavier immediately recognised the man from the aircraft.

“I told you not to call me uncle....” Crowley touched his own face. “My beard and sideburns are a little thick, but in fact I’m still very young... I’m only twenty five! Twenty five!”

‘But isn’t twenty five already considered an uncle?’ Xavier disagreed inwardly, but he still changed his form of address.

“Mm. I remember Big Brother Crowley already has his license? Don’t you already have the latest version of the Rapid Shadow?” Xavier asked.

“Indeed. I’m not a candidate today, I’m exam staff.” Crowley placed an exquisitely made license in front of his chest, “Even if we know each other well, don’t think that I’ll go easy on you... Each and every test is invigilated by a computer system as well as the authentication of the Shadow Weave. There’s no use in cheating...”

After speaking, Crowley swept his gaze at the surrounding candidates. Some of them held gazes of unease, restlessness and jealousy.

“The authorisation of middle rank spells requires technical skills, and extremely strong concentration. People who don’t meet these two criteria can go home now... If you turn into an idiot in any case, we don’t need to take any actions because you have signed the indemnity form...”

However, this advice did not bring about any effects. Crowley could only sigh as he bid Xavier farewell before entering the hall.

“Drats...” After Crowley left, Xavier felt the fervent gazes concentrate around him, as if able to melt his body. His senses had been magnified by the Snakebite Fist, causing him to feel uneasy.

“So...Sorry!” he muttered, before running to the side where less people were gathered.

‘There aren’t as many candidates here, surely they didn’t overhear my conversation with Crowley?’

Bang! As he was looking down on the ground, Xavier knocked into someone, and the supple rebound force sent him falling backwards as his bottom hit the ice cold floor.

“Are you alright?” This was a black-haired youth with black pupils, more handsome than even superstars. That apologetic look on his face was so warm it seemed like spring had bloomed. He reached his hand out and pulled Xavier up.



“I’m fine, thank you!” Xavier couldn’t deny this man’s looks, and they even aroused his ire. He refrained from punching that face.

“Hmm, you have great strength...” Xavier responded quickly and saw the physical appearance of the youth before he praised him.

Xavier had already mastered the Snakebite Fist. Even if he suppressed his own strength, and the technique itself didn’t excel in raw power, he had a good idea of his current physical prowess. He’d be fine even if a car crashed into him, but now he’d been knocked down easily.

“Yup, I like to train my body regularly!” The youth smiled and revealed a tidy row of white teeth.

This person was naturally Leylin. His appearance had not changed much from before, and was the exact same one on his identification card. He’d now worn jeans, and had a jacket on. After seeing Xavier, he had decided to greet him ‘by accident’.

“I’m called Ley, and what’s your name?” Leylin asked rhetorically.

“Xavier! I’m Xavier!” Xavier answered only after he patted the dirt off his body and inspected his belongings.

# Chapter 1077 - Written Examination

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The two quickly began to strike up conversation. With Leylin's experience and knowledge, duping a youth was an extremely simple matter. Xavier had soon lost all traces of jealousy in his heart, feeling like this Ley was a talkative and humorous person.

"Mm, so you have a little sister. Thousand Bears City's little bear biscuits are favoured by many girls. I should bring some with me when I come to visit," Leylin said with a smile.

"You coming over to visit is already enough. You don't have to be so courteous," Xavier replied. But just as he was about to continue, a sharp bell sounded out.

Drawn in by the urgent sound of the bell, the crowd streamed towards the main gate in waves, like a limitless sea of people.

"Mister Ley, the examination is about to begin! Let us continue our chat later..." With Xavier's physique, he was involuntarily swept away by the surging sea of people, leaving Leylin behind.

"Of course!" Leylin smiled. This sort of scene seemed to bring back a rather nostalgic feeling, and he also entered the examination hall.

"The examination has been split into 2 sections— a written examination and an on-site test. Candidates AS1 to SD100 please proceed to examination hall 3," a mechanical voice echoed in the hall. Leylin followed its prompts, arriving at an exam hall.

At the destination were several silver-grey nutrition cabins. The metallic surface shone brilliantly, looking like something out of science fiction.

“Your written examination will be conducted in the nutrition cabins, so please find your seats.” A staff member with a blue exam badge entered the hall, scanning the crowd with a piercing eagle-like gaze.

“The exam will take a long time, but don’t worry about your constitution. We will prepare enough nutrient liquids for you.” The blue-badged staff member monitored them all and Leylin found his own nutrition cabin.

“Beep! Scan has been completed. Welcome, candidate GF87.” Ice-cold and solid... This was Leylin’s first impression of the nutrition cabin. Even he felt nauseous with the influx of nutrient liquid, so it would definitely be a form of torture for normal people.

A light flashed before his eyes suddenly, and a virtual exam room appeared. The room itself was limitlessly vast, but it only had a single hardwood desk with paper and pen on it.

“A virtual environment? Mm, this can eliminate cheating, and allows the examinees to be given different questions each. Unless one can break through their cabin’s lock, they can’t possibly cheat.” Leylin sat down, sweeping his eyes across the questions on the table.

His ability to gather information was shockingly quick. He's crammed hard last night, so none of these questions could trouble him one bit.

“It's a written examination, but many things can be tested in a virtual environment. It absolutely won't be limited to just these unlimited questions...” Leylin smiled to himself before answering the questions at rapid speed.

In this environment, ordinary candidates were completely unable to perceive the passing of time. Leylin was of course the exception. After completing over ten examination papers, the surrounding environment began to change. He was taken to an operating workshop.

‘Question 35— Use the given materials to repair this Rapid Shadow wristwatch.’

Leylin looked at the lathe here, and saw a broken wristwatch upon it, with several electric pens and other items scattered around it. Its screen had been smashed to pieces.

‘This must be the on-site test,’ Leylin stroked his chin, ‘Unless the on-site tests directly open the limits of authority, and evaluate the use of mid-ranked spells?’

The current empire did not have sufficiently advanced virtual reality technology to simulate magic. Only Leylin's A.I. Chip was able to do something on that level. After all, the flesh and soul were the same as spiritual force and matter. It was an extremely

difficult matter to fuse the two together and analyse all their mysteries.

It was only with the space-time travel that his A.I. Chip had abandoned physical form. It had fused with his soul, and even then it took multiple advancements to reach its current level.

Crowley had changed into a well-ironed uniform, walking into the control theatre of the examination hall. His eyes sparkled as he saw a fair-haired beauty and greeted her, “Oh, Miss Bobbi! Did you discover any useful seedlings?”

“Your job is to patrol the examination hall, Proctor Crowley,” the beauty rejected him without hesitation. It caused all the other proctors to smile.

“Alright, alright! I’m impatient too. If we discover an outstanding mechanic, we’ll get a reward as well,” Crowley looked at Bobbi with a pitiful look in his eyes, “I think we need to discuss it.”

Bobbi looked at the monitor screen and then at her wrist before she finally agreed. “Five minutes, then...”

The other exam proctors kept their calm in the face of something so unexpected. An amorous glint immediately appeared in Crowley’s eyes, and he followed Bobbi outside.

Although on the surface it seemed as if there was melodrama

here, with one person pursuing the other, their conversation was transmitted to the rest through secret means.

“Let’s have dinner tonight? A new restaurant opened up recently in the Champs Elysees,” Crowley spoke non-stop, his performance making the other proctors knit their brows and turn away.

In secret he’d sent a short message to the woman, ‘I see that TY13 and the others are quite good. They’re worth recruiting and nurturing...’

“I don’t have any time tonight.” Bobbi said with a cold expression on her face, replying using their secret code, ‘Pay attention to them and protect them. The best thing is to fail them in their written exams, or chase them out of the examination hall. Don’t give them access to the on-site tests. Other than that, you seem to have missed one of them...’

‘I’ll take responsibility for Xavier, don’t interfere.’ Crowley’s expression changed..

‘I know, I know, but the thing is...’

‘As long as you understand. Let’s not say too much, the surveillance from central intelligence and the Weave is quite serious.’ Crowley finished his final message and then fell to the ground to release a heart-piercing cry, “Oh, Bobbi, my Bobbi...”

The fair-haired beauty smiled coldly and returned to the control

room under the surveillance of many guards and onlookers.

‘What happened?’ She’d originally expected a lot of busybodies to circle her, but she was rather stunned to see all the proctors surrounding the screen. The melodrama from earlier did not attract any attention whatsoever.

‘Did my acting skills fail? Or am I under suspicion?’ Bobbi’s heart twisted. She saw a proctor come over to her with an extremely solemn expression on his face, as well as a look of ecstasy. “Bobbi! Come and take a look.”

“Mm?” Bobbi leaned against the wall with a curious look on her face. In her heart, she secretly sighed in relief, ‘I wasn’t discovered!’

Afterwards, she saw an examination paper with a perfect score broadcasted on the screen.

“Ah, so such an exceptionally intelligent seedling appeared,” Bobbi sucked in a breath of cold air. She looked at the candidate’s information column. “So his name is Ley? It seems like he answered everything correctly, this is really...”

“Everything must be compared. Look at this,” the proctor produced another record. That was Leylin’s progress in repairing the Rapid Shadow wristwatch. Every movement flowed like the movement of clouds, filled with a unique sense of beauty.

“He does not hesitate in the slightest before committing to every action. This youth has already grasped the techniques of 2-dimensional objects. His intuitive use of materials and his confidence are monstrous...” Bobbi bluntly put it, her words full of praise.

“Mm. Xavier and Rambo aren’t much compared to him...”

“Are you ready to directly recommend him to the empire?” Bobbi asked.

“No, the written examination is the most basic part. What we need is a talented person with keen spiritual force, sufficient willpower, and tenacity to manipulate high-ranked spells...” The proctor’s words were very reasonable. After all, there were many good examples of those with a good foundation but terrible spell execution.

“Then let’s wait and see,” Bobbi said with a smile. There was some hesitation in her heart, however. ‘This Ley... Nothing was strange about him before, and even Crowley didn’t discover anything. He has this sort of intelligence, how abnormal...”

.....

With a desperate round of eliminations, less than a hundred candidates remained for the second. Xavier was amongst them, his face filled with curiosity and excitement as he looked all around him.



“Oh, Xavier!” Leylin arrived by his side and clapped him on the shoulders.

“Mm, Mister Ley has also passed?” Xavier said with a smile.

“I just got lucky, haha...” Leylin scratched the back of his head and replied courteously.

“You’re too modest. Just got lucky? You topped the entire examination!” Crowley arrived, dressed in the official uniform of a proctor. The candidates made way for him.

“Brother Crowley! Let me introduce you. This is Ley... Wait, what did you just say?” Xavier suddenly seemed to feel a little dizzy.

“I said that your friend isn’t as simple as you thought. He placed first in the written examination!” Crowley smiled as he shook hands with Leylin. His eyes, however, were filled with unconcealed warning.

‘He feels rather nervous, and he has a similar bloodline aura...’ Leylin looked at Crowley then at Xavier, his smile deepening.

“Oh, this really is amazing,” Xavier made a big fuss. Crowley had to quiet him down forcefully, “Take note of the exam hall’s rules!”

‘You’re the one who disrespects the rules the most...’ Xavier protested in his mind, but he lowered his voice a little in the end.

# Chapter 1078 - Mastermind

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‘This extraordinary strength, it’s similar to a bloodline aura but also contains vicissitudes of the spirit...’ Leylin looked at Crowley and then back at Xavier, finding them both similar. Of course, without knowledge nobody would notice these similarities.

‘Bloodline carrier, huh? Finally found one, and an organisation suppressed by the empire at that...’ Leylin felt somewhat delighted, and at the same time he observed Xavier’s conversation with Crowley as the latter left something with the teen.

‘Interesting... Is he trying to protect Xavier or set him up?’ Leylin looked at Crowley, but Crowley walked away instead.

“Alright everyone, the examinations will begin!” Under the vigilant gazes of the officers, Leylin and the other candidates walked into a large field with a white jade floor. In the centre of the field was a spell formation in the shape of a hexagon.

“The examinations requires you to connect with the Weave, and also to accurately cast a middle ranked spell...” A well trained military officer stood at the forefront, and his voice echoed throughout the entire field.

“I’ll repeat myself... There is a certain level of danger in this examination. You may choose to give up now and walk away, we will not look down on you...” Evidently, with success just one step away, none of the candidates chose to give up.

“Very well. If I call your name please step forward for your examination. Firstly, WE23, Deery...” A girl with freckles walked forward, her face filled with unease.

“Stand inside the formation, the Weave will grant you temporary authority...” The officer ordered with a voice that could not be disobeyed. After the candidate stood at the spot, he nodded his head and looked at his watch before saying, “Authorise middle-rank spells from the Shadow Weave.”

Buzz! Buzz! The white light in the spell formation began to shake, and the pressure from within caused the freckled girl to cry.

“Central neural net, pick a topic,” the officer shouted from outside the formation. Many spells names begin to rotate quickly on a large overhead screen, and it finally rested on one.

“Rank 3 spell— Shadow Wings!” the officer said as he looked at the girl. “Connect to the Shadow Weave through the spell formation, and cast the spell to the best of your ability. Our judges and the central neural network will perform the scoring...”

“Damn! Shadow Wings is a difficult spell to cast even amongst the rank 3 spells, she really is unlucky...” Xavier sighed in pity, not noticing that Leylin was looking at him with an even more pitiable expression.

Xavier concentrated on the spell formation, watching as the girl attempted to summon a pair of black wings. However, all that formed was two balls of black mist, not materialising into wings.

The two were even uneven.

Bang! A loud explosion sounded out at the end, and the balls exploded behind the girl's back. She was sent flying, with flesh and blood oozing out of her body.

“Final score: 0.2. Fail!” The officer had an indifferent expression on his face as he waved his hands, indicating for the medical team to carry the girl away and treat her.

“How is it? Does anyone want to quit now?” The officer surveyed his surroundings, and the candidates all bowed their heads. However, even now nobody chose to quit, each thinking that Lady Luck would stand by their side.

“Very well... Next!” The officer resumed the examination, smiling icily.

“Final score: 0.4. Fail!”

“Final score: 0.3. Fail!”

“Final score: 0.6. Barely passed!”

.....

Candidate after candidate was disqualified quickly. It took fifty candidates for a single plump candidate to pass. The unlucky ones

had been carried out of the venue, causing the atmosphere to darken.

If not for that candidate scoring a pass, most people would have given up by now.

“Next, Dinar!” The officer called a name.

“Sir!” The candidate called Dinar was a tall lanky man, looking to be in his thirties. However, his sideburns were white and his eyes spoke of a long past.

“Yes, you look promising. Enter!” After seeing him, the officer’s eyes brightened.

“Thanks!” Dinar walked into the spell formation and took a deep breath.

“Begin! Your chosen spell is Phantom Fireball!” The officer announced.

“Whaa... It’s one of the easiest spell to control! He’s so lucky...” The candidates below clamoured.

The man seemed extremely pleased with his own luck too. He closed his eyes as a formless spiritual force spread and connected to the Weave. Very soon, a dark red fireball appeared before him, as gentle as a tamed beast.

“Very well. Finally, another candidate passed!” Xavier clenched his fist, and his confidence was rebuilt.

However, just as he thought Dinar would pass, a strange even occurred. The dark red fireball began to shudder, and seemed to cracked at its sides, causing Dinar’s expression to turn bad.

Boom! The dark red fireball exploded, charring Dinar into ashes.

“...” Absolute silence reigned, death permeating the field. The silence was finally broken by a scream, and immediately a cacophony was stirred up.

“Silence, or you’ll be disqualified!” The threat was extremely effective, and the field became quiet once again.

“Sad. This Dinar’s spiritual force was cracked, causing a backlash with the spell. This is one of the three primary ways of suicide in the books, you should all be wary of it.” The officer lectured them and waved his hands as he inspected the spell formation. Several members from the medical team came forth and carried the burnt corpse away.

‘Oh, so that’s what happened.’ Leylin looked at Xavier, who seemed to be scared silly. Crowley smirked in secret as well, nodding his head.

‘Although the Shadow Weave’s requirements are lower than

Mystra's, regular humans can only control low-ranked spells. Middle-ranked spells and above need thorough examination. This is not something peculiar, just... The death, it's abnormal! These officers can all use the Shadow Weave, but they didn't manage to save an amateur? It has to be deliberate!

‘So then, the only difference with Dinar was... He had mild traces of extraordinary abilities!’ Leylin's eyes brightened.

‘So there's a secondary purpose to this screening. Apart from choosing those qualified to cast middle-ranked spells, it serves to differentiate true humans from mutants of bloodline carriers!

‘Since they have better talent in the first place, it's quite likely that they'll take these examinations. By tweaking some things in the dark and under the disguise of accidents, the empire can purge and massacre these impure humans...

‘No wonder I found it strange that even with psi energy and the Weave the number of extraordinary humans has been dwindling too quickly... There was this screening...’ Leylin nodded his head, not disagreeing with what they had done.

Any centralised government would abhor those people who could form their own forces and become a threat. Those like Magi that could not be controlled by the Shadow Weave were better off purged in order to maintain peace and public security.

Moreover, if one could even stamp on the seal in the name of justice, it would be even better. Had Leylin been the ruler, he

would most likely have made the same decision.

‘So regular humans who apply for the exams will only pass or fail, suffering some injury at most. However, extraordinary humans...’ Leylin looked at the headless corpse, which was a good example.

After constant repeats of this scenario, with the development of science, extraordinary humans would then become a myth and legend of the distant past. So, Crowley was in fact protecting Xavier earlier?

“Hmm? Are there any now who want to leave?” Evidently, the death earlier scared several candidates, and some chose to withdraw. The officer did not stop them, and allowed their departure by waving his hands. After all, if they had to force every candidate to go up and attempt the test, then it would be too obvious.

This plan was set for the long term. As long as there were a huge numbers of bloodline carriers dying each year, the seeds would eventually be eliminated.

“Next, Xavier!”

“It’s my turn!” Xavier felt pumped.

“Go up! All the best!” Leylin encouraged him at the side, and saw the worry in Crowley’s eyes.



‘After all this time, the rebels should have thought up a way to counter this by now, huh?’ However, Xavier did not know anything regarding these issues, and he walked to the spell formation in trepidation.

‘Okay! The spirit scan is not a problem, he’s not a bloodline carrier!’ The officer looked at a secret report before he announced the choice loudly, “Chosen spell— Phantom Fireball!”

‘I’ve already casted this countless times in my head. I’ll surely succeed!’ Although Dinar had died earlier, Xavier did not allow his death to affect his spiritual force from reaching into the spell formation.

“Hmm?” However, he suddenly realised something. The spiritual force which he could use to cast low rank spells was now like a dead puddle, not moving one bit.

“Damn it! Move! Come on!” Xavier turned beet red, only feeling that his spiritual force would not budge no matter what.

Puff!... Finally, a small wisp of flame was formed before him. But it very soon turned into a black pillar of smoke.

# Chapter 1079 - Pass

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“That flame, don’t tell me it’s actually a Shadow Fireball?” The candidates below were completely stunned. The whole room erupted into laughter.

Xavier wanted to dig a hole and throw himself into it. The embarrassed blush on his face extended all the way to his neck.

“Such a shame... You scored so well in the written examination, but it turns out you’re a squib.” The proctor regretfully shook his head.

A squib was a normal person who was innately weak in terms of spiritual force. Although it wasn’t difficult for them to cast low-ranked spells, they were idiots at the practice of higher ranked spells. With their spiritual force unable to support them, they were like machine guns with no bullets.

“Pity... Final score: 0.1 Fail!” The military instructor announced loudly. Everyone around Xavier sighed.

Just as Xavier began to walk away despondently, he saw Crowley walking towards him. “Don’t be upset, everything will get better soon,” he said, and Leylin keenly noticed a look of relief in the man’s eyes. He shook his head involuntarily.

‘Normally, the juniors take advantage of their elders. Seeing a senior do that to a younger man is quite rare... ‘ Leylin watched rather speechlessly as Crowley used his acting skills to score points

with Xavier.

“Next, Ley!” The proctor raised his voice as Leylin calmly stepped forward and walked into the pentagram spell formation.

‘It seems like my performance in the written exam scared them. Did I arouse some suspicion?’ Leylin saw the bewilderment in the proctor’s eyes, and laughed coldly to himself.

‘This Ley...’ Crowley fixed his eyes on Leylin’s back, ‘It’s very strange that our organisation never discovered someone like him. It’s very suspicious... I hope he’s a natural genius, otherwise...’

Very quickly, Leylin felt a gentle scan from the pentagram’s spell formation.

[Beep! Soul aura sweep detected, creating a fake profile...]

His truesoul of laws suddenly shrank back a little, hiding itself in a crack between the spiritual and material planes. All his power left with it, making him seem like an ordinary person. With the A.I. Chip as well as his own self-concealment methods, nothing was discovered.

‘Everything is normal? It looks like he really is a genius. I hope he can pass and contribute to humankind in the future.’

The proctor glanced at the screen out of the corner of his eye and announced it in a loud voice, “The central neural net has selected the spell— Shadow Servant!”

“What? Isn’t that the hardest exam question? Shadow servants need a fixed amount of intelligence!”

“He’s finished! People say even high-ranked engineers with mechanic permits can’t cast it properly...”

The candidates who were watching below rejoiced in Leylin’s misfortune.

“Shadow servant? Ley’s luck is really too bad...” Xavier seemed to recover a little from his knockback, and began to worry for Leylin who stood at the centre of the pentagram.

“Begin authorisation of the Shadow Weave,” the proctor nodded. The pentagram suddenly let out a faint white light, and the Shadow Weave rumbled as the restriction on the middle level was lifted.

[Beep! Authority to use mid-ranked Shadow Weave acquired. Injecting background virus, beginning analysis...]

‘The middle layer of the Weave has been opened to its limits. There should be a small crack for me to exploit to get to the higher

ranks. A.I. Chip, attempt analysis of the high-ranked Weave!’

[Beep! Mission established! Initiating task...]

the A.I. Chip loyally answered.

“Mm, what’s the matter?” At this moment, the main proctor was suddenly enveloped in fear. But when he came back to consciousness, nothing seemed to have happened. The A.I. Chip had used that moment of unconsciousness to use a backdoor into the upper levels of the Shadow Weave, completely concealed from the man himself.

‘As expected, the Shadow Weave is quite imperfect. Although it’s like Mystra’s Weave on the surface, it’s severely lacking.’ Leylin’s eyes glowed, ‘After all, this is something Shar built alone, and not even as a god. If it’s like this...’

A sudden unbidden thought revealed itself within Leylin’s heart, ‘If I use the rank 12 arcane spell here, Karsus’ Avatar, what would happen?’

The World of Gods was far too powerful, with quite a few gods at the peak of rank 8. He couldn’t imagine their response if he broke the Weave apart. Here, though, it was different. The Shadow Weave was incomparable to the real Weave, and Shar herself was only an intermediate god when she left.

Leylin had quite looked forward to using the exam to test the Shadow Weave's response to arcane spells and the like. A conscient that had already died but could still pass the crystal wall structure and make it to the Shadow World was rather curious.

‘Well, they’re both the Weave in the end. Karsus’ Avatar has quite a high chance of succeeding, and I only need to overwrite the Shadow Weave’s research program. It’s best to act only after I’ve analysed the tenth level of the Weave...’

Leylin’s mood vastly improved after he thought about this point. Shar wasn’t a full incarnation of the Shadow Weave, but their existences were tied inseparably. If the Shadow Weave was destroyed, the damage done to her would be terrifying.

It seemed like Leylin had a trump card in his hands, one which he could use to threaten Shar at any time. It said, ‘Don’t come over here, or I’ll let you have it!’

‘However, how do I let Shar know about this deterrent? That is the true problem.’ Even nuclear weapons were at their strongest before they were fired. Leylin naturally wouldn’t just act without a prior warning.

“Can you begin, Ley?” the proctor seemed to have misunderstood, “If you aren’t sure about it, you can choose to give up. After all, your safety is of utmost importance.”

It had to be said that the proctor loved to protect ordinary human

geniuses.

“Oh, thank you. It won’t be necessary,” Leylin politely waved him off and directly connected to the Shadow Weave.

Zzzz! A layer of concentrated black smoke formed beneath his feet, slowly sketching the outline of a person. The proportions of the four limbs were perfect and in harmony, only its facial feature left fuzzy and indistinct.

“Master...” A hoarse voice was emitted from the shadow servant’s body as he knelt down in front of Leylin.

“This intelligence... It’s the highest grade of shadow servant!” The proctor smiled fervently, “Ley! Your complete assessment score is 1, you gave an exceptional performance!”

“Woah...” The people below were stunned into silence. A long moment seemed to pass, and the cheers that erupted afterward were incomparable to the cacophony caused by someone passing before. After all, those before him had very barely passed, whereas Leylin had scored full points.

“Ley really is a brilliant person...” Xavier looked at Leylin who stood up on the stage. Everyone’s attention was focused on the black-haired youth, and in his heart he felt slightly inferior when compared to him.

“What’s the matter?” Crowley casually patted him on the

shoulder, “Although you don’t have talent when it comes to controlling the Weave and using spells, your personal strengths lie in other areas. The one who invented the Rapid Shadows was also a squib! However, who can deny his contributions?”

‘That’s true! Even if I don’t have a diploma, I still have the Snakebite Fist!’ Xavier inwardly thought to himself and clenched his fist. Seeing this scene, a trace of gratification flashed across Crowley’s eyes.

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His high-ranked permit was hot off the press, and the government had strongly urged Leylin to stay. He said he needed some time to consider his options, using that as an excuse to leave.

After that, he went directly to the shop for Rapid Shadows. He didn’t actually need one to cast shadow spells, but he had to conceal that fact so he ended up buying one.

“You want to buy Rapid Shadow 5.0? Please show me your permit.” This was the same shop assistant from before, and there was a trace of astonishment in her eyes, ‘He only had authority for the most basic model just a while ago. Now...’

“Mm,” Leylin calmly handed his new permit to the assistant. Once the computer attested to its veracity, her eyes were filled with fervent passion. It wasn’t just this assistant, the others nearby were completely starstruck as well!



Leylin didn't suspect in the slightest that as long as he took care, it was very possible for him to get his hands on everything. However, now was not the time. He ignored the bitter gazes directed at him from hiding, settling the payment for the device and leaving the shopping centre. The gazes had never been a problem for him.

“Ding! Welcome to Rapid Shadow 5.0, customer. Your account balance is currently 23000 Seres.” His communication device flashed immediately after he equipped the wristwatch, receiving several messages in succession.

“Hello, Mister Ley! Thousand Bears Market is honoured to have served you your title. ID data and authorisation refreshed, citizen class changed to first rank. You can enjoy public facilities for free, overdraft on the Shadow Weave, and receive beneficial treatment when it comes to immigration visas. Please send an enquiry for further details...”

The messages of several private firms followed, offering sky-high salaries of hundreds of thousands of Seres a month.

‘No wonder those attendants all became like this. So high-ranked mechanics are equivalent to nobles here?’ After seeing this, Leylin involuntarily sighed. No matter how science and technology progressed, humans in the end were still divided into different ranks.

Sadly, he himself didn't have the slightest of interest in these things. He was too lazy to even send a reply.

# Chapter 1080 - Shar

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On his way back to his villa, Leylin went to Xavier's house to greet the siblings, especially making an appearance in front of Jill. Agreeing to visit them again, he returned to his room and closed the doors and windows.

'Woman of the shadows... Mistress of the Night, it's time I greet you.' Leylin closed his eyes slightly, his conscient traversing boundless space in an instant as it arrived at the seas. An eerie smile emerged on the oily face of the voodoo doll as it emerged from the blue depths.

"Target discovered. Attack!" Many warships and aircraft carriers equipped with psi energy generators surrounded it, numerous powered submarines gathering around it like sharks. Spells gathered at the malicious mouths of the cannons, causing a great sense of danger.

"Hehe..." The smile on the voodoo doll widened, and the glint in its two black eyes dimmed before beginning to flicker even more vigorously than before.

This slight change resulted in an extreme transformation of the aura of the doll. From a brutal, robotic puppet hunter, it had now turned into a bundle of unfathomable darkness.

Crack! Crack! The voodoo doll turned its neck and scanned the huge warships with terrifying artillery, as well as the dense crowd of powerful spellcasters atop.

“You’ve done the best you possibly can in terms of technology. Unfortunately, your personal evolution has been stagnant...” Leylin shook his head, and then made a sound.

Chii! Piercing sound waves swept the area, and large batches of the navy collapsed with blood spurting out of their orifices.

“Infrasonic attack! Quick, activate shadow protection!” The surrounding warships entered a frenzy. Guided by powerful mutants and the empire’s special forces, they formed multicolour shields one by one.

Unfortunately, these shields had no effect at all. The normal people were mowed down like grass, and only the mutants with exceptional mental power were spared alongside a few powerful spellcasters.

“Your weak mental force makes it difficult to counter attacks on the soul...” Leylin believed this to be deliberate on the part Shar. In this scenario, no matter how far human civilisation advanced it would always remain in her grasp.

Things were harder with mutants and those with ancient bloodlines. While the chances were low, some beings of laws could still appear among their ranks. This was why they had to be exterminated.

‘Take rank 1 and 2 Magi, for example. They wouldn’t be able to fight my old world’s military head on, only turning to dust under

their laser cannons. However, if they were to keep a low profile they could bewitch and hypnotise people in a bid to set up terrifying organisations, and to devastating effect...’

Rumble! Rumble! Having lost most of their crews, the warships and aircraft carriers sank into the sea. Those workers had been normal humans, and there was little they could do to withstand the might of Leylin’s soul when he intentionally attacked them.

Some aircrafts even began to smoke and spark, exploding violently. This was the disadvantage of using external tools; all sorts of accidents could occur without a controller.

“What do we do, Captain?” The survivors gathered on the few warships left, staring at the figure that was like a devil in the sky.

“We attack!” The captain, who looked wise and had a scar on his face, gritted his teeth, “This person’s attacks are only effective against normal humans. There’s little effect on us extraordinary beings so we can take him on. Do what you can, and have the rest retreat. Get the empire to draw up other methods to annihilate them!

“We should prepare an elite team formed entirely of extraordinary beings, which will definitely be enough to dispose of the enemy...”

Light flickered on the wristwatches of those present, and shadow wings formed on their backs as large numbers rose to encircle Leylin in the air.

‘I see...’ Leylin took a look around and smiled slightly, ‘Besides high-levelled spellcasters, the special operatives of the empire also have a batch of extraordinary beings and bloodline carriers? This policy of having some pulling the rest forward really seems to be instinct for large countries...’

“Quick! Notify the naval headquarters! Apostle 3 has special offensive abilities and no ordinary being can get close to him. Only the Special Forces can do anything to him, call them in!”

The surviving ships were started at this moment, and some jumped on to lifeboats as they all left the area quickly. It was like there was a great ferocious beast watching them from behind.

Leylin paid no mind to them leaving. It was like a normal being stepping on a group of ants in their way, and then continuing on while paying no heed to the ants lucky enough to survive.

‘A rank 6 blood carrier, and other ability users...’ On the contrary, Leylin was slightly interested in this wave of elites surrounding him. The burly man at the lead was almost equivalent to rank 6 in the Magus World, and he also had the inheritance of an ancient bloodline.

‘The empire even managed to buy over someone like him? It looks like Shar’s plans aren’t so simple...’

“What the hell are you?” The captain eyed the voodoo doll in front of him, astutely sensing the wisdom and intelligence in it. A

single look from the doll had made him feel transparent, causing a chill up his spine.

“Heehee...” Unfortunately, Leylin had no intentions of communicating with beings like this. Under his control, the voodoo doll’s smile widened and became more eerie. Light glinted in its eyes.

Rumble! Rumble! The survivors who had managed to escape now found that the ocean behind them began to roar, the waves surging to over a hundred metres tall and swallowing them.

Drip! Drip! Crimson blood fell from the voodoo doll’s straw arm as it held onto the head of the scarred captain. His wide, terrified eyes had lost all signs of life.

The voodoo doll stood silently in the sky, and only after a long while did it turn back, looking towards a certain area.

“I imagined you would do something, Mistress of the Night...” A layer of light appeared from the voodoo doll, revealing Leylin’s figure.

“Heehee... those are just some pawns. If you like it, what does it matter if you killed a few more?”

The Shadow Weave flashed, and a young girl dressed in black walked over leisurely. She had a pair of beautiful and long eyes, and a face that was just exquisite. There was a hint of a

mischievous smile on the corner of her lips, and she seemed like a little sister you'd find living next door who loved playing tricks.

If the Snake Dowager's beauty was that of maturity and charm, Shar was like an orchid that was very approachable. The Mistress of the Night sized Leylin up and down, eyes full of unconcealed curiosity.

"I thought the Dowager would be the only one coming, I didn't expect she would invite you as well. The smell of this bloodline... Hehe..." Shar's voice was like a clear spring, graceful and beautiful.

The smile on her face grew bigger, and she held on to her belly as she started chuckling, "Haha... I never thought that woman would actually face such a disadvantage as to have a portion of her bloodline ripped out. There's nothing more delightful in the world!"

The grace of shadow force evidently allowed Shar to see through Leylin's bloodline with a glance. The fact that Leylin was not feeling the pressure from the world was enough proof of his identity.

"While I may have separated from her bloodline, we are currently allies," Leylin said with a steely expression.

"That's true... you are her ally now..." The smile on Shar's face froze, and turned austere.

In the World of Gods, she wasn't exactly one who was benevolent or loved peace. Gods lost their immortality and part of their personality in the astral plane, but some things would still remain the same.

“So... You came here just to see me?” Shar asked, and Leylin suddenly felt a huge pressure applied on him. Part of it came from the world itself. Large amounts of origin force surged forth, seemingly able to destroy his puppet in an instant as it tried to search for his main body.

“It isn't quite convenient here... shall we go somewhere else?” Leylin looked exceptionally calm in the face of this threat, motioning for Shar to go first. Then, with his five fingers stroking lightly, the space seemed to open like a curtain, revealing spatial cracks and turbulence.

With a challenge like this, Shar naturally felt no fear. She was all smiles as she took the first step, and the surrounding space immediately changed as they reached the boundary of the world.

The great origin force of the Shadow World gushed and tumbled, glimmering with a hint of civility. The huge Shadow Weave revealed itself, acting like a backbone that controlled everything.

Leylin watched this magnificent scene and looked back at the black-veiled girl, “Is this your goal? Using the Weave to control everything, and then becoming the world itself...”

“If you invited me here to say that, then you can die



now..."Powerful shadow force twined around the former goddess, the power of multiple laws signifying her power as a rank 8.

Leylin merely laughed in answer, asking, "Should I call you the Mistress of the Night, or Shar?"

With this sentence, the earth seemed to shatter! Her secret having been seen through, Shar's expression changed!

"You've been to the World of Gods?" she asked, a silent acknowledgement of her identity. Beings like her would not be so easily startled by quibbles, and since Leylin was already so sure she wouldn't be able to change his thoughts anyway.

# Chapter 1081 - Seen Through

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“Mm, I’ve been there. The world makes one wish for a leisurely life, and it’s filled with all sorts of interesting laws...” Leylin chuckled, and then looked at the weird girl, “I’d never have thought that the shadow girl didn’t actually fall, instead coming to the astral plane...”

“Faith is powerful, but it’s also a cage for us gods...” Shar grew dazed, seemingly recalling past memories, “When we were on the verge of falling in the dusk of the gods, I actually managed to see through some things. No matter how great it is, restricted power is worth nothing. In comparison, the Magi’s approach to the truth...”

“Even so, you were the only one able to make a real change...” Leylin’s eyes glinted as he inquired subtly.

“Hehe... you don’t need to try sounding me out. I was the only one who crossed the crystal sphere to come to the astral plane. Devoid of faith, we gods are like fish out of water, and things become dangerous for us. Passing through the crystal sphere in the face of imminent death requires a great amount of courage and luck. I was the only one fortunate enough to succeed...”

Shar’s lips quirked up in a smile, “I’ve answered your questions. Now, you can fall at ease ...” In the next moment, she suddenly attacked!

Rumble! The entire Shadow World seemed to come to life. Great origin force descended through the Shadow Weave, somehow

boosting her strength past its limits as she seemed to reach the peak of rank 8.

[Beep! Target has locked on to host's aura, is tracking. Countdown...]

The A.I. Chip warned in blood red. Leylin understood that she'd be able to find his main body sooner or later if he didn't do anything, such was the terror of a peak rank 8 Magus!

With his clone here, Shar could connect to his main body, injuring it grievously or even killing him along with it.

“The Shadow Weave allows you to completely wield extraordinary strength. It can even amplify World Origin Force... As expected of the Mistress of the Night, your wisdom is as dazzling as the stars...”

Leylin was also one of those beings of laws that did not have to worry about the World Origin Force. This method was like a breath of fresh air for him. Shar's usage of it wasn't something simple, instead optimised, boosted, and altered slightly.

If World Origin Force was crude oil, then the Shadow Weave allowed her to process it, separating it into diesel, gasoline, and asphalt at different times, making it more usable. Leylin's own origin force weapon was similar, though it held a few more

advantages. Although the Shadow Weave gave Shar power, it restricted her movements. On the other hand, the origin force weapon could adapt to various worlds.

Pilala! The raging Shadow Weave emerged from different areas, like a powerful electric grid that trapped Leylin within.

“If these are your last words, then I humbly accept your praise...” Shar’s sweet voice sounded, with no bloodlust whatsoever. However, at this moment, she had already issued a death penalty to this being of law under her.

Before she reached the peak of rank 8 and completely fused with the Shadow World, Shar still had a weak point. She wouldn’t be able to break out of a siege of peak rank 8s, which was why she couldn’t let the Magus who knew her secret leave!

With her foresight, she naturally knew that Leylin’s main body was at most a rank 7 Magus, and could likely be heavily injured or killed by her. Her killing intent multiplied, and under her control the Shadow Weave swept towards him.

With the support of a large world’s origin force, even one with the power of a rank 8 Magus would definitely be in trouble under this one move!

“It’s been a pity, Miss Shar... We could have discussed more possibilities...” The A.I. Chip’s rays glinted in Leylin’s eyes, and he suddenly sighed.

Rumble! All of a sudden, a streak of green flames blazed on the voodoo doll's body, and quickly spread all over its body.

“Are you trying to break all connections? Dream on!” Shar snorted, and with a wave of her hands, powerful restrictive force descended.

“You overestimate yourself.”

Sou! Amidst the green waves, Leylin's figure suddenly turned into a meteor. As if he was committing suicide, he crashed into the Weave that was closing in on him.

Boom! All of a sudden, a feeling of extreme danger struck Shar's soul. It was a warning of failure, instantly reminding her of the danger she felt during the dusk of the gods. In fact, this sensation was even worse than what she'd felt back then!

‘What's going on?’ Shar suddenly retreated, numerous spell rays flickering on her body. Circles of origin force formed an armour that began to envelop her. In what had been a sea of origin force, within the palace, the girl in the crystal slowly opened her eyes, a trace of fear appearing on her expression!

Buzz! Turbulent! Immense! A conscient that had initially been in a deep slumber suddenly awakened as it descended.

Whoosh! The Shadow Weave extended, causing the little green meteor to jump out of the siege and leave behind a bright curve in

the sky before disappearing.

Shar knew that the Magus had already completely destroyed all traces of the puppet, and it would be impossible to pursue him further. Now, however, her focus was on something else.

“What’s going on? What’s with this huge sense of danger that could harm my life? And the World Will?” Shar closed her eyes, as if interacting with the great shadow will. Only after a long time did she open her eyes.

‘It sensed an aura dangerous enough to kill me?’ Shar bit her lips, looking serious.

The more powerful a being was, the more afraid it was of death. This applied even more to her, who had been lucky enough to survive the dusk of the World of Gods.

‘What is it? A Netherese flying city? An extraordinary divine weapon? Or is it the Earthern Plate of Destiny?’ All sorts of thoughts streaked through her mind, one after the other. Following that, she turned towards a region of the empire. Although she had not been able to pinpoint his location, she’s still found the general vicinity.

“Allsnake... you’ve truly found a great helper this time...” Shar sighed, her body merging into the shadows. A terrifying web of darkness encircled the region Leylin was in under her command, surging in the shadows.

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Thousand Bears City, within the bedroom of a villa. Leylin opened his eyes slightly as a trace of black lightning flickered in the room.

Some of the threads that had tried to pursue him were disconnected and swallowed, dissolved by darkness. Only once the process was complete did he stand up, recalling his meeting with Shar.

‘Most of her divine immortality has been converted...’ Leylin sighed with a hint of pity.

The divinity was the most important part. Godly power of laws could be devoured completely and used in an instant, allowing a Magus to multiply their strength. However, the reverse was not true. Having changed, Shar was no longer a god. Even if Leylin devoured her, it would be great if he got even a fifth of the law of shadows.

That small fight using his avatar had allowed him to determine Shar’s strength. She was near the peak of rank 8, only a few steps away from the boundary of rank 9! This strength exceeded that of the Snake Dowager.

If Shar had beings of laws helping her, even Leylin would have to consider retreat. Just like the wars between large countries in his previous world, these battles in the astral plane were all for profit. If there was little profit out of it along with the danger of injury or

curses, nobody would want to fight.

‘But it’s too clean... the whole Shadow World doesn’t seem to have any other rank 7s aside from Shar...’ Leylin felt a deep chill inside.

There were still a few beings of law under the Snake Dowager’s rule. They’d made deals with her, allowing her to watch over them without worry. However, there were no auras of law in the current Shadow World anymore!

‘Shar is from the World of Gods, after all. She wouldn’t want her secrets discovered by other Magi before she reaches the peak of rank 8...’ Leylin sighed. He had a feeling the rest of those existences had probably met their ends.

“The Snake Dowager should have discovered this by now, right?” He pushed aside the curtains, his eyes seeming to pierce into the boundless starry skies and into another part of the empire.

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There was an ancient castle sitting atop a hill at the outskirts of a bright city. Such medieval structures had grown rare in recent times, becoming tourist sites more than anything else.

A lady with a long black umbrella was leisurely walking across a shady pathway. She’d worn a coat of mink fur, and her tall black heels created piercing noises as they hit the ground. With her black



silk gloves, she seemed elegant and posh.

Under the headscarf was the face of a middle-aged woman. Her long eyes and lips were smeared with bright red makeup, giving her an enchanting look.

The Snake Dowager had evidently learnt from the previous lessons, and restrained much of her charm. While her current figure was beautiful, it was not enough to create trouble and suffering for the country.

Raindrops dripped onto the roads and created a lively rhythm. The soil was all muddy, yet nothing seemed to stick onto her high heels. However, as there weren't many people nearby, nobody discovered this startling scene.

# Chapter 1082 - Kidnapping

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“Alilux, Jar Spectre, as well as a guardian of the mermaid clan, the prophet Kalle...” The Snake Dowager’s eyes held a trace of sadness, “You should have chosen me from the beginning...”

She walked directly into the ancient castle, but the dozing security guard did not notice her at all. Intensely familiar with everything in the castle, she continued on her way and walked into the basement. She finally arrived in front of a wall.

The dirt yellow manson stones were covered with the mottled marks of history. The likeness of a two-handle vase had been carved in there with simple skill.

“In Allsnake’s name...” the Snake Dowager bit her lip, a trace of blood appearing and piercing into the body of the wall. The entire wall seemed to collapse, revealing a pitch-black passageway.

In the end, she arrived in front of a simple altar. There she saw fragments of ceramic, radiating an atmosphere of chilling horror with concentrated resentment. The grudge had materialised even after thousands of years.

“Jar Spectre, so this is what became of your body?” The Snake Dowager picked up a dirt-yellow fragment of the vase, traces of black patterns wandering on the surface as they let out hissing sounds. It seemed like a thousand snakes were flowing over each other.

Having gotten what she wanted, the Snake Dowager quickly left. The passageway was discovered by a cleaner later, becoming a popular tourist destination.

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Another bright and beautiful day dawned in Thousand Bears City.

“Ah...” Xavier stretched lazily and sat up in bed.

“Oh dear, I didn’t manage to get my license again. I still have to ask for money from my parents at this age... Shouldn’t I hurry up and find some odd jobs to do?” He kneaded his temples in worry as he put his clothes on.

The imperial university was expensive to go to, and normal families could not afford it. Xavier had grown a bit of pride over his life, and he didn’t want to use up his parents’ money after he grew to adulthood.

‘Tiring jobs like waiting tables don’t have high salaries. I should become a bodyguard instead! My physique was crafted well by the Snakebite Fist, giving me great attack power. I can earn in excess of ten Thousand Seres a month...’ His self-confidence was greatly bolstered by his sturdy physique and willpower from training in martial arts.

Several minutes later, he walked into the living room with

toothbrush in mouth. He saw fried eggs, bread, and milk on the table, with a note stuffed under the plate.

“Jill’s already gone to school?” The scene of a little girl cooking breakfast from atop a stool appeared in his mind, and a smile blossomed on Xavier’s face. Washing his face and rinsing his mouth, he sat down to eat breakfast and turned on the television.

The television screen appeared in midair, broadcasting the clear and simple voice of a female anchor, “Welcome to the morning news. Let’s begin with economy. A few days ago the Imperial Corporation declared that...”

Suddenly, the expression of the female anchor changed.

“Breaking news! Thousand Bears City’s Golden Flower Primary School was attacked by an unknown party this morning. The casualties are currently unknown, and the police department and firefighters have hurried to the scene. Five different organisations have presently taken responsibility for this attack...”

A sudden scene of dense fireworks appeared behind the anchor, showing a primary school. The police had erected a perimeter of warning tape, and faint weeping sounds could be heard from within.

Bang! Xavier’s expression turned blank, the cup of milk in his hand shattering on the floor.

‘That’s Jill’s school!’ He immediately rushed out, pulling out the door with so much force that a hole the size of a fist was formed where the handle used to be.

“Mm, has it begun?” Next door to Xavier, Leylin also walked out from his residence. He saw Xavier rushing hot-bloodedly to Golden Flower Primary School, strolling behind him calmly with his own breakfast in hand.

‘Jill! Jill! You must be alright!’ Xavier looked into the distant horizon. He could already see the dense black smoke over the school building, an ominous sign. Sirens could be heard in the distance.

The closer he got, the worse the traffic jam became. There seemed to be a long queue of maglev trains on the tracks, with numerous traffic policemen maintaining order.

“Damn!” Xavier ferociously slammed his taxi’s door open and fled. In a few moments, he had disappeared to the end of the street, with money left carelessly on the seat. The driver’s mouth gaped as if he had seen a ghost.

With his agility and the fact that he was not all that far from the primary school in the first place, Xavier very quickly reached the location.

“Stop! What are you doing?” An armoured policeman blocked him from going ahead, examining him closely.

“I... I’m the brother of a student here, her name’s Jill. How is she?!” Xavier asked in a panicked voice.

“The robbers have taken hostages, we are currently working hard to rescue them,” the policeman’s gaze turned into a pity, “I promise you that we will do our absolute best to rescue them. Now please, go over there to register and wait...”

He pointed at an empty space where a group of parents had gathered. Many mothers were weeping openly.

“Damn... I want to go in!” Xavier’s face flushed with rage.

“I’m sorry, that is impossible!” The policeman’s expression changed, “Don’t make things difficult for us...”

Seeing a gun’s black muzzle, Xavier rolled his eyes, “Fine, I’ll leave. I’m leaving...” As he slowly left and walked around the school, he arrived outside an enclosed wall. There were policemen here as well, but it wasn’t as densely protected as the last area.

“Okay, now!” Xavier deeply breathed in and emitted a serpent’s hiss, suddenly becoming a shadow which rushed forward.

“Stand still!” “Shoot!”

A cacophony of voices could be heard, as well as dangerous gunshots. However, Xavier had displayed his extraordinary power here, bending into an S as if he was a snake to dodge all the

gunshots. He barely flipped over the wall into the campus, and exasperated howls sounded behind him.

“Jill! Jill!” Xavier was extremely panicked in his heart, but his thoughts were eerily calm. He began to stealthily make his way towards Jill’s classroom.

The once happy campus had now become hell. The corpses of several students and teachers littered the hallway, the fresh red blood unpleasant to the eyes.

‘It’s impossible, Jill would not have fallen here...’ Xavier encouraged himself to move onwards, silently drawing closer to Jill’s class.

The robbers had evidently based themselves here, congregating together. However, their attire was extremely strange. They were wearing black wind jackets with sunglasses.

‘They don’t look like robbers...’ A faint thought arose in Xavier’s heart. However, at this point he already had no choice. After seeing the crowded figures and their firepower, he began to feel a little anxious.

‘Right, the ventilation ducts... If I can restrain my life undulations, I can hide.’ Xavier’s eyes brightened. He used Snakebite Fist to control his entire body’s muscles and blood flow. Under the mysterious force, his blood slowly grew cold. His life undulations also became increasingly weak, until he resembled a rock on the ground.

Bang! A ventilation duct was kicked open, and Xavier slowly climbed towards the school building.

“Why do we have to act like robbers, boss? Can’t we just act directly?” Nobody was alerted to Xavier’s presence, exchanging words which made his heart beat faster.

“It’s the mayor’s fault, he said it would be bad influence. Well, someone else will take his position after this, that’s the price for provoking the Special Forces...”

‘The empire’s Special Forces Division?’ Xavier’s heart turned cold. He felt like he had interfered with some disastrous affair.

“Ah...” Just at this moment, the sound of a girl crying out in alarm could be heard. Xavier’s eyes widened in response, ‘It’s Jill’s voice!’

He crawled across at lightning speed. Looking through the opening in the ventilation shaft, his eyes almost popped out of their sockets at the scene he witnessed. Within the classroom, a teacher’s body had slumped over the desk. Many little girls were crouched on the ground crying, with a huge man dragging Jill up.

“So annoying!” He pinched a nerve behind Jill’s head, which made her immediately faint.

“Let go of my sister!” Seeing this scene, Xavier couldn’t hold back



anymore. He jumped down from the ventilation shaft directly.

“Oh, so there was one left?” The man in the wind jacket looked at Xavier and at the black apparatus in his hand, “It’s a shame he’s too old. There’s no value in nurturing and brainwashing him...”

“Let go of my sister!” Xavier roared as he charged ahead. However, he was blocked by a slanted-eyed youth with a pallid face.

Heavy makeup was smeared on his face in thick layers, and he swiped his tongue across his brightly coloured lips, “Give this one to me, he seems rather amusing,” he said with an evil expression.

A Rapid Shadow wristwatch flashed with light, and a wall of shadows stopped Xavier in his tracks.

“Alright, but pay attention to the time,” the middle-aged man nodded. He threw Jill and two other girls over his shoulder and left.

“Damn it, DAMN IT!” Xavier’s expression flushed a deep red. His arm suddenly softened, and like a snake with sharp fangs he shattered the shadow wall into pieces.

“Oh, a martial artist? I like it!” Slant Eyes seemed to brighten, “I know from experience that trash like you can last a little longer, so don’t disappoint me...”

“Don’t even think about stubbornly resisting. I’ve already surpassed high-ranked mechanics and can directly connect to the highest layer of the Shadow Weave. Your martial skills are just a joke compared to high-ranked spells.”

“Sss...” A black shadow flashed past. Xavier reappeared in front of Slant Eyes, his fingers stabbing directly into his throat.

# Chapter 1083 - Jar

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“How... Is this possible?” Slanted Eyes fell to the ground in disbelief.

“Even if you have powerful spells, your neurons are still too weak. Your processing ability cannot keep up at all... Before you even cast a spell I could kill you over ten times!” Xavier rushed in.

“Jill! Jill!” The deadly and vicious Snakebite Fist was now used by Xavier to a terrifying degree, and very soon the remaining kidnappers had their throats torn apart, dying in a gory fashion.

He went up to the roof, but Xavier could only see an aircraft flying off in the distance.

“No...” Xavier fell helplessly to the ground.

“I never thought that I’d be late!” A sigh sounded beside him, and Xavier unconsciously retaliated.

However, the powerful Snakebite Fist was stopped, and the other person spoke out, “I’m not your enemy. I’m here to help.”

“You... Crowley?” Xavier recognised him and suspicion filled his face, “Why are you here?”

“I’ll explain later, right now we need to leave this place. Follow

me!” Crowley’s expression was extremely solemn as he dragged Xavier and left the place. Still, Xavier shrugged off the man’s hands once they reached a corner of the school.

“What exactly is happening?”

“I said it before, I’m here to help!” Crowley put on an extremely serious face, “Do you know the identity of those people who abducted your sister earlier?”

“The empire’s Special Forces!” Xavier spat out the name. Learning of this fact, all his hopes of police help had been dashed.

“Nn, they’re lackeys of the Special Forces!” There was a tinge of hatred in Crowley’s voice, “Not only do rampantly kill adult bloodline carriers, they capture our children and brainwash them into becoming their own recruits!”

“Bloodline carriers? Could it be...” Xavier suddenly recalled the contents of his family’s inherited book.

“I implicated all of you this time. You’d best give your parents a call, and let them avoid all risks...” Crowley said apologetically.

“Wait...” Xavier shrugged his hands. He’d learnt too much today, causing him to feel dizzy.

“Who exactly are you? Why did you say ‘you all’?” Wariness crept in Xavier eyes, and every muscle of his bulged like that of a

leopard about to leap on its prey.

“I belong to the Bloodline Alliance, an organisation formed to resist the empire. Our activities in Thousand Bears City attracted the attention of the Special Forces...” Crowley said slowly.

“You criminal ringleader!” Before Crowley could finish speaking, Xavier sent out a punch that carried the phantom of a black snake.

Hiss! The same giant snake serpent appeared behind Crowley. He punched out the same way, accompanied by the hiss of an ancient snake.

Xavier’s fist was caught in Crowley’s palm, no damage done to either part.

“Snakebite Fist?!” Shock filled Xavier’s face.

“Only a weakling will resent others, and disregard the true target!” Crowley let go of Xavier’s hands, “Your gift in practising the Snakebite Fist has far exceeded my expectations. Even those so-called ‘geniuses’ would not hold a candle to you...”

“Who exactly are you?” Xavier stressed each syllable.

“Me? I’m known as Crowley, but my name is Xanier! Deruze Xanier! Can you see the connection now?” There was warmth in Crowley’s eyes.

“Xanier! The ancestor that left us the Snakebite Fist! How? Doesn’t that mean you’re over five hundred years old?” Xavier’s first instinct was disbelief.

“There are many things you don’t know about the world. Don’t be easily convinced of truth and lies... I don’t hope for you to believe me anyway. What? Don’t you want to save your sister anymore?” Crowley smiled.

“How do we save her? Crow... Xan...” Xavier stammered. If what Crowley said was true, then wasn’t this man his great great great grandfather?

“Crowley would be fine!” Crowley smiled, and then his expression turned solemn. “There is a Special Forces base outside Thousand Bears City. The young bloodline carriers they abducted will be detained in that place, undergoing a rigorous selection process before the best are sent over to the empire. So? Do you have the guts to go with me?”

“Of course!” Xavier clenched his fists and nodded his head with resolution.

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‘Bloodline Alliance?’ Leylin stood on the side of the street. He’d seen everything, including Xavier’s conversation with Crowley.

‘According to Xanier’s words, this organization is the one that most bloodline carriers are gathered in... These are the descendants of existences who had wielded laws, but they are now reduced to this state... It’s rather sad...’ Leylin shook his head.

“Hey handsome, do you wanna chat?” A melodious voice sounded by the side of the street. Leylin turned around, only to see a young lady whose earrings reflected the sunlight.

It took him a while to think, but then he smiled mysteriously, “Sure!”

Some time later, the two of them were sitting in the partitioned room of a cafe.

This place was rather exquisite in its design and service, and the couple’s room was also good at isolating sound. The waiter served coffee along with snacks shaped like little animals before quietly closing the door.

Leylin waved his hands, and a layer of blood red light enclosed the room. Only then did he turn back to look at the beautiful lady. “Snake Dowager! You actually dare look for me now? Aren’t you afraid of being caught by the Mistress of the Night?”

Leylin already felt that this girl had been possessed when he saw her. The Shadow Weave could have easily discovered this connection of spacetime.

“It’s alright... I’m using the chipped body of the Jar Spectre to contact you...” The young lady smiled, flashing the phantom of a shattered piece of clay and revealing the power of laws within it.

“The Jar Spectre was an existence on the same level as me back in ancient times. It possessed the law of stealth, and its pristine waters could immediately travel to any part of the Shadow World...

“However, it’s now been reduced to this broken piece...” Complex emotions whirled across the Snake Dowager’s face, “It seems like you’ve discovered it as well? The Mistress of the Night is the only being of law remaining alive in this world...”

Leylin spoke solemnly, “So then. Why take the risk to contact me?”

“An exchange of information, and a plan moving forward.” This girl before him was rather beautiful originally. However, the Snake Dowager’s possession had elevated her aura, and her wry smile seemed to hold a hint of coquettishness to it.

“She’s already gotten rid of all beings of law in the Shadow World, and has it under tight surveillance using the Shadow Weave. This psi energy of hers has replaced all sorts of fuel in the world as well... I have no doubt that she could will the civilisation of the entire world destroyed as long as she wants it...”

The Snake Dowager was a native of the Shadow World, after all. Since she wanted to seize control of the place, she’d ideally want it



intact. Even then, in a crucial moment she most probably wouldn't care about the destruction of an entire civilisation. This was a common trait amongst beings of law.

Leylin thought over it for a while. She was his ally right now after all, so he decided to chip in with some information, "Here's some more. My voodoo doll already met the Mistress of the Night..."

"What?" A nervous expression appeared on the Snake Dowager's face.

"Relax, she didn't manage to lure me over. I didn't suffer any serious injury either." Leylin's retort had been immediate, he'd known what she was thinking of.

"My apologies... The Mistress of the Night is someone who excels at convincing people. The Jar Spectre had been lured by her..." the Snake Dowager said apologetically.

"That's alright," Leylin nodded his head and continued. "From what I can see, I didn't meet her true body. It was just an avatar."

"An avatar! Then where is her true body at?" This information was rather important, and could determine the victory and ownership of a world. Hence the Snake Dowager pressed on.

"I don't know..." Leylin shook his head and saw the Snake Dowager turning silent. He then asked, "Your Excellency, what

plans do you have now?”

“I’ll first rope in the strength of the bloodline carriers... and there are several other things for me to do as well...” The Snake Dowager bit her lips and pointed her finger out, forming a strange rune in the air.

“This is the imprint of the Jar Spectre. You can contact me through it anytime, it can’t be seen by the Weave.”

“Alright!” Leylin reached out his right hand, allowing this rune that looked like a jar with two ear-shaped handles to enter him through his skin.

[Beep! Host obtained ‘Jar Imprint’! Effects: Able to converse with another imprint holder unlimitedly in the Shadow World. The connection applies before all others in the world. Explanation: The ancient Jar Spectre’s original body is a giant jar with two ear handles. Legends have it that the entire water source of the Shadow World comes from it, and its two ears can listen to any information in the Shadow World!]

“I’ll need your help in roping in the bloodline carriers!” The beautiful eyes of the Snake Dowager looked at Leylin.

“I won’t refuse!” Leylin did not decline the request. He’d already set his eyes on the Bloodline Alliance anyway.

The Snake Dowager left after smiling contentedly, only leaving behind a girl who'd fainted on the spot.

“Sigh... I still need to clean up this mess, how troublesome...” Leylin shook his head and snapped his fingers. The young girl sat up immediately and looked at his eyes which contained no annoyance, “After you wake up, you will forget...”

# Chapter 1084 - Attack

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Outskirts of Thousand Bears City.

Crowley had brought Xavier to a simple and crude building that was still under construction.

Past a board that covered up the basement was a huge place. Flickering neon lights illuminated a place with a cold, hard, metallic lustre, causing Xavier's palms to sweat slightly.

"This is the Bloodline Alliance's stronghold in Thousand Bears City. It's impossible for the two of us alone to attack a branch of the empire's Special Forces ourselves, so we'll need some helpers. Come, let's introduce you."

Crowley brought Xavier to a place that seemed like a little meeting room, pulling the door open. Instantly, many judging and distrustful or threatening gazes fixed onto him, causing him to stiffen up.

"Alright, alright. Don't get too overboard with your greetings!" Amidst this perilous situation, Crowley was like a huge reef. His words caused a large amount of the pressure to dissipate. Only then did Xavier get the strength to raise his head and size up the people in the meeting room.

Everybody here had a grim aura about them, causing the teen to feel extremely uncomfortable. However, there was one person amongst them he recognised.

“Is that... Invigilator Bobbi?” He focused on one of the many females.

“Haha... You should’ve seen her at your greater skill test. Let me introduce you once more. This is Bobbi. She has the bloodline of the ancient enchanting witch, and she’s also an official of Thousand Bears City.”

Crowley rubbed his nose, “Be careful. This old woman likes to prey on young things...”

“Who are you calling old, you smelly snake?” Bobbi twisted her slender waist as she approached Xavier. She was one head taller than him, and it gave him much pressure.

“Can you do it, kid? This isn’t playing house, you really might lose your life in this operation...”

Xavier looked up at the roaring sea and gulped, before turning resolute, “I... I must go!”

“Haha... Don’t underestimate Xavier. He’s genius enough to have mastered the Snakebite Fist at his age! With an additional set of armour, he’ll definitely be powerful!” Crowley patted Xavier on the back.

“Mastery over the Snakebite Fist?” The crowd began to get restless, and what followed next was Bobbi’s fearless laughter,

“Haha... how interesting. This is too interesting...”

“He’s not even twenty now. Considering his age, it can’t have been all that long...” She turned her waist and sized Xavier up and down as if watching a rare animal. She then shot a glance at Crowley with her slender eyes, the challenge and disdain within them obvious, “Didn’t you take two hundred years to do the same thing? In comparison to him, what are you?”

“Can we not discuss this now?” Crowley could only surrender to this taunt that struck at his weak spot. Xavier, on the other hand, was shocked, ‘Is the Snakebite Fist that difficult? Then why could I succeed in a matter of days...’

He now understood that what had happened to him was something unusual. He decided to keep it a secret, it was something that could not be made known.

“Alright! Since he’s gained mastery of the Snakebite Fist, he meets the requirements to join us,” Bobbi nodded and sat down, “Let’s continue what we were discussing...”

“That’s the kind of person she is. Try not to provoke her...” Crowley awkwardly pulled Xavier to sit at a corner, no longer bringing up meeting anyone else.

“Based on our intel, the empire’s special forces have destroyed four or five strongholds of the resistance in Thousand Bears City. They’ve become more ruthless and brutal, and the number of young bloodline carriers they took away has increased...” A screen

flashed with many images as a young man in a wheelchair spoke. A picture of Golden Flower Primary School caused Xavier to clench his fists.

“We can surmise that they must’ve faced a huge loss of sorts recently, so they’re eager to get new blood...” The young man on the wheelchair lifted his glasses, full of confidence, “Thanks to them, numerous organisations are now willing to pledge their loyalty to us. Of course, it’s on the condition that we destroy their base in Thousand Bears City and save their relatives... What’s most important is that the other side is unscrupulous, to the point that even the mayor is disgusted. We can make use of this and break off their most powerful support from authorities...”

“Do you understand the general situation now? Prepare to move out!” Bobbi clapped her hands, and people left the meeting room one after another. Only Xavier, Crowley, and a few others were left behind.

“You don’t have a weapon yet, right kid? Come with me!” Bobbi placed her hands on her hips and brought Xavier to the young man seated in the wheelchair.

Crowley spoke up from beside Xavier, “This guy’s called Genius, he’s our organisation’s weapons and intelligence officer.”

“Haha... did you just say I’m smart?” The young man called Genius burst into laughter, seemingly full of love for himself. However, Crowley and Bobbi did not say anything, obviously used to his narcissism.

Xavier noticed that this man was stuck with prosthetics from the waist down. He'd evidently suffered from some critical injury before, to the point that even the empire's current technology could not allow him to recover.

Genius maneuvered his wheelchair and arrived in front of Xavier, "Speak! Tell me what you want. Even if it's the newest version of Rapid Shadow, I can get it for you!"

"Mm, I haven't tried the high-grade Rapid Shadow yet, and I haven't even passed the licensing exam. The same goes for laser weapons..." Xavier scratched his head in embarrassment.

"Then..." Crowley and Bobbi exchanged an awkward glance, but they did not speak.

"Just give me armour!" Xavier had made his choice after some thought. After all, his greatest advantage was the mastery of the Snakebite Fist. Sturdy armour would greatly raise his battle might.

"Just armour? Don't you need anything else? How about tracking cannons? Or an external Weave connection?" Genius trained a piercing gaze on Xavier, as if measuring his body size.

"That's not necessary. All I want is something that can protect me well. The metal for my arms must be durable enough, and should not affect my movements... And for my legs, It's best that..."



Xavier gave a broad outline of what he wanted and then looked at Genius, “I’ve said a lot. Do you remember it all?”

“Haha... it’s no big deal. I’m Genius, remember?” A projection appeared in mid-air as Genius patted his wheelchair, showing an outline of armour that was exactly like what Xavier had described.

“The only thing that matches your requirements right now is the empire’s Venomsnake Armour. Thankfully there’s one stored in the base. It can be used after some modification...” Genius’ hands moved extremely quickly. In but tens of minutes, Xavier was able to don his armour.

He waved his arm and tested the flexibility of the arms for the armour, and then entered a stance of the Snakebite Fist. “Amazing...”

“But of course! Genius really is a genius. He used to be from the Imperial Research Institute, anything he alters can be sold at astronomical prices on the black market...” Crowley had changed into a black windbreaker, “Are you ready? Let’s leave!”

“Of course,” Xavier’s fists punched out, creating dazzling sparks in the air, “Jill, I’m coming to save you!”

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The members of the Bloodline Alliance moved very quickly. In

just half an hour all its fighters were surrounding a military base.

“That’s the base of the Special Forces branch. Once the fight begins Genius will move to break off all communication with the outer world. We’ll have fifteen minutes.” Crowley sounded grim, “Remember to be on time. Any later than that, and we’ll have no other way. Once they move out from their garrison to encircle us, all of us will probably be completely decimated.”

“Fifteen minutes!” Xavier gazed at the base like it was a malicious beast and gritted his teeth, “That’s enough!”

“Good! Well then, move out!” Crowley raised an arm, and numerous black figures pounced out. In the next moment, a bright red alarm resounded in the base.

“Communications down. Haha... I really am a genius!” Genius was in the basement of the Bloodline Alliance base, sat inside a huge machine with a silver helmet on his head. His eyes were full of an abnormal fervour.

He hadn’t just cut off communications. The military base’s power had been taken down as well, causing the Special Forces’ base to quiet down.

Hss! Xavier struck out with a right hand that was like a venomous snake tooth. Protected by his armour, he was like a humanoid gundam as his fingers instantly severed the throat of an enemy. The Venomsnake Armour weighed nearly fifty kilos, but to him it was almost weightless.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Black figures were flung away one after the other. Xavier quickly charged out, his armoured hands grabbing onto a fat bald man.

“Where’s Jill? No, where are those primary school students you took today?” Although his was covered by armour, Xavier understood the he was looking quite sinister.

His fierce murderous spirit immediately caused the man to stammer. His body trembled, and a patch of wetness appeared on his pants. He’d actually lost control of his bladder!

Just at this moment, a few black-clothed men charged over towards him, firing their laser weapons. The shots only left shallow marks on Xavier’s armour, and in retaliation he struck them ruthlessly, causing them to crash into the wall leaving huge depressions behind. Their bones shattered loudly, and it was obvious that they would not live.

“Speak quickly, or you’re next!”

# Chapter 1085 - Rescue

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“I’ll say it, I’ll say it! They’re in basement 2!” The immense threat of death cured the fatty’s stutter, and he spilled the beans in a hurry.

Crash! Xavier tossed him to the side and charged down to the basement.

“Trash! You’re all trash!” An icy voice sounded, causing Xavier’s heart to skip a beat. He soon saw a black-robed figure that made his eyes bulge in rage— it was the middle-aged man who had abducted his sister, and he was still wearing the same jacket!

“The guards here are too weak...” The man didn’t carry any weapons on him, and the unzipped jacket flapped in the wind to reveal the perfect abdominal muscles of his body. It gave Xavier an extreme sense of danger.

At the man’s feet were many dead members of the Bloodline Alliance, and on his body were scars from the aftermath of an explosion.

“Give me back my sister!” Xavier howled.

“Oh, you’re that kid from before... Heh, looks like that idiot Base is dead...” The middle-aged man inhaled deeply, “Make sure to remember my name. I’m Wolf Fang, the one who’ll kill you tonight.”

Awoo— A strong forcefield emanated from the man's body, making Xavier feel like he was standing helplessly before a canine on the grassy plains.

Hiss! He quickly activated the Snakebite Fist in response, and the phantom of a black serpent appeared behind him.

“Huh, interesting. I'll be able to toy with you a little while longer!” Wolf Fang's eyes brightened.

Boom! However, the ceiling broke apart just as Wolf Fang was about to make his move, and Crowley descended to stand in front of Xavier.

“Go! I'll stop him!”

“Thank you!” Xavier rapidly disappeared into the passage, but Crowley and Wolf Fang no longer minded him.

“Keke... Crowley, one of the top five experts of the Bloodline Alliance. You're wanted for fifteen charges of treason, a rank SSS criminal.” Wolf Fang's gaze at Crowley was like nothing else existed in the world.

“Javis' lackey, eh. Your hands are stained with the blood of my people...” A pea sized ball of explosion radiated out from Crowley, and a fine black mist appeared to fight back against Wolf Fang's forcefield. A black python seemed to emerge from within the mist,

its vertical eyes glaring at Wolf Fang.

“Hahaha... Interesting, quite interesting! So that kid just now was your student? Or is he a descendant?” Wolf Fang guffawed as he charged forward like a tank. The battle had begun!

“What is this?” Having entered the room in the basement, Xavier was scared out of his wits at the sight he’d witnessed. Multiple giant nutrition pods littered the area, containing creatures of different species and even human beings. The humans themselves seemed to be from all age groups.

However, even if these people looked normal there was definitely something odd about them. Xavier peered through one cylinder of glass, seeing a little boy with purple skin and a pair of wings protruding from his back. It seemed to be some form of deformity.

The little boy suddenly opened his eyes, his yellow pupils staring icily at Xavier. It was a look of utter despair and death.

“It’s... Alive!” Darkness seemed to enveloped Xavier at this instant. He’d lived his life as an ordinary citizen so far, so this was the first time the vile, dark, reality was put in front of him.

Seeing that there were live specimens here, Xavier suddenly got worried. “Jill, Jill!”

Boom! He destroyed a black mechanical lock, revealing an underground basement. A putrid stench emanated from within.

“Jill! Jill, are you there?”Xavier opened one of the cages underground, but he only saw a few girls with unfamiliar faces.

“Five minutes left. Make sure to withdraw in time!” Genius sounded rather nervous through the earpiece. Several other members who’d followed Xavier exchanged looks, and immediately began scouring for Jill.

Xavier did not mind the actions of the members. He had only wanted to find Jill right now.

“Get lost!” Several Special Forces members were sent flying back and died miserably as a loud serpent hissed.

This place was only a branch base, and it wasn’t prepared for such a relentless ambush. It probably held more administrators than soldiers, so Xavier with his armour on was like a ferocious beast that swept away everything in his path.

“Underground room #2!” He kicked opened a metal door, and saw several girls crouching in the corner. All of them wore the uniform of Golden Flower Primary School.

“Jill! Jill!” Xavier howled, but there was no response.

“Not here! Not here too! What’s happening?” He forcefully picked up a researcher in a white lab coat, the strength in his wrist causing the man’s face to turn red.

“Cough... Cough... The kids from Golden Flower Primary School that were captured today are here...” The researcher’s face turned purple, as he uttered several more words. “However... Some special specimens were just taken away, en route to headquarters... Cough, I told you everything I know, please spare me...”

“Damn it!” Xavier’s eyes turned red, and he crushed the man’s throat without much effort.

Bang! The corpse fell lifelessly to the ground. Xavier then waved his hands and sent the little children running out of the room. Right now, he could only walk around aimlessly in the underground base.

“Enemy troops will arrive in one minute! Evacuate immediately!” Genius’ voice sounded once again. He was extremely exasperated now, but Xavier seemed not to hear anything he was saying.

“What are you doing? You idiot!”

Bang! A fist struck Xavier’s face, causing him to be embedded into the wall that had crumbled partially, but it had turned him clear-headed. “Here... Jill... Not here...”

“So what? You haven’t found your sister?” Bobbi wore a tight uniform, as he punched Xavier again, sending him flying out from the wall. He then stepped on Xavier, “She’s not dead, so as long as she’s alive, there will always be a chance. But right now, you are very likely to die here before her!”



“Yes! The headquarters of the Special Forces! I have to go there!” Xavier’s pupils suddenly blazed with flames. “Thank you, Miss Bobbi, also... How is Crowley right now?”

“He’s in trouble! Wolf Fang is Jarvis’ right hand man, so he is very powerful. Only Crowley here can resist him, and their support troops came in faster than expected. The only comfort is that the other members in this base aren’t strong fighters, so we already rescued a large number of people.”

“I’ll help him!” Without further hesitation, Xavier jumped on his feet quickly, and ran at a speed that Bobbi could not chase after.

“Sigh... Young people nowadays...” Without knowing why, Bobbi smiled lightly. But very soon, she surveyed her surroundings, “What are all of you waiting for? Hurry and evacuate! Take everything that can be brought away, and destroy the rest! I want the sins of this place to be burned away by fire!”

Pit Pat! Pit Pat! Droplets of fresh blood fell of the ground, accompanied by heavy panting.

Crowley looked at the three deep gashes on his chest, and at the blood pouring profusely out of the wounds. Wolf Fang had managed to expose his bone.

“Haha... How is it? A top expert of the Bloodline Alliance only has this much ability?” Wolf Fang laughed maniacally. His shirt had been ripped open, and his aura began to converge, forming the

phantom of a wolf behind him.

Experts like them were far faster than normal human beings. Unless one could cast spells instantly, a Rapid Shadow wristwatch was of no use at this level.

“You’re a bloodline carrier as well. Why betray your kin?” Crowley asked, panting.

“You haven’t seen the might of the empire,” Wolf Fang squinted, “You’ll never be able to imagine the kind of existence that backs it up. Compared to them, I am but an ant...”

“Ah... You already lost the heart to improve yourself as a practitioner!” Crowley swayed, as if he was going to collapse at any moment.

“It doesn’t matter what you say now, because you are going to die here today!” Wolf Fang struck out, and a powerful gale accompanied his strike which looked like the jaws of a wolf, “Wolf Fang Punch!”

Hiss! A black figure stood before Crowley and a snake hissed loudly, but the black figure was sent flying back.

“Kid, you actually dare to return?” Wolf Fang looked at Xavier.

“Hurry and leave! You aren’t his match!” Crowley looked extremely worried now.

“Don’t worry, I’m fine!” Xavier picked himself up from the ground and patted off the dirt on his body.

Kacha! Kacha! However, his expression soon changed. A spiderweb of a crack appeared on his fist, soon extending to his arms and even his shoulders. His armour quickly shattered into pieces, revealing the teenage boy within.

“Hehe...My Wolf Fang Punch has the power to shatter and shock anything it touches, so it is the best for destroying things...” Wolf Fang stood before Xavier, like a giant wolf which had found his prey.

“Not good, Wolf Fang is stronger than I’d expected, even the other members that Bobbi brought as support are not going to be of much use...” Cold sweat began to form at the tip of Xavier’s brows.

“No! I still have to find Jill, how can I die here?” The youth clenched his fist...

This intense desire to live made its way to Leylin, who was watching on as a spectator.

“Forget it! He is after all a descendant of the Snake Dowager. I just agreed to look after her bloodline, how could I betray that so quickly?” Leylin smiled and gently tapped in the air with his finger.

# Chapter 1086 - Transfer

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“Hmm?” Xavier lost his focus for a moment, but he soon felt something burning up in his chest. A pain reverberated from the very depths of his soul, immediately breaking the defences of his spirit to render him unconscious.

However, his body stood still in the real world. Were his clothes to be taken off, one would be able to see dark yet beautiful runes form a mandara flower that spread out from his heart. Many powerful glyphs formed its exquisite petals.

“What are you trying to do, kid?” Wolf Fang felt shivers run down his spine, and he sensed a great danger to his life.

“Damn it!” He struck out under the pressure, forming the sharpest of wind blades, “Secret technique— Feral Wind Wolf Crunch!”

Awoo— A distant howl sounded, and the gale turned into a giant wolf jaw that engulfed the teen. However, Wolf Fang actually felt the threat to his life increase, amplifying over tenfold in an instant. The fear almost stopped his heart.

A figure walked out of the wolf jaw, completely unharmed. Wolf Fang let out a cry of astonishment, but it was too late. A black datura flower bloomed faintly in the void.

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“Hmm, not bad.” Leylin nodded his head as he saw Crowley taking the unconscious Xavier away. The other members of the Bloodline Alliance had also retreated, but that was after they had set the base on fire, turning everything into ashes.

“However, what are these impure descendants of the Snake Dowager doing here? She has so many descendants of her bloodline in the Purgatory World, these few here do not even matter... Unless...”

Leylin’s eyes brightened, “She wants the other beings of laws to revive using their bloodline? That’ll consume a lot...

“So then... A bloodline corruption will occur, allowing her to resist Shar’s Weave?” Many possibilities flashed before Leylin’s eyes, all simulated by the A.I. Chip.

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“Hurry and leave!” Crowley hopped onto an aircraft with Xavier in tow.

“Hmm? You actually made it out alive? Disasters do have long lives!” Bobbi exclaimed. Still, she could not hide the joy in her eyes.

“Don’t make fun of me at a time like this...” Crowley smiled wryly, and placed Xavier down. Right now, Xavier’s eyes were shut

and he seemed to be unconscious.

“What happened to him? And what about Wolf Fang?” Bobbi looked at Crowley, “I know you have a lot of trump cards...”

“It isn’t my accomplishment this time...” The bitterness in Crowley’s eyes were more apparent than ever before as he pointed at Xavier, “He was the one who killed Wolf Fang. If not for him, I’d have wound up dead...”

“Impossible!” Many members of the Bloodline Alliance exclaimed in astonishment. Even Bobbi was stunned for a moment before she began to look at the youth lying on the cold hard floor, “You mean... He killed a powerful figure of the Special Forces, Jarvis’ right hand man? He eliminated Wolf Fang? There’s a limit to how much you can joke...”

“I hope I was joking as well, but the fact is undeniable,” Crowley’s face turned stern. “I sensed the power of our ancestor awakening within Xavier’s blood... Have any of you felt it? The power of our bloodline has increased, especially in this short period of time...”

A bloodline carrier could only obtain strength from their bloodline, and their position and status depended on the purity and concentration of their blood. Bloodline carriers would thus weaken from generation to generation, and it was rare for a descendant to surpass their ancestor. However, they had all felt their powers from the bloodline increasing. This was extremely abnormal!

“What are you trying to say?” Bobbi looked at Crowley as she retracted her smile.

“It’s just a feeling... A huge revolution is soon approaching, so special occurrences are to be expected. And there’s also a genius like this kid...” Crowley exhaled deeply.

“Hey bros! If you’re talking about a revolution, I have something here that might interest you guys. Wanna have a look at it?” Genius’ figure was projected from the ceiling.

“What is it?” Bobbi frowned, “It had better be something useful, if not I’ll put your eyeballs up your ass when we get back to the base! I swear!”

Genius covered his right mechanical eye with his hand as if he was afraid, but then his expression turned serious.

“Hehe, I’m not joking. Look at this... While you guys were invading the base, I discovered several things that would send the entire world into chaos if they’re revealed...” Genius hurriedly transmitted some information after seeing the distrust in their eyes. A top secret document carrying the imperial seal quelled their disbelief.

“This is...” The light on the screen reflected off Bobbi’s face, revealing her shock.

“It seems like we need to make a trip to the eastern seas before heading for Kerallen and the headquarters of the Special Forces...” Crowley said slowly, extremely solemn.

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A giant propeller along with the chatter of multiple people combined with the noises of shifting items shocked Xavier out of his sleep. Only then did the feeling of a devil possessing his body disappear.

“Where... Is this?” Xavier asked blankly. He could barely recall a fight against Wolf Fang with Crowley, but he had no memory of what happened next.

“Don’t move and don’t try to get up. The skin on your back will be torn apart...” Genius turned around his wheelchair, patting the healing pod Xavier was in, “How is it? This is the latest version of the healing pods from the empire, able to cure even rank 7 to rank 10 diseases. I even added the beautifying feature, no need for thanks...”

“Oh okay...It seems like Crowley is safe...” Xavier sighed, finally sensing a large sticky substance on his burning back. “What’s happening outside? Are we shifting?”

“Shift— Oh God! You can actually hear that from inside the pod? What frightening senses...” Genius gasped before he closed his eyes, causing Xavier to feel like he would be dissected at any moment.



“You didn’t answer my question...” Xavier returned in his wariness.

“Oh. Yes, we’re shifting bases. We’ve given up on this one. After all, nobody can launch an open attack on the empire without suffering repercussions...” Genius shrugged his shoulders, “Still, it’s not really a problem. The Bloodline Alliance has many bases, from the icy north to the extreme south and the eastern seas. Our men cover the entire continent, so losing one or two bases is no big deal...”

Xavier felt the rich and overbearing outlook of the Bloodline Alliance from Genius’ words. However, this was perfectly normal. Bloodline carriers possessed extraordinary power, able to achieve great things no matter where they went. Generations of existence had allowed some bloodline families to amass a huge fortune.

Even with the establishment of the empire causing the power and outreach of bloodline families to dwindle, they still possessed astounding might. Although it was extremely difficult to openly resist them, creating a dark organisation and growing in strength was no problem.

“Oh right, I need to go to Kerallen. Jill’s been taken there!” Xavier’s expression suddenly changed, and he struggled to get up. Just that movement caused excruciating pain to travel down his back, having him wince from the pain. Cold sweat dripped down his body.

“Relax, calm down! You know how much effort it took to rescue you?” Genius’ long fingers hurriedly moved on the keyboard, but he still had the time to chat with Xavier, “However, you are also rather good huh! You killed Wolf Fang but only suffered 40% damage to your body. It’s not a big deal...”

“What? I killed Wolf Fang?” Xavier’s eyes went wide open, before he looked at his own chest. The white skin there was filled with the energy of life, and there were no longer any signs of runes on it. The datura flower had disappeared.

“Did I really do it?” Xavier muttered, feeling a new force of energy inside his body, abyssal, cold, and fearsome with an imposing aura.

The energy allowed Xavier to recover very quickly. It made him confident that he could recover in a few days even without this healing pod.

“No matter what, I still have to go to Kerallen!” the youth said resolutely. With his strength growing, his confidence in saving his sister grew as well.

“Alright, alright! I didn’t say we weren’t going. We plan to visit a few bases nearby before heading for the capital...” Genius said immediately, fearing that Xavier would worry unnecessarily.

“Mm, you can go have a look in the capital first, but it’ll have to be in disguise. Don’t act on impulse...” Crowley walked in, dressed in a black coat, “It’s nice that I managed to see you awake before I

leave...”

“Huh? You’re leaving?” Xavier was shocked, staring at this person who claimed to be an ancestor of his. He had to admit that unknowingly, Crowley had become a fatherly figure that he had grown to rely on.

# Chapter 1087 - Stone Tablet

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Put bluntly, Crowley was Xavier's only connection in the Bloodline Alliance. In fact, Xavier himself didn't feel like a proper member yet, still unclear on the motives and principles guiding this organisation.

His only hope had been to borrow Crowley's strength to help rescue his sister, but Crowley was now leaving? How would he be able to ask for assistance from the Bloodline Alliance and gather intelligence for his mission, even deploy troops to rescue Jill?

"But why? Jill is also your..." Xavier gritted his teeth.

"Because there's something even more important for me to do." There was a look of determination on Crowley's face, "Don't worry, I entrusted Jill's rescue to Bobbi. Follow her advice in the future..."

.....

"You're leaving just like that?" On the aircraft runway, Bobbi looked at Crowley who was geared in full body armour. A finger was twirling her hair behind her ears, and she seemed lonely and uneasy.

"I have no other choice... This concerns the life and death of all humans on this world! You know... What the world is getting swept into... We cannot run away or hide from it..." Crowley looked at Bobbi as his lips moved, finally only being able to utter a

single word, “Sorry...”

“I knew... I knew it... You are just like the other fellows...” Bobbi rubbed glistening tears out of the corner of her eyes.

“Haha... Don’t worry! I’m a superb bloodline carrier who has lived for over 500 years! How can something like this daunt me?” Crowley patted himself on the chest. It was a strange, humorous action, as if depicting his reluctance to leave. “Will you accept me after I return from the eastern seas?”

“Scram, you old geezer. You’re several hundred years older than me, don’t try to be an old bull eating young grass...” Browley turned to Bobbi one last time before the aircraft left. She was stood still, her lonely figure like an extremely beautiful sculpture.

“Sigh... I thought Bobbi would immediately agree to wed you, and become a widow immediately...” a muscular brute with a skull-patterned bandana said in a nonchalant manner.

“Scram! Are you cursing me now?” Crowley scolded the elite soldier inside the aircraft. He then looked at the man before he started laughing.

He soon turned solemn. “Comrades! This incident does not concern just the lives of the Bloodline Alliance. Instead, it involves the life and death of the entire world. Thank you! Even if the people do not realise our contributions today, our spirit will stand forever proud for eons to come...”

“Who cares about that much... Yawn...” A doll-like girl yawned, revealing a cute pair of canine teeth. There seemed to be even some blood on her crowns. “No matter what, we must destroy the empire’s wishes at all cost. Isn’t that what we’ve been doing all along?”

Many people agreed with the girl’s words.

“If that’s the case...” Crowley cleared his throat, “Let me introduce you to one of the empire’s secret plans in the eastern seas, codenamed Project X.

“Keep in mind that this matter is of utmost importance, not something the Bloodline Alliance can handle alone. We’ve already sought help from the Coven of Witches, the Knights of the Round Table, and the Martial Arts Association.

Crowley’s words caused the rest of them to sink into silence. Just like the Bloodline Alliance represented the remaining power of bloodlines, the Coven contained the remaining magicians of the Shadow World. The other two groups also represented the inheritances of different fighting styles.

Put plainly, they were the remaining underground forces in the empire. What was the empire planning that these four forces had to come together to fight it?

The people in the aircraft soon turned silent as they listened to Crowley speak. The more he said, the more serious they became, and the worse the shadows on their faces turned.

.....

Tens of thousands of metres under sea level, at the bottom of the eastern seas.

A monster was swimming past this place, its ability to survive the sea pressure that could kill most others a testament to its might. It could transmit infrasound from near its eyes, causing many marine creatures to die immediately and become its food.

Puff! Just a whistle produced a whirlpool in its jaws, powerful enough to destroy an entire island. The suction caused the surrounding fish and mosses to be sucked into its huge maw, expelling a large amount of water and only leaving behind fresh food.

The creature did not seem to be satisfied with this meal, as it moved even deeper. A casual swipe of its tail was powerful enough to cause a tsunami on the sea surface.

This was a Metalback Whale. These creatures were the kings of the eastern seas, ruling over it since ancient times. If not for the massive burden of their huge bodies, they could have advanced to become beings of laws as powerful as rank 7 Magi. It was extremely lucky to avoid the scans of the Mistress of the Night back then.

However, things were different now. The various cities near the eastern seas had passed down legends of a 'Sea Devil King' through the generations, and the advancement of science had managed to reveal the Metalback Whale's weakness.

Rumble! A psi energy submarine appeared here, larger than even the whale. Two psi energy webs appeared on its sides, launching a snare with powerful high-voltage currents that paralysed the beast. Shadow spells, cannonfire, and poisoned javelins soon followed, exploding on the whale's back like fireworks.

Woooo! The Metalback Whale howled with anger as its massive body writhed in pain. Its thick skin withstood most of the attacks and it tried to swim away, pulling the net that was attached to the submarine.

The greatest technology of the empire was now pitting its might against this ancient beast. The waves from the tussle caused the seas to rage wildly, putting many coastal cities on alert.

It was even messier in the trench. A little girl that was as beautiful as an orchid stood alone on the submarine's command deck that seemed like a battleship, loneliness apparent in her eyes.

Several white-haired old man in the uniform of the imperial navy looked at the whale on the large screen before reporting respectfully, "Princess, the forcefield reports on the beast are here. The submarine's psi energy reserves are at 82%; if we have another five minutes we'll be able to completely analyse it and activate a counter forcefield."

If the outside world knew of this girl's identity, they would definitely be shocked. She was a member of the royal family here in secret, commanding the navy in an attempt to capture an



ancient beast.

“Do what you must!” the princess waved her hands, her voice as melodious as a skylark.

Moments later, the Metalback Whale’s forcefield was broken, and blood spurted from its body. A dozen members of the Special Forces managed to deal fatal damage to the whale using their Rapid Shadows, employing legendary spells.

“Dawn Is ready!” a general reported in a shaky voice.

“Fire!” the princess waved her hand.

Bzzt! The Shadow Weave within the eastern seas whistled loudly, its energy surging into the psi energy submarine. Everyone in the region felt their Rapid Shadows fail for a few minutes, jamming up the company’s customer service hotline afterwards.

All of this energy from the Shadow Weave combined with the psi energy of the submarine to devastating effect. A beam of light that seemed to be able to split the earth in half pierced through the whale’s massive figure with a speed faster than light, before piercing through the surface of the sea and through the skies.

Everyone in the empire was able to see this beam of light, and it even attracted the interest of astrologers.

“Long live the empire!”

“O’ Great Empire!”

The Screen showed the Metalback Whale devoid of all life, its aura weakening. The troops and officers all cheered in victory as the corpse began to sink deeper into the ocean.

“This... Is the strongest power of the Empire? I wonder if it can...” The princess muttered before sending another command, “Begin preparations to dive and salvage the loot. All mutants are to be dispatched!”

This order was carried out meticulously. Evidently, the imperial family had a stronger hold over its citizens than most people thought. They were extremely concealed in the shadows, and their reach was extremely expansive...

The innards of the Metalback Whale were like a small world with its own ecosystem. Many marine creatures lived inside its body. However, after this sweep of the Empire’s troops, none of the marine creatures met a good end. To put it in other words, after the Metalback Whale died, their fate was already decided.

“I’ve found it!” As the information was passed down, a scene appeared on the screen.

Inside that whale’s body was a large island, floating amidst the creature’s gastric juices. On the island was a black stone tablet, and the mottled words written on it depicted traces of history long forgotten.

# Chapter 1088 - Project

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“Eons ago, the Snake Dowager who came from the Rivers of Sanar governed the world. All beings and various kingdoms of bloodlines thrived and flourished under her rule...”

The words on the stone tablet were extremely old and archaic, but the princess could understand their meaning. The information wasn't conveyed by sight or conversation, but through another medium entirely.

Still, this wasn't the most important bit of information. The center of the tablet recorded a monumental change in history, “Until one day, when the Mistress of the Night arrived. She ousted the Snake Dowager, destroying the rule of bloodlines. She established an empire atop corpses, shifting behind the scenes to control the empire into fulfilling an unknown desire...”

Anyone from the imperial family would fly into a rage at the blasphemy and untruths in this tablet. This princess, however, had a strange expression on her face. It was a mix of joy and anticipation, perplexment and fear; a mish-mash of various complicated feelings.

“... The newly built empire had obtained glory, and the light of civilisation shone brighter than the stars. However, the Mistress of the Night was not satisfied with all of this, she needed more... more...”

“I foresee that she will mercilessly purge the world of bloodline

carriers, replacing the humans with another being before finally turning the souls of these people to the same colour. The only way for salvation is...”

The princess forced herself to look away after reading this part. She'd felt a pressure from the Shadow Weave surround her, an imposing dignity representative of the Mistress of the Night.

However, she still sighed deeply in her heart, ‘This relic of the eastern seas, the Dead Sea Scroll— A powerful prophecy foretold by the blind prophet Ari, left behind to save the world. This Book of Salvation is the only ray of hope, and it is no longer in the hands of those insurgents...’

“Seal this stone tablet under a restriction of class 5S. Anyone who acquires this information will be put to the death,” the princess ordered after smiling bitterly in her heart.

“Class 5S!” This attracted surprise from the people around her. Even the Commander-in-Chief of the Empire did not have the authority to access such information!

“Do what I say!” the princess stated icily. The Shadow Weave rippled, the imperial token in the princess’ hands showing that her word was law.

The several old marine generals looked at each other in the eye, but could only carry out the orders helplessly, “We obey!”

What was more perplexing was that they, together with the mutants of the Special Forces, did not see anything special about the stone tablet. To them, the stone tablet was filled with strange drawings, just like the doodles of a child. They simply could not make anything of it.

However, something that had the princess come personally with a submarine that could even destroy an ancient creature was no ordinary matter.

“Not knowing is also for your own good...” The princess smiled wryly as she watched the figures of those old generals as they left.

The more she knew, the more she sunk into despair. The entirety of the empire was controlled by someone working behind the scenes? And that too for tens of thousands of years, creating the imperial family and issuing the state policies? Even the most stupid of beggars would not believe a joke like this. However, the princess knew that it was the truth!

Furthermore, she could not resist the powers of the Mistress of the Night. That was an overweeningly strong existence, her might incomprehensible.

Beep! A connection request from the empire streamed in at this moment, and a soldier appeared on screen.

“Your Highness,” he bowed with utmost respect before taking out a token, “I have new orders.”

“Speak!” The princess retracted her helplessness and weakness in front of outsiders, stuffing it behind a mask of cold might.

“Urgent command: The submarine has been recalled, along with the loot from the mission. The rest of you need to head towards the Demonic Islands, killing the insurgents gathered there.”

“What happened? Tell me clearly!” The princess knew that even without the prowess of this battleship, her subordinates would hold the upper hand against those rebels. However, she’d never think that the Emperor would pass such a pressing decree.

“It’s... We have just received news that our research facility in the eastern seas has been breached!”

“What? Are you kidding? There are garrison troops protecting that area!” The princess’s brows furrowed.

“Positive! The troops around the area have perished... As of now, the ones most able to resist them are you and the first admiral’s fleet...” The officer in the screen seemed uncomfortable.

“Who is it? The Coven, the Bloodline Alliance? Or is it the Martial Arts Association?” The princess frowned, and immediately stated the names of the largest rebel groups.

“Everyone, even the Knights of the Round Table! They’ve even ignored civilian casualties, using powerful weapons of mass destruction. They seem to be determined!”

“They’ve discovered it, huh?” The princess bit on her lip. She knew the kind of research undertaken in the eastern sea facility, and the content within could never be made public!

“I’ll go right away!” The princess did not back down, agreeing immediately. No matter how unwilling she was, she was a member of the imperial family. This was the tragedy and reality that she had to face from her birth.

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Eastern seas, the Demonic Islands!

Boom! An alloy wall was blasted through, revealing a room with many long, cylindrical incubation pods. They held human specimens, including children and adults.

“Tsk... They’re only clones? Nothing else seems to be in here?” A person dressed like a knight from the medieval times looked at Crowley. It was him who’d struck open the door made of alloy, that act alone showing that his strength could not be underestimated. It was the top expert from Knights of the Round Table.

However, his gaze carried a questioning look.

“Although the research here might have had concerned us, it seems like a bigger base than the others. There’s not enough

reason for you to invite us over,” an old person who wore robes walked up slowly. As his muddy eyes surveyed the surroundings, he was seemingly shocked by the sheer size of the facility.

“Of course not... Cough...” Crowley had his ribs wrapped in gauze. The journey here hadn’t been easy.

“What I intended for all of you is to see this!” He brought the two deeper into the facility, to a large safe that was marked with a huge ‘X’ on the outside.

“Fortunately we have witches with us. We wouldn’t have been able to get the password otherwise...” Crowley punched in a string of numbers and took out an eyeball covered in blood, allowing the iris scanner on the safe to scan it.

After seeing this heavily guarded safe, the knight and the old man looked solemnly at each other.

Pat! The safe was opened, revealing the contents within. There wasn’t much, just a few spiral test tubes and a computer disk.

“Look at this...” Crowley handed the disk over.

“Plan X — Introduction: This is a plan suggested by an imperial professor, codenamed ‘X’, using the clones of the embryo to get rid of the garbage lying within the Empire. Current progress: 571 years. Completion: 67%!”



Crowley rasped.

“This... This... This... It’s so hard to believe that all this is true...” The knight and the old man muttered, but the information on the disk had stated everything.

“What have they got to gain from doing this?” The knight muttered.

“Control! This is the strongest benefit... Through controlling these clones and the ‘reproduction’ of these embryos, they can ensure that our descendants will no longer have any extraordinary powers. Even training in martial techniques would prove to be extremely difficult... The most important thing is they have stored a program in the depths of these mutants, and will be able to control them at any point in time.

Crowley’s tone was extremely heavy, “Think about it, the entire world would be your enemy in the future. All of your neighbours, your friends...”

Cold sweat dripped down the foreheads of the knight and the old man.

“So... How much progress has the Empire made?” The old man’s voice was extremely hoarse, and it carried a foreboding sense of despair.

“They have these facilities throughout the Empire. However this

is the headquarters where everything began. Our investigation results weren't positive..."

Crowley's watch projected a screen, showing two strings of DNA sequences.

"This is a regular human, and this is the 'X' body of the empire. The differences lie here." As Crowley enlarged the image, a rune labelled as 'X' appeared in the charts.

"This is a failsafe plan the empire put in secretly. It can be used to verify identities, and anyone with this X factor in their genetics is a clone that can be controlled by the empire..."

Crowley's voice grew soft, "The control and contamination of this gene is extremely powerful. If an ordinary human mates with a cloned X body, it'll only need two generations for their descendants to possess the X gene in their bodies as well.

"Haha... So you're saying that there are people like that who exist even amongst us now?" The knight laughed so hard he teared up, "You're saying my family, and even myself, might be the production and spawn of these clones. One day we will turn crazy and turn into machines that can be controlled by the Empire, even slaying our own family and friends?"

"My apologies, but what I speak of is the truth. We have already discovered several members of the Bloodline Alliance, with these genes..."

Crowley bowed, “However, this control on their subconscious is not strong enough. The right amount of resolution or a powerful bloodline can still help suppress it...”

# Chapter 1089 - Confrontation

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“I’m sorry, Mr. Crowley. Your beautiful dreams are about to be ruined...” A witch in crimson red robes strolled over, an ancient tome clutched in her hands.

“Witch Maya!” Crowley bowed reverently. This charming lady was an existence who was even older than him, the head of the Coven of Witches. In truth, without her support and her assistance, their breach of Demonic Islands would not have gone so smoothly.

“This truly is a demon island. Our opponent is an existence who is infinitely more evil...” Witch Maya muttered under her breath.

“What does Your Excellency mean?” Crowley scratched his head in thought.

“Project X involves controlling the body. Have you ever heard of the ‘Tree of Life’ project?”

“Tree of Life? What’s that?” The knight and the old fellow felt that they would have a mental breakdown.

“This is the empire’s most top secret plan, on the same level as the X research...” The witch’s first sentence made the others breathe in sharply. Project X was already this terrifying, how much more evil would this Tree of Life project be?

“This project is a medium to connect the Shadow Weave to regular human beings directly...” Witch Maya looked at everyone present. “The final goal of the Empire is to implant the Shadow Weave directly into all humans, making their consciousness one with the Weave and eliminating the unnecessary steps. This will form an extraordinary human...”

“Control everyone’s mind through the Weave...” Crowley was stumped for a moment, because he knew that the Rapid Shadow of today was such a universal object. Cold sweat formed again on his body.

“Yes. Project X is to remodel the human body, and the Tree of Life Project is to remodel the mind. Once their plan succeeds, the entire Empire will become one being! Furthermore... As long as they wish, any civilian would immediately become a powerful assassin! The citizens will turn into the most elite, indomitable army!”

Maya’s voice was still as calm as ever. No one knew how much she had sacrificed to obtain this piece of information.

“This... How much... What have...” Crowley and the others present all possessed extraordinary ability. Nothing was more unbearable to them than having their bodies and minds taken away.

“Insanity! Madness! This world is going berserk!” The old man from the Martial Arts Association mumbled. Crowley was genuinely concerned that he would face a mental breakdown soon as well.

“We have to defeat them and overthrow the Empire’s rule!” The knight swung his sword downwards, forming a huge trench on the alloy floor.

“We need more members, and to form a larger alliance. I believe that many will wish to join us once these projects are leaked!” Crowley hurriedly suggested.

Suddenly, Maya spoke. “I see the omen of death on your faces!”

“Would you please clear up our doubts, Your Excellency?” Crowley asked in earnest.

Maya’s eyes turned white as she screamed in an ear-piercing tone, “Everything that you are doing will surmount to nothing! You will never be able to overthrow the Empire, much less the existence that stands behind unless you can find the Book of Salvation left behind by Ari!”

“It’s a prophecy!” Crowley’s eyes lighted. “We still have a chance!”

“No!” Suddenly, Maya let out a cry of anguish, and collapsed to the ground.

“Your Excellency! Your Excellency!” Crowley hurriedly went forward, but he discovered that her life force was declining rapidly.

“The Book of Salvation is already gone... I see blood and flames of destruction in the future...” Maya grasped onto Crowley’s robes as white bubbles frothed from her mouth, before she started to spurt blood.

“Wait... Let me heal you...” Crowley fumbled.

“No! It’s too late, listen carefully...” Crowley could only stop his movements due to the powerful strength from the witch’s clutch.

“I see it... That shadow, and the return of the primordial ruler... Great Serpent...” Suddenly, Maya’s body jerked, and there was no life left in her.

“Witch Maya! Maya...” Crowley was flabbergasted. He would not believe that the leader of the witches, the pillar of the rebellion who had lived much longer than him, had just perished like this.

However, although he was in denial, the cold, lifeless body that suddenly seemed extremely old confirmed the fact.

“Rumour has it that a prophecy exceeding one’s strength will sap away a witch’s life force... Maya’s drunk from the River of Life before, and her bloodline would give her at least a thousand more years of life...” The old man from the Martial Arts Association mumbled.

“How powerful is that existence that someone as long-lived as

Maya would die just like that?” The knight shivered in his armour. He stood in front of the corpse, giving the witch a knight’s salute. “Witch Maya... Although you have come to pass, the flames of resistance will never be quelled... Let us inherit your dying wishes, and stop this evil empire!”

Crowley clenched his fist, “Right! Project X and the Tree of Life Project! The Empire must never succeed. If they manage to rule this world completely, we’ll all be eradicated immediately!”

“There’s no need to wait until then...” an icy voice sounded out. A sharp blade appeared from the shadows and pierced the Martial Arts Association head immediately in the chest. Blood splattered as the voice’s owner revealed himself, a man dressed in military uniform.

“The chief of Special Forces, the largest lackey of the Empire—Javis!” Crowley gritted his teeth and looked at this person who came. He wanted so much to tear Javis’ body to shreds with just his gaze.

“Officer! Enemy ambush! The navy and the Special Forces... They’re extremely powerful... Beep! Beep!” A flustered voice sounded on the transmitter on Crowley’s collar, but it disconnected very soon. The sender had most likely been killed.

“You’re extremely lucky, we are killing you under the orders of the princess of the Empire. So much glory, isn’t it?” A sick, maniacal laughter came from Javis.



“Hmm?” Suddenly, Jarvis darted backwards and avoided a powerful fist.

“Tian Can, you damned geezer of the Martial Arts Association! Not bad, you were able to dodge my Shadow Pierce...” Jarvis snorted, looking at the old man with a blade in his chest seeming fine.

“I’ve mastered the source of qi, my body holds no weaknesses...” Tian Can patted his chest, a small glow appearing from within to mend the hole.

“I knew you wouldn’t die this easily, old man!” The knight called out excitedly.

“Yea! Steel Man of Knights of the Round Table, Tian Can of the Martial Artists Association, and also Crowley of the Bloodline Alliance... You guys are all criminals with a large bounty on your heads...”

Explosions rang out continuously, and it seemed like the Empire’s forces were slowly approaching the area. What was more terrifying was that at least a dozen members of the Special Forces had already entered this area stealthily. Intense fights broke out everywhere.

“Jarvis... Don’t be delusional. Do you know of the Empire’s projects? X and the Tree of Life? Even you yourself will be sacrificed in the future...” Crowley tried to persuade him again.

“These matters... I knew of them long ago...” Suddenly, Jarvis’ eyes turned bloodshot, “Massacre Domain!”

A blood red forcefield with a suppressive aura was emanated, engulfing Crowley and the other two leaders.

“I am different from you guys! I will be able to obtain eternal life once my consciousness is merged into the clone... Right now, it’s time to rid of useless trash...”

Javis wrapped himself inside a black shadow. A mountainous beast charged out towards them from behind him, breaking the limits of speed and strength.

‘Crazy! This person has gone crazy!’ These were the thoughts Steel Man conveyed to Crowley when their gazes met.

“Leave him to this old man... The two of you should hurry to support out elites on the outside...”

Bang! Boom! Tian Can walked forward with both arms behind him. He blocked the path of the beast quickly but calmly.

“I have never fully unleashed source of qi, I can finally do it today...” Tian Can muttered, as a violent gale of an aura burst forth from within his body. It was almost as powerful as Jarvis’ skill earlier.

Kacha! Kacha! The clothes on his body were ripped into shreds as

his muscles bulged. The veins on his body seemed like fat, squirming earthworms.

In just the blink of an eye, this old man had turned from a skinny figure into a three-metre-tall giant with murky green skin.

Roar! The giant stretched both of his hands, deflecting the claws of the black beast. The two entered a deadlock, causing the area to tremble violently.

“Hurry and leave, young men. I’ll leave saving the world to you...” Crowley and Steel Man were enveloped in a warm gust of qi, sent outside the massacre domain. The words of the old man still rang in their ears.

“Don’t...” Crowley had detected an ominous feeling from the words of the old man.

Those of Tian Can’s sect could release their qi in a burst and gain tremendous powers, but the price they had to pay was extremely high as well. This was especially so when it was performed by someone so old.

Crowley immediately thought of Maya. Didn’t she too expend all of her lifeforce before she died?

“What’s more... I may look young on the outside but I’ve lived for over 300 years already! I should be the one to sacrifice myself... Damn it!” Crowley clenched his fist as blood dripped down from

his palms.

“Hey... Don’t let Tian Can’s sacrifice go to vain. The situation outside is even worse!” Steel Man pointed ahead.

Those outside were still stuck fighting. Crowley could see many of the Empire’s elite troops covering the surroundings, carrying the imperial banner.

# Chapter 1090 - Meeting

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‘The members of the imperial family are here indeed. They even brought the personal bodyguards of the imperial family.’ Crowley thought of the information gathered by the Bloodline Alliance. The imperial family of the Shadow Empire usually kept a low profile, but the strength that they had hidden was extremely powerful. Their personal bodyguards could cast shadow spells instantly, and amongst them were many mutants and bloodline carriers.

“We’re in danger today. The two of us could even die here. Are you afraid now?” Crowley looked at Steel Man.

“Haha... Cowardice does not exist in the commandments of a knight!” Steel Man’s answer was extremely heroic. A layer of white light glowed on his armour, forming a second layer of defence. Flames began to burn on the knight’s sword. Faced with such a perilous situation, Steel Man had evidently used a secret technique.

“Then... Let’s begin to break through the encirclement...” Crowley ripped open his coat, revealing a scar-ridden upper body. The tattoo of a serpent came alive on his back.

“Unseal!” Crowley shouted, and the giant serpent was awakened. It opened its scarlet eyes and spat its forked tongue out, hissing loudly.

“Kill!” The both of them were like raging dragons as they roared, charging into the incoming troops.

.....

Days later, on an island.

“Cough...” Crowley opened his eyes, spitting out the fine sand in his mouth.

Listlessness soon turned to concentration, “How did I end up here... Right, we were in the research facility! The Empire’s backup troops and imperial bodyguards... Steel Man, what a pity...”

Even Crowley would not be able to survive such an onslaught. Hence, after discovering that he had not died nor been taken prisoner, he was extremely perplexed.

“Are you awake?” An extremely enchanting voice sounded out beside him. Crowley turned towards it, and his throat immediately turned dry. His heart began to beat faster as well.

It was a lady in a black gown. Her appearance was only average, but it carried a powerful, intoxicating attraction. What surprised Crowley even more was the feeling of closeness he had, a reverence that almost had him kneeling and kissing the soil her feet had trod on.

.....

“May we speak for a moment, sir?” A lady dressed in uniform stood before Leylin in Thousand Bears City, waving her pass in front of him. The badge was representative of the Empire’s dignity and power as it shone in the crowd.

Passersby avoided the both of them, and some of them even looked at Leylin from a distance with schadenfreude. Anyone who had angered the department this young lady was from would meet with a miserable end in the Empire!

“I didn’t know... I’m rather popular now, huh? Follow me!” Leylin smiled and rubbed his nose, before moving into a cafe. He had no intention of being aware that he was treated like a suspect.

What made the onlookers flabbergasted was that this policewoman did not hesitate and followed him, even carrying a warm and gentle smile on her face.

“Tsk! Were they roleplaying? What audacity!” A short and fat man rubbed his glasses and chided in jealousy.

“Retard!” His friend beside him immediately covered his mouth. “This is a public area, under the surveillance of the central network and the Weave! Would anyone dare to use a fake identity on the streets?”

“What a pity... She was such a beautiful flower, and also my favourite type!” The fatty fought to retort.

“I actually think that they’re rather compatible, that boy is also cute!” A girl beside them spoke with stars in her eyes.

“Welcome!” The cafe waiter opened the door and welcomed them politely, but was momentarily stumped.

Evidently, he had recognised Leylin. Because this was the very same couple cafe that Leylin had entered together with the Snake Dowager.

And not only did Leylin bring the other girl into the private room, but he even left the bewildered girl lying there. This had left a deep impression on the waiter. In fact, if not for Leylin leaving some words for him to say to the girl before he left, the waiter would already have alerted the nearby authorities.

Although his facial expression did not change much after seeing Leylin bring in another girl, his eyes betrayed his thoughts. Leylin was apparently a skirt-chaser.

“I want to have a couple’s room, the same as before.” After listening to Leylin’s request, the waiter was left speechless. However, his professionalism had allowed him to grant Leylin’s request quickly. What was more remarkable was that it was the exact same room that Leylin had used previously.

“Do not disturb us no matter what happens!” The policewoman instructed him after he served the coffee, affectionately pulling Leylin into the room. The waiter was left speechless again after seeing this scene. Before he shut the door, he even gave Leylin the



thumbs up...

The room was suddenly enveloped by shadows, and the policewoman stretched her body with a relaxed expression. Just that movement alone caused her aura to change drastically. Her face grew even more exquisite than before, and a pair of watery eyes seemed to speak a language of their own.

“We meet again, Shar...” Leylin sighed, looking at the young lady that had changed from head to toe.

This was the ruler of the Shadow World, the Mistress of the Night who was once an intermediate goddess from the World of Gods— Shar!

He did not ask how she managed to look for him. After all, she had the entire world under her. After failing to search for Leylin’s aura, she would have definitely guessed that Leylin had used a fake identity to become a citizen. Through meticulous investigation, it was not a difficult task to track Leylin down. How would a group of corrupt officials peddling fake identities be a match for the ruler of this world?

“This brought you to me, didn’t it?” Leylin waved his identity pass.

“I never thought that the empire I raised single handedly has reached to such a level of corruption...” Shar admitted implicitly. Her eyes shone like stars as she looked at Leylin, “This is not your true body, but only a body formed by energy...”

“I came with grace, why wouldn’t you accept it?” Shar frowned, as if she had gotten upset. But Leylin’s expression did not change at all.

She had to be joking! Had he believed Shar, then he was really courting death. Her level of deceit was absolute perfection. Even rank 7 and above beings would be deceived by her if they weren’t careful.

Hence, after Xavier and the Bloodline Alliance left, Leylin’s true body had already left Thousand Bears City, only leaving behind this projection here carrying all items that could identify him.

“Let’s not talk about that... Why are you here today, Miss Shar. What do you want to discuss?” Leylin sat on the soft satin couch, gesturing for her to sit down too.

“The spell that you used the other day... I saw the shadow of the World of Gods and of the arcanists...”

There wasn’t much room for discussion for beings like them. Seeing that her deceit was exposed, Shar immediately delved into the main topic.

“You’re right, this is my harvest from the World of Gods.” Leylin admitted. Shar sat beside him in a reserved manner like a virtuous lady. Just the white skin on her hand was extremely alluring.

After hearing Leylin's reply, Shar's face changed for the worse, seemingly affected by his words. It was apparent that the fatal strike had left fear in her heart, and she felt extremely uncomfortable.

However, Leylin did not mind it at all. He actually used a more unbridled stare and observed this female goddess in front of him. He had to admit that Shar's body was extremely gorgeous, especially that strange temper of hers that added a layer of wildness. Many males would want to subdue her.

Moreover, he'd showed this trump card to Shar on purpose, using it as a deterrence that would allow him to gain the upper hand in the discussion.

It was like a country which possessed nuclear weapons speaking to one without. This confidence and dignity, caused Shar's expression to change.

"I caught a whiff of the Snake Dowager's aura... You have met her before, in this place!" Shar digressed, looking at the place where the Snake Dowager once sat.

"Yes. We're allies, it's necessary to convey information and news..." Leylin did not avoid the question, and even stressed on the word 'allies'.

"So then, what kind of price do I have to pay for you to break away from your alliance with the Snake Dowager? I believe that I am a better ally than her! How about we share the origin force of

the Shadow World? You have the bloodline of the Shadow World, the origin force will definitely be extremely beneficial to you!”

Shar immediately stated her price.

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Even more shadows had now enveloped the room, sealing the room tightly. Leylin had even sensed a seal from the world’s origin force. Shar was being extremely careful.

After having a great chat of over two hours, Leylin left the cafe under the envious gaze of the waiter.

“Break the alliance I have with the Snake Dowager?” Leylin shook his head. He had signed a bloodline pact with her, and Dreamscape itself bore witness to it.

Although his Nightmare Absorbing Physique was perfected, his powers would definitely reduce if he went back on his words. It was something that Leylin did not wish to see right now.

“So, the best way is for Snake Dowager to relinquish her rule as well... After all, I am a peace lover...” Leylin shameless gave himself a righteous tag to his name.

# Chapter 1091 - Scheme

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High in the skies, a semiplane had been opened up temporarily. Leylin's main body opened his eyes within, seeing the mark of a two-eared jar in front. A trace of laws burst forth, activating the imprint.

The Jar Spectre was a being of laws who'd existed since the era of the Snake Dowager. Rumour had it that it could hear sounds from all over the Shadow World, regardless of who it was. The Snake Dowager had made use of this fact, collecting its body's fragments and turning them into imprints that could be used for secure communication.

The pitiful end of this being of laws allowed Leylin to learn of Shar's methods.

"Allsnake! The Mistress of the Night has already found Thousand Bears City, and my main body has already left..." He gave a summary of what had transpired and quickly received an answer. "Imperial Capital Kerallen, this is the place where everything ends..."

"By the way, I've obtained two very interesting things. Want to take a look?" Without waiting for an answer from Leylin, the Snake Dowager impatiently sent two documents to him.

"Oh! Project X... and the Tree of Life project, huh?" Leylin stroked his chin, reading through all the contents in an instant.

“Shar’s playing with fire!” The Snake Dowager’s voice held a rare hint of excitement, “The World Will is the conscient of all life forms in Shadow World, including the mountains, rivers, and forests. It will only consciously make a thought every few hundred thousand years... what she’s doing will definitely result in anger from the World Will... this is an opportunity for us!”

“You’re too naive...” Leylin ruthlessly poured cold water on the Snake Dowager, “Did you think I didn’t notice the issues with the genes of the surrounding humans? This isn’t quite it... look...”

He then sent the information he had recorded to the Snake Dowager. There was a period of silence from the other end, though the jar imprint began to show tremendous vibrations. Evidently, she was extremely shaken, “How– how dare she...”

“The X project wasn’t only applied to humans. Bugs, animals, even microorganisms. About 60% of all biological creatures in the world have already been affected...” Leylin’s tone was icy, “Also, the plan doesn’t just end there. Extradimensional spectres, pure energy being, and even the conscient of the land itself... The radiation of the Shadow Weave has trapped everything, and they can’t escape...”

With the A.I. Chip collecting data for him, Leylin’s abilities in this area obviously surpassed all other beings. With his great persuasive power and analytical graphs, the Snake Dowager on the other end did not have any chance to speak.

“If Shar’s target was just the humans, then that would really be an opportunity for us, since they only have at most 20% of access

to the World Will. Doing this will definitely result in them being abandoned by the World Will...”

“But she instead holds such extreme control, nibbling away at the world from the Shadows. She controls over half of the World Will already; no matter how much you try to resist you won’t be able to match the favour she receives.” Leylin concluded.

In actuality, he thought well of Shar’s methods. If they were not around to interfere, she would most definitely succeed. Besides, fusing with the World Will would definitely cause one to lose a part of themselves. This was an assimilation in thought of all intelligent life forms of the Shadow World, and even Shar could not avoid this.

However, once these two plans were complete, there would no longer be any obstructions. In other words, Shar was currently in the process of fusing with the World Will, becoming a conscient that has devoured a whole world.

Indeed, only a god could have such guts. The rationality of the Magi would never let them do something so insane. Truth be told, Leylin would most likely do something similar given the situation as well.

Warlocks were slightly more crazy than Magi, after all, and he did believe there was a great probability of success here. Shar was an example.

The Snake Dowager remained quiet for a long while at the other

side, before she finally sent a soul transmission full of unwillingness, “So... we can only give up?”

“No. We still have a chance, or I’d long since have left the Shadow World....” Leylin’s thoughts were the complete opposite of the Snake Dowager’s.

“This plan is actually flawless, but there’s not enough time to proceed with it. This could be the price that the Mistress of the Night had to pay for exterminating other existences of laws, as well as to recover. That could be why she still isn’t done corroding the World Will yet...”

“Our only chance at destroying her plans is the very moment that the Tree of Life moves...” After placating the Snake Dowager and arranging to meet at the imperial capital Kerallen, Leylin closed off the jar imprint while looking deep in thought.

Shar had given Leylin a great lesson in understanding the World Will.

‘By the same logic, nibbling away the control to take over the World Will seems plausible in the World of Gods, though it would be more difficult...

‘Now, while Shar has control over more than half of the World Will and can use the World Origin Force at any time, this also means a complete break away from the original relationship of having fused with the World Will. The part of the World Will that had not been controlled will definitely fight against this corrosion



and perhaps clash against Shar violently. Who knows, her main body could be busy with this... The fact that the Snake Dowager and I can still lie low in the Shadow World and not be found by the Mistress of the Night is the best proof!’

Space shimmered, and Leylin’s main body soared into the skies. The stars and moon flickered in the dark skies, as cold gusts of wind blew fresh air into his face.

“It’s already night...” Leylin looked in a direction, “Imperial capital Kerallen! Let’s settle everything there!”

.....

The imperial capital was the hub of researchers and mechanics in the Shadow Empire, the birthplace of the legendary Rapid Shadow series. Many things not yet available to the greater world, or things that were only rumoured to exist, were all present here.

The imperial guards stationed at the centre of the city had the best of equipment, protecting the imperial palace day and night.

The imperial city had an area of about 10% of the capital, but it wasn’t any extravagant structure. Rather, it was a robotic city full of technological character. The imperial research centre, imperial university, and all sorts of high-tech research institutions surrounded the area, forming a circle around the city.

There was an extremely secret darkroom within this hi-fi city,

located thousands of metres underground with mendur alloy walls almost a hundred metres thick. This metal was the most solid known to the Empire, with the best isolation properties. It would normally be sold by the gram for astronomical prices.

The princess silently headed to the entrance of the darkroom, removing her wristwatch, bracelet, and all other technology from her body. Only after multiple strict, humiliating tests could she finally enter the darkroom.

The room had very simple decorations, with an oil lamp emanating faint rays of light within. One could somewhat see the many volumes that were falling apart on a few broken bookshelves.

Behind a black hardwood table was seated a middle-aged man with grey hair, seeming extremely poised. A faint lustre emitted from the ancient spell formation behind the man, twining around the princess.

If one looked closer, two items could be seen at the heart of the spell formation, one being a power-recharging source, and the core a few crimson fish scales and a pair of shrivelled eyeballs.

“Father...” The princess slowly knelt.

“The blind prophet Ari’s Book of Salvation has been fished out and stowed away, sealed completely. The rebel armies at the Demonic Islands were mostly exterminated, but Crowley of the Bloodline Alliance managed to escape... Please punish me, father!”

The princess reported primly.

“You’ve done well enough, Ling!” The emperor who had control over the entire Shadow Empire spoke, “As long as the master is happy and shifts attention away from us, then we’ve succeeded! Even while at the cost of the Book of Salvation...” The emperor seemed rather excited, a rare flush rising on his cheeks.

“Do you know who the blind prophet is?” The emperor seemed rather eager to talk today, and even if she was the princess, Ling had no choice but to listen obediently.

“It was a master of ancient times, holding the same amount of power as the Snake Dowager. Ari was a reincarnation of a portion of prophet Kalle’s conscient. This is the reason for the Book of Salvation containing such terrifyingly powerful predictions!”

“The prophet Kalle!” The princess looked up, focusing on the shrivelled eyeballs in the spell formation behind the emperor.

“That’s right, these are Kalle’s eyes, the reason Kalle could only be called the blind prophet after reincarnated. There’s also the reverse scales of the mermaid protector of the unknown master!”

The emperor suddenly began to cough vigorously, the flush on his face more pronounced, “The Empire has laboured over hundreds of generations, and made use of countless favours to obtain these two items. Only with their protection can we communicate so freely without fear of being found out by that

person...”

At the mention of that being, the emperor still lowered his voice, evidently from a habitual fear.

“Now is our chance! The Book of Salvation has predicted that the Snake Dowager shall return. She has the ability to fight that person, so when the time comes our plan can succeed. The royal family will truly be revived, no longer slaves to a master!”

Somehow, Princess Ling sensed a crazed look on her father’s face as if he were a madman, taking a huge gamble for this. Ling went silent for a moment before she persuaded hoarsely, “Even so... suddenly changing the Tree of Life plan and project X could...”

“I’ve planned everything. There won’t be any problems!” The emperor waved his arms decisively, “When the time comes, my master’s thoughts after having assimilated will allow them to become a god in an instant, freeing the royal family from control!”

# Chapter 1092 - Traitor

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Ling sighed once more as she looked at her father behind the table. She felt like the person was a stranger.

And yet, she deeply understood his insanity. After all, the degree to which that person behind the scenes had oppressed their imperial family was ingrained into their very bones! She still remembered the shock she'd felt when she heard of the incident at a young age, being aghast at the kind of sacrifices the imperial family had to make to break away from control.

More crucially, her background and bloodline only allowed her to stand in the same faction as her father.

‘That master intends to control everything, turning the whole world into something that belongs to her alone without caring for the ants seeking refuge in it.’ In her heart, Ling could only smile with helplessness. The only thing she could do now was to dedicate her all to bringing this project to fruition, to helping her father. It was a horrible feeling, like she was piloting a broken canoe in the largest of seas. No, it was much more terrifying than that!

She understood that if the other party were to strike first, the whole imperial family would be destroyed in a moment's time. Perhaps they knew about it long ago but didn't pay much attention. Humans didn't care much about ants fighting either.

Ling tried to console herself internally.

.....

Xavier's body was wrapped up in a black cloak. He was staring at the dim lights in the vast advanced city, clenching his fists as he spoke, "Kerallen! I'm coming!"

"Heh... we have good news!" Genius came over, seated in his wheelchair. "Our branch members managed to pull your parents out safely, they're currently en route here as we speak."

"Oh? That's great, thank you Genius!" Xavier sincerely gave his thanks.

"Ha Ha .... You don't have to be grateful to me, this were all Sister Bobbi's orders," Genius glanced around him like a thief, moving closer to Xavier and whispering, "I didn't expect that she cared so much about Crowley despite how she acts aloof on the surface..."

Bang! A ray of heat brushed past Genius' ears, caught by Xavier with his bare hands. It was an extremely hot piece of stones, the edges of which were about to melt.

"The next one will be aimed directly at your smelly mouth," Bobbi said in a cold voice.

"I got it!" Genius made a gesture of sealing his mouth. He then pointed at Xavier's palm, trying to shift attention towards him again. "Look! Xavier's improved again!" he said with an

exaggerated expression.

“Indeed...” Xavier looked at his palm, the surface of which was covered in a layer of fine black scales that were emitting a dark light. He’d earlier relied on this protection to be unscathed as he blocked Bobbi’s attack.

“This terrifying improvement... It’s growing faster and faster...” Xavier muttered. He could feel his bloodline roiling every day as his body strength leaped up.

“Yes, it is good. You’re about 70 to 80 percent as strong as that smelly snake now, enough to be dispatched as a trump card.” Bobbi was dressed in military uniform, and she arrived to stand between Genius and Xavier.

“Is there any news from Crowley?” Xavier asked Genius.

“Our communication with the eastern seas has been severed completely. The last we heard, they met with an attack by the imperial guards in the vicinity. Their luck is terrible— to meet a core member of the imperial family nearby.....”

Genius shook his head, “The latest news from the three-eyed crow says that the empire’s troops released a public list of rebels who were eliminated in the encounter. Witch Maya, Steel Man, and Tian Can from the Martial Arts Association... The good news is that there’s no information about Crowley right now...”

However, the deaths of three leaders was enough to intimidate the other forces. After all, only after thoroughly understanding how strong these people were would they be able to know how terrifying the Shadow Empire was.

“We can’t say anything about Steel Man and Tian Can, but Maya wasn’t killed by the enemy. I’ve been in contact with the Witch Association, she should’ve been killed by a dangerous prophecy. She already arranged everything and selected her successor before she left.”

Bobbi shook her head. Witch Maya could be considered a person of repute.

“So it seems that she already had a premonition while heading towards the Eastern Seas. Why did she head there after knowing what would happen...” Genius touched his jaw.

Beep Beep! Suddenly, one of the handles on his wheelchair opened and revealed a screen with a blinking warning light.

“Blood Nest, Blood Nest! We’re Transport Fleet 3. We’re facing an attack from the Special Forces near the Black Onyx Lake. Requesting assistance. I repeat, requesting assistance!”

“Blood Nest! Blood Nest...”

The current situation of the other party was extremely precarious, and red light flashed intensely on the screen.



“Aren’t my parents on that fleet?” Xavier clenched his fists, causing a trace of powdered stone to fall from the gaps between his fingers.

“Hateful... I’d originally thought that saving Jill could allow us to have a family reunion in the capital...” His pupil slightly turned red. He rushed out immediately, “I’m leaving!”

“Such a troublesome little brat, I hate being a babysitter the most!” Bobbi cursed, “Genius, prepare a rescue team according to Transport Fleet 3’s situation.” Soon after, her silhouette suddenly changed into a hurricane and she followed behind Xavier.

“Sigh... all of you are the same, why is the one staying behind always me...” Genius sighed, and following that a layer of the earth beneath him suddenly split apart to reveal an elevator. Following Genius sighing, the layer of soil beneath suddenly split opened and revealed an elevator. A few kilometres of travel later, a large base surfaced in his eyes.

“Everyone, attention! An urgent rescue mission is in operation!” Seated in the central control room, Genius spoke with a serious tone. The whole base turned orderly in a moment’s time.

Most members of the Bloodline Alliance owned an untainted citizenship record, thus receiving an advantage when in the face of the Imperial’s inspection. This time around, the transport fleet had been disguised as a tourist bus, littered with young children and elders. Outsiders wouldn’t link them with the enemy, so their

guard would be reduced.

Unfortunately, a problem arose this time around. When Xavier rushed to Black Onyx Lake, what he saw was three overturned tourist buses, and the flames on the body of the tourist bus sign seemed to be laughing at his incompetence

“Looks like they were all taken away. They should’ve met the capture team of the Special Forces, not the extermination team. There’s still hope for their survival.” Bobbi rushed to Xavier’s side and grabbed his shoulders, apparently warning him not to be rash. With a large number of policement sealing the scene, they couldn’t be sure that there weren’t any Special Forces members lingering in secret.

Biting his teeth, Xavier managed to squeeze out one word, “Alright!”

As the two of them slowly left, a middle-aged man blocked Xavier’s path, “Young man! It seems like you need help?”

“Javis!” Bobbi suddenly cried out in puzzlement, and Xavier’s own subconscious reaction was to attack. Snakebite Fist activated suddenly, and a sharp cry sounded out as he shot forth. After all, with all the current propaganda Javis was synonymous with the devil to the Bloodline Alliance!

Shadow Arm!

The middle-aged man's arms flashed rapidly, as two black metal arms extended from behind him to form a cross that managed to block Xavier's attacks.

"I'm not Javis. You have to believe in me right now!" The man's way of speaking could convince people. He pointed at their surroundings, where Xavier's actions had attracted the attention of the neighboring police and a few observers.

"Let me handle this." The man walked to the policemen with a smile, showing them an ID and speaking a few words. They turned to leave, and he saluted them.

"Hmm? Is that sufficient to show my sincerity? If I had any bad intentions, all I had to do was shout," the man laughed bitterly.

"Indeed, you're not Javis. However, such high level Rapid Shadows are only used by the army, and they have unique ways of masking their identities. I'm afraid you're nothing better." Bobbi snorted coldly, but she didn't immediately leave.

"Follow me!" The middle-aged guy laughed bitterly, leading the way and bringing the two of them to a secluded place.

Bang! An electronic ball was suddenly suspended from his hands, emitting a layer of translucent energy that isolated the area.

"With that taken care of, we can speak at ease..." The middle-aged guy took the initiative to explain.

Right now, Xavier has also discovered a slight difference in this man. Although he looked quite similar to Javis, the greying hair at his sideburns showed that he was obviously older.

“That’s the shadow pulse jammer developed by the army! You’re a military official!” Bobbi said with certainty.

“Add former to that. I was once the head of the anti-air team at headquarters, but now I’m just a glorified retiree, an unemployed uncle...” He laughed bitterly once more, “Let me introduce myself. My name is Clive, I’m Javis’ older brother.”

“Hmm... We do have intel about a Clive. However, why would you abandon the empire and your little brother to help us?” Although Bobbi obviously wanted to rope in the other party, she knew how terrifying it was to have a someone with ulterior motives hidden beside you. Her eyes were thus filled with vigilance.

“I naturally intended to be loyal to the country at first. But then I retired, and I used my previous connections to get the Project X plans from Javis. I have to prevent that from happening!” Clive’s face was filled with sincerity.

# Chapter 1093 - To Meet Again

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“They plan to eliminate ordinary human beings with genetic manipulation, using the Tree of Life to control their minds and turn the whole world into a puppet. This wickedness... It far exceeds even the worst cruelties the ancient empire ever inflicted on its people.”

There was a look of righteousness on Clive’s face, “Some of the military who had access to project details couldn’t accept it. We formed a secret organisation, uniting our forces to resist the decadence that has taken over the imperial family!”

Clive turned redder and redder as he spoke, his voice growing higher in pitch. Without the protection of the pulse jammer, they probably would have attracted attention.

Although she more or less believed the other party, Bobbi still sneered as she crossed her arms, “It’s a pity that your brother doesn’t know about this.”

Hearing that mentioned, Clive turned helpless as his expression filled with sentiment and grief, “Javis... He’s another one of the reasons I established this rebellion. Take a look at this.”

He pulled a golden necklace off his neck, the locket attached to it in the shape of an oval shell. A family photo was within.

There were three boys in the photo, two of them looking like Clive and Javis.

“This is our third brother,” Clive said, pointing to a red-haired boy standing at a side. He was the shortest of the lot, wearing a checkered black-and-white shirt. He seemed to have a shy personality.

“The three of us originally got along greatly. However, once we joined the army a mistake I made in compassion caused our third brother to become a vegetable. Currently, he doesn’t have the ability to think anymore.” Clive revealed his secret.

“His situation is very tricky, with aspects of the soul involved. Even the most advanced technology of the Empire couldn’t remedy the situation, and ever since then Jarvis has hated me. His personality turned more extreme and brutal, and he used that to his advantage to rise quickly as he joined the Special Forces...”

Not knowing why, Xavier suddenly felt like both Clive and Jarvis were quite pitiful.

“What does the death of your brother have to do with your loyalty towards the empire?” Bobbi asked acutely, and then she covered her mouth, “Could it be... because of the X project?”

“No. It’s the Tree of Life orchestrated by the empire...” Clive seemed determined in his betrayal as he casually spoke of classified information, “The project aims to use magic via Rapid Shadows as a medium, using immense pressure to directly implant the Shadow Weave into humans. This will give the royal family control over the thoughts, and even the soul! Ultimately, all humans in the

Shadow World will be integrated into a hive mind, forming an extraordinary existence...

”This is why Jarvis is loyal to the empire. The Tree of Life is the only hope for our brother to recover, the resonance of extraordinary power that comes with the implantation of the Shadow Weave able to bring him back. On top of that, the empire promised to hand over some autonomy to the souls of the higher-ups, which is why some of them are still loyal. An empire they control, with no public opinion or resistance to worry about, letting them do whatever they want. To some of them, this is heaven!”

Clive revealed a mocking smile.

“You should be entitled to this as well, right? Wouldn’t it be great? Once it happens you brothers can live happily together once more...” Xavier couldn’t help but ask.

Clive suddenly hesitated for a moment, then he caressed the pendant in his hand. “My only wish is to see my little brother recover. For that, I’m willing to sacrifice everything. However, he certainly wouldn’t want to wake up to such a dark world...”

He breathed out a long sigh, “I erred once, but I do not wish to do so again. Are you willing to join hands with us in our fight?”

“Your reasoning is flawed,” Bobbi said with disdain. However, just as Xavier thought negotiations were about to break down she continued, “However, an undercover agent from the empire could

forge a more flawless background. I believe you— for now.

“Of course, our people have clashed so often before that they currently hate each other. It’s impossible for us to act in tandem, at most exchanging information for now.” Bobbi’s analysis was very reasonable. After all, the resentment between the Bloodline Alliance and the empire wasn’t just a matter of a day or two.

“I agree,” Clive nodded after a while.

“So... This is what I need to know. The bloodline carriers on the Starry Tourist bus, including the old and young, where were they sent?”

“Silver Mountain Research Institute, close to Kerallen. These are the coordinates...” Clive sold out the Special Forces without hesitation. Perhaps he wanted to use this to win Bobbi’s trust in the first place.

“It’s a training and logistics centre for the Special Forces. They were hit pretty badly recently, so they’re most likely collecting fresh blood to train. The chances of survival are very high. A few on our side also have passwords to a few crucial entrances.

Xavier’s eyes lit up as this was mentioned, and he grabbed Clive’s arm, “What about my sister? Is Jill inside there?”

“Jill? I’m sorry, I’ve never heard of this name....” Clive politely retreated, “However, If your sister is young and was sent to the



imperial capital, it means that her innate talent is extremely high. There's a great chance that she was sent there."

"That's great!" After receiving the news, Xavier resolutely clenched his fist. 'Jill, Mom, Dad... Soon, I'll be there soon!' he said in his heart.

"If you need any more information, just head over to the capital's Golden-Purple Flower Road, building 377 there to look for me. The boss is a disabled man, all you have to do is say 'Open Tulips' and he'll naturally understand what you mean.

Once everything was explained, Clive quickly stowed away his pulse jammer and gradually vanished into the darkness.

Bobbi and Xavier waited in place for a moment before the communication device on Bobbi's collar rang out, "The target's left, sister. There's no traces of an ambush in the vicinity."

"Very well, let that old man leave... He does indeed have some sincerity. Send the rescue team over!" Silhouettes that formed a sparse encirclement slowly emerged from the surroundings and made Xavier jump.

Earlier on, if Bobbi had felt that the other party was lying, would Clive most likely have received a shot in his head?

"Contact Genius!"

One of the members immediately half-squatted, revealing a transmitter. Bobbi inserted a disk Clive had given her into the device and sent it to Genius, “Genius! This is the map of the Silver Mountain Research Institute, along with a few passcodes. Eliminate their firewall, and paralyze their base within half an hour.”

“No problem! I AM a genius after all...” The youth on the screen looked like a ruffian, and pity and grief surfaced on his face, “Damn it, why did you give me all these passwords? I can hack them myself! I thought I had a good opponent, but now it’s like I’m using cheats...”

“Scram!” Bobbi hung up the transmission and turned to look at Xavier. “So, what now? This is the imperial capital, with the most powerful guards in the country. Do you dare to do something big?”

“What’s there to be afraid of?” Xavier suddenly shouted. In fact, he had indeed felt afraid. However, with his family members trapped inside, he had no choice but to go.

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When Bobbi brought the elites of the Bloodline Alliance to attack the Silver Mountain Research Institute, what she saw was completely unexpected. There was no heavy guard here, instead a base that had been ruined.

“What happened? Has someone gotten ahead of us?” Bobbi’s face filled with surprise and uncertainty. Other than the Bloodline

Alliance, she could not think of another force that had the guts to be so rampant.

“The Coven? But there are no traces of magic attacks. The Knights of the Round Table or Martial Arts Association? Right now, with the deaths of the majority of their elites and important figures, they can’t even care for themselves much less others... Clive? There is no beneficial reason for them to do so.”

Possibility after possibility was crossed out of her mind.

“The fighting traces are quite recent, and the enemy seems to be a small force or even a single person!” A scout came back to report. “The empire will respond soon. We must evacuate as soon as possible.....”

“I agree!” Bobbi had yet to reply when a black silhouette walked out of Silver Mountain Research Institute. Numerous alerted gazes suddenly disappeared after looking at the familiar appearance of the other party, and Bobbi released a pleasant cry.

“Crowley!”

“Mm. I swept away the Special Forces, and arranged for the bloodline carriers and captives to be sent to safety. I stayed behind to wait for all of you...” Crowley foolishly laughed.

However, Xavier felt that the air around him had changed drastically. The pressure from his bloodline, especially, made cold

sweat emerge on his forehead. His body was expressing a continuous desire to just surrender.

“You were away so long, where exactly did you go die?” Bobbi stared at Crowley. He seemed to have changed a lot, but at the same time seemed no different from usual.

# Chapter 1094 - Villa

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“Let’s discuss this after we leave. The story is quite bizarre, almost like a fairy tale...” Crowley touched his head and laughed bitterly, “Also, I’m working under a mighty lady right now. If you meet her, remember to... Nevermind, I doubt you’ll need me to tell you.”

“Crowley!” Xavier rushed towards Crowley, “I... I...”

Without his knowledge, the words had gotten stuck in his throat, He couldn’t spit it out, and his face turned red in embarrassment.

“I rescued your parents. However...” A trace of regret surfaced on Crowley’s face, “I couldn’t find Jill... I’m sorry...”

“Alright... These are all minor details. Let’s leave this place immediately.” Contacting Genius, Bobbi slapped the head of the depressed Xavier and shouted, “The imperial guards will surround us in five minutes. Get a move on, let’s break out!”

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Imperial capital Kerallen, inside the palace.

“This is the recording from the attack on the Silver Mountain Research Institute,” Ling reported to her father, pulling out a projection of Crowley surrounded by shadows.

This man named Aragon, the graceful master of the Shadow Empire who had greying hair, was filled with serenity. The imperial army's lack of a result or the significant losses encountered by the Special Forces weren't of much importance to him.

“Hand these issues over to the garrison and military to handle. Your only goal right now should be the project. Understood?” A faint trace of reprimand could be detected from Emperor Aragon's tone.

“I understand,” Ling complied, and she went on to another report, “I found another suitable body that resonates with the project.”

“Oh? Let me look at it now!” Emperor Aragon emperor's fervent attitude was so frightful that even Ling felt fear.

“I ordered the Special Forces to bring her here, and a series of tests revealed that the purity of her soul is extremely high. She can completely withstand the effects of the eye array and the converter.”

Ling presented an image of a curled-up young girl in an incubator, traces of tears still on her face with closed eyes. This was Xavier's sister— Jill!

“Very well... Haha... You've done well...” Emperor Aragon did not care about the other party's origins nor her suffering, looking at the data and research results. The joy was evident on his face.

“She’s the twelfth, and with that the foundation for the Tree of Life project is complete. You’ve done well, Ling, no wonder you’re the daughter I dote on the most.”

Emperor Aragon aimed to dominate the conscience of the extraordinary being formed by the Tree of Life, obtaining the power to fight the control of the Mistress of the Night. However, such a thing was very difficult to do, especially with the complex emotions arising from so many humans. He wouldn’t be able to digest all that power himself.

Thus, he had to establish a few transfer nodes to absorb a significant amount of insanity and evil, making the process much easier. Research showed the empire that the soul refining array required twelve females with extremely pure souls, the kind only present in young children. It would allow them to call upon their strength to purify the evil.

As for what happened next, and whether those souls could withstand the tremendous pressure or dissipate under the load, Aragon had no need to consider it. After all, these young ladies should actually be excited to sacrifice their lives for such a significant cause.

It took a while for the Emperor to subdue his excitement. However, the first sentence he spoke afterwards shocked everyone, “Find a chance to make a report to that fellow. The empire’s preparations are complete.”

‘We’re finally about to begin?’ Ling looked at the emperor’s face. Although he seemed tranquil on the surface, the flames in his eyes could not be concealed.

The prophet’s eyes and the mermaid’s scales ensured that Aragon had no need to hide anything anyway. He managed to hide his emotions from the outside world, and not even the empress or his other daughters could realise that anything was unusual. This was a fundamental requirement for one to become an emperor.

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“Why bring me here?” Xavier asked Crowley, looking in puzzlement at the man. Ever since he came back, this man in front of him had been acting quite strangely. The atmosphere around him had become more daunting, yes, but it also seemed like he’d acquired another master. Bobbi had ended up bringing him out of the base to confront him directly.

“Sigh...” Crowley scratched his head, smiling bitterly. “Some things you only believe if you can see them. Rest assured that I won’t harm you. In fact, if we manage to get that person’s assistance the chances that we’ll be able to save Jill will grow tremendously...”

“Are you serious?” Xavier’s face filled up with disbelief.

“I’m your bloodline ancestor, and have lived for longer than five hundred years. I will not harm you!” With this issue being brought up, Xavier could do naught but roll his eyes in secret.



Crowley soon brought Xavier to the entrance of a red villa at the outskirts of the imperial capital.

“This is an estate I purchased during my travels. It’s written to the accounts of a housekeeper and my progeny, so it’s very safe...” Crowley’s voice contained a prideful tone. “My master, the great lady I serve with all my heart, is currently within...”

“I feel something abnormal...” Xavier felt like his legs had gone soft, and he tried to leave. The blood in his body suddenly ran rampant, causing his eyes to turn scarlet. A few fine scales emerged on his face and the back of his hands.

“Bloodline Ressonance!” he spat out with an expression of stone, his speech like the hissing of a snake. The red villa in his line of sight had turned into a blood red whirlpool, attracting him to no end.

His free will fought back without break, but his resistance was growing weaker. He almost entirely gave up.

“Alright... Allsnake, stop oppressing your juniors the first time you meet them. You did the same thing when I first met you...” Just as Xavier couldn’t hold on any longer, a voice broke the pressure on him. The villa returned to normal in his eyes, as if what he’d just experienced was but an illusion.

‘Wait, I know this voice!’ Xavier turned his head, only to see a cloaked Leylin wielding a black staff.

“Ley? Why are you here?” He’d had a deep impression of this man who’d displayed astonishing ability during the greater proficiency test.

“Hello! Long time no see, gentlemen.” Leylin laughed as he avoided Xavier’s question.

“Wait... He is very suspicious!” Unlike Xavier, Crowley was deeply vigilant against Leylin. However, this attitude flipped completely as he heard something, and he turned humble as he continued, “Welcome, mighty existence. Mistress Snake Dowager is waiting for you inside...”

“Alright!” Leylin did not exhibit any courtesy, immediately treating Crowley like a servant as he passed his hat and staff to the man. Following Crowley’s lead, he arrived at where the Snake Dowager was.

“Your Majesty!” the Snake Dowager nodded her head, and Crowley automatically moved to her side like a proper servant. Everything about her was so alluring, allowing her to become the centre of attention regardless of where she was.

“This... This... This...” Xavier’s eyes were wide open and bloodshot. His heart was beating so rapidly blood was leaking from his pores. “This feeling... Why?”

“That is the Snake Dowager. She’s the origin of your bloodline, so you’ll enter such a state whenever you meet her. The only way

out is to become a being of laws, breaking away from her control completely..." Leylin explained with a smile.

"Are you trying to play tricks on me right now?" The Snake Dowager threw Leylin a glance. Still, even when she flared up she contained amazing charm. Crowley turned away immediately, as if he knew that he'd make a fool of himself if he continued looking.

"Alright. Crowley, take my descendant downstairs, I'm aware of why you're here. I have something more important to discuss with Lord Leylin right now..." the Snake Dowager ordered.

To Crowley and Xavier, the instructions from their origin of bloodline held the utmost importance. They would follow through even if it cost them their lives.

Crowley saluted to the Snake Dowager and Leylin, supporting Xavier as they moved out. Leylin and the Snake Dowager were left alone in the place.

"This is the first time our real bodies met in the Shadow World, no? If the Mistress of the Night discovers us this is probably a great chance for her to solve everything in one go..." Leylin had a joking smile on his face. However, just after he spoke those words he showed a startled look, and seemed to fall into thought.

Every action performed by a being of law had a far-reaching impact on the world. Even the words they spoke would be prophetic. Of course, the possibility that these prophecies came true hinged on many other factors as well, especially considering

similarly powerful beings.

“Her hold over the Shadow World is quite weak right now. It allowed me to do quite some things...” The Snake Dowager blinked her watery pupils, and her gaze seemed to ripple with endless flirtation.

“I followed the plan as well. The Coven of Witches, Martial Arts Association, and the Knights of the Round Table have been suppressed, and at the same time I leaked some inside news to them. They should be rushing towards the capital right now, although I don’t know how much use they’ll be...”

# Chapter 1095 - Taking the Initiative

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The Snake Dowager was exceedingly protective of her descendants in the Shadow World. She'd even especially asked Leylin to suppress any possible chaos in the organisations with extraordinary strength, guiding them to the capital. Leylin could sense something strange from this.

“I and a few others are the source of all the extraordinary power in the Shadow World, so these descendants will be quite useful...” That was how the Dowager explained it, but before she could finish speaking Leylin's expression changed.

The entirety of the Shadow World began to howl out, and a huge net of purple and gold materialised all over it, full of an enchanting beauty.

“The origin force of the world is boiling... What is the Mistress of the Night up to?” The Snake Dowager muttered.

“I'm afraid she wants to deal with our allies, and also pull us into her trap. Remember my prediction just now?” Leylin now looked grim.

“Have Trial's Eye and the others been discovered already?” The Snake Dowager wrinkled her beautiful brows, and then straightened them out, “That doesn't matter. Even if the Mistress of the Night is just one step away from the peak of rank 8, Massa and the rest are also beings of laws. If she truly has the guts to walk out of the Shadow World, that'll be a great opportunity for us!”

Leylin shook his head, “I’m sorry, but I still stand by it. If she chose to act, then she should be rather certain that it’ll work. It’s better we stay hidden.”

At this point he’d grown some respect for the Mistress of the Night. The courage to leave the Shadow World whose origin force protected her was really something, even if it was only an avatar.

After all, this avatar of hers would hold most of her power. The moment it fell, Shar would fall into a condition similar to or even worse than Beelzebub!

Currently, outside the Shadow World. Under the illumination of the boiling sea of origin force, Shar appeared in her black gown. She took one step forward, and the astral plane formed the most resplendent of pathways under her feet. It allowed her to reach the astral plane in an instant.

Rank 8 strength erupted out, merging the auras of several laws together as it suddenly swept past a gigantic black mountain in the astral plane.

Crack! Crack! A solid mountain the size of a small plane was shattered instantly by this strength, and the black dust generated from it devoured by the shadows. From the outside it looked like Shar had a massive black hole in her hand, sucking in everything without even a speck of dust left behind.

“I’ve got you!” Shar smiled like a flower all of a sudden, her jade-

like fingers pointing at a grain of dust that hadn't been absorbed.

Space trembled violently, and a hidden plane opened up slowly amidst golden radiance.

“Trial!” “Justice!” “Judgement!” The golden light seemed to form a song of praise, forming a rune in the shape of a large, vertical pupil. The mysterious rune flashed as it exited the semi-plane, the power of light and electricity surrounding it.

“Trial's Eye, the final judge? Why are you going against me?” Shar's own body seemed to grow in the face of this giant eye that seemed to span the entire astral plane. She was eventually a head taller than the eye, bringing with her the pressure of an entire world.

“I guard contracts and enforce rules!” Trial's Eye used its own actions to answer, boundless golden light forming a holy lance that flickered with the laws of trial and justice.

“What a pity... I would have wanted someone like you to work with me!” Shar's expression showed the pity she felt as a large green web appeared in her hands to meet the lance.

This was a weave she'd constructed personally. It could not compare to Mystra's Weave or the Shadow Weave, but it was already enough to restrain Trial's Eye. Threads of shadow twined around the golden runes, corroding into them.

Evidently, Shar was more powerful than the Trial's Eye in terms of sheer might. While both of them were rank 8s, Shar was close to the peak.

Crack! Crack! The golden lance was melted away by the web, but the eye betrayed no emotions.

“Light of Judgement!” A thin white streak flew out of the centre of the eye, pushing space apart in the astral plane as it imperiled the planes and small worlds around them.

This was the power of judgement, the Trial's Eye's core law. In the face of such an attack, Shar had no choice but to get serious. Terrifying energy storms were formed in her surroundings, sweeping through the skies. A tremendous vortex absorbed the light..

From a distance this golden lustre was like a huge dragon, surging forward in the horrifying sea of shadow force.

“Hehe... stupid woman, you've actually left the Shadow World...” A voice suddenly sounded deep in Shar's mind, and an image of an old man wearing luxurious clothing appeared before her eyes.

“A spiritual attack? No, it's one on my truesoul itself!” Shar bit at her lips, and a layer of shadows quickly enveloped her.

“It's no use... I am a spirit grandmaster! No material power can



hinder my soul energy!” Yuri began to chuckle madly.

“So this is the soul energy of a spirit-sucking monster, a brain-seizing devil?” Shar bit at her lips. All of a sudden, a smile full of confidence emerged on her face, “I got another one!”

“Stop trying to conceal it. I can see the terror and weakness hidden in the shadows of your mind.” Yuri continued to attack her with all his might. The soul energy dispersed in her body, and Shar found that her control of her own body gradually weakened, as if there were two wills trying to gain control of her body.

“How foolish! Did you think you can truly see my mind? Get out here!” Shar yelled out, and terrifying soul force spread through the area like a giant invisible web going taut.

Whoosh! A streak of black lightning appeared in the sky, striking down to reveal an old man in imperial robes.

“Show your true face!” Exceedingly powerful shadow force was transformed by Shar’s hand, the effects of divinity and magic combined within. It undulated power, at least as strong as a rank 7 spell.

The boundless shadow force turned into a black sickle that slashed at the back of Yuri’s neck.

Schlick! The blade cut through silently, and the black lines it caused immediately moved out into the sliced through the world.

Yuri's body melted away, and the luxurious imperial robes immediately fell and turned into a pile of ashes. The body that was like molten wax regathered to form a new figure, that of a terrifying spirit-sucking master with tens of thousands of heads. Numerous tendrils hung down from these heads, making it like a willow that was even larger than a plane.

However, at this point, a hundred of its heads had all exploded at the same time, causing smelly yellow pus to flow out. Evidently, Shar's attack had injured its main body badly.

"I judge you!" The light of judgement broke out of the vortex during Shar's exchange with Yuri, arriving before the former goddess. A lustre that could melt worlds away was blocked by the black clothing, but Shar's right glove turned to powder as a look of pain emerged on her face.

One could not help but pity her. She was outside the Shadow World, no longer supported by its origin force. She was strong enough to have the upper hand against a single rank 8 existence, but fighting two would be difficult. As for three? As for three? Unless she was a peak rank 8 or had a specific advantage that targeted the enemies' weak points, that would be impossible!

A bundle of darkness slowly squirmed until it was underneath Shar, abruptly opening its mouth wide open. "Keke.. I like the shadow force on you very much!" Massa's voice sounded out, making her move upon Shar once she noticed the former goddess was injured.

However, there was a tone of greed and violence to her voice this time, completely different from the bashful lady that Leylin had met. It was like Snow White becoming an old witch.

Massa came from the Dark World, and she was enamoured by the law of shadows. Her understanding of the law of darkness gave her a natural advantage over Shar.

Three rank 8 existences were surrounding Shar in a triangle. The situation seemed to be a complete deadlock.

“Whatever it is, this isn’t the Shadow World anymore. You’re alone, and there’s no way you can contend with the three of us...” Yuri’s nine thousand or so heads emitted powerful spirit undulations, “Let us all attack... I want this woman’s main body’s brain!”

“Inform Allsnake, have her rush over with Leylin. That’s the most dependable method!” Trial’s Eye shook, separating a tiny golden eye from itself that suddenly dropped into the Shadow World.

Within a red villa, the Snake Dowager and Leylin were standing on the balcony. Their expressions changed as they saw a golden meteor fall to the ground.

“The aura of the jar imprint? So it can be used this way too...” Leylin nodded, finding that he had learnt something new. The golden light split in two, entering the eyes of the Snake Dowager and Leylin, allowing them to know the events of the astral plane as

if they'd experienced it themselves.

“Seems like there's a great chance of them winning, now that Shar has given up the reinforcements from the Shadow World.. What do you think?” Leylin glanced at the Snake Dowager with a half smile.

“I actually have the same thoughts as you do. Shar isn't someone so easy to deal with, so she must have some plot. I'll send down the order to have them all retreat immediately!” The Snake Dowager's beautiful eyes moved, the words that she said stunning Leylin slightly.

“There's no use. Massa needs the shadow laws to make up for her own darkness. Yuri is also very envious. In a situation like this where things seem to be going so well, your suggestions will still...” Leylin shook his head.

# Chapter 1096 - Advance

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”No matter what, we should at least try. If not our future plans will be more difficult to enact.” The Snake Dowager smiled wryly as she whispered a few words into the Jar Spectre imprint. Two beings of law looked towards the sky from a balcony in a red villa, their gaze piercing across the horizon as they peered into a cosmic battle.

The Snake Dowager turned her head suddenly and asked Leylin, “Say... What is Shar scheming?”

“Hmm...” Leylin rubbed his chin. “It’s very hard to kill a rank 8 even if they’re not strong at battles. They’re very tenacious, and even heavily injuring an opponent at that level is a great accomplishment...”

“However, Shar’s different. She has extremely wild ambitions, so her goal won’t be so simple. Her greatest power is the support of the Shadow World and Shadow Weave...” Leylin’s eyes brightened, “Could she pull all her enemies at once into the Shadow World? If that’s the case, Trial’s Eye and the other two would be in danger of dying...”

Snake Dowager pondered further but she shook her head eventually. “That’s impossible. Don’t you know how hard it is to set up a teleportation formation for rank 8s? Moreover, once Trial’s Eye and the other two discover that they’re being teleported, they’d be able to interfere in a moment and cause the teleportation to fail...”

“The more you think it’s impossible, the more I think it isn’t! They’d believe the same thing, and let down their guard.” Leylin rubbed his chin, his eyes filled with wisdom. “There’s more than one way to do this... If you want to get to a mountain, you could also have the mountain move to you...”

“You mean...” The Snake Dowager’s expression changed, “We have to let them know immediately!”

“I’m afraid that it’ll be too late,” Leylin shook his head helplessly, yet his eyes portrayed a very strong interest, “Such craziness and bravery, counting it all in one bet, this is indeed the Mistress of the Night!”

Rumble! The sun in the sky began to roar under their gazes, radiating even more light and heat than before as it seemed to expand continuously. At the same time, earthquakes and tsunamis burst out everywhere in the Empire. The earth split apart, revealing deep gorges in the ground as every single harbour was flooded. Destruction rained in but a few seconds.

And this was only on the surface. Someone gazing upon the Shadow World from the astral plane would see it come alive, as if breathing with life.

“Allsnake asked us to leave immediately. She says there’s danger!” The Trial’s Eye’s enormous body floated in midair, and its eye that was as large as a world continuously flickered with lightning. There was a faint image of Shar’s reflection within.

Shar was like a black lotus now, beginning to wilt under the attack of the other three.

“What? We just have to endure it for a little longer!” Yuri and Massa disagreed. These two would reap enormous benefits from Shar, hence they did not want to give up this easily.

“I’ll take our alliance into account. Three helping hands, and I shall leave.” The Trial’s Eye made its decision after considering the request of the other two.

“Okay!” Yuri and Marsha looked each other in the eye as they gritted their teeth and agreed.

“This damned Snake Dowager, we could have made the Mistress of the Night perish if she were to join us at the start...”

Massa’s spirit was extremely vengeful in the darkness, harbouring a grudge against the Snake Dowager. Suddenly, she stopped talking. “No! Something’s wrong! My soul! Why is there a shadow overcast on my truesoul?”

“What?” Yuri was shocked as well, even if he was a specialist in souls. He racked his brains as he peered deep into his abyssal truesoul, using all his might to see the same shadow on his. It was extremely eerie.

“I’m a soul specialist, but a shadow was cast on my truesoul and the barriers broken down without my knowledge?” Yuri screamed

in anger. A foreboding sense of danger crept over his truesoul once he discovered this shadow. It was something that could kill him!

“Not good, let’s leave!” Only now did they agree to the Snake Dowager’s suggestion to leave.

“Lacking! Very lacking! As beings of laws, your ability at detection and usage of laws is extremely inferior to that Magus and Allsnake. They would never be confused by my Soul Shadow...

“Also... Don’t you think it’s too late to leave?” Shar waved her hands from the middle of the three, “It has begun!”

Boom! The Shadow World surfaced up into the vast astral plane, its borders writhing continuously as they seemed to breathe with origin force.

The borders of the Shadow World suddenly expanded, its boundaries a terrifying monster that devoured everything. The parts of the astral plane around it— the spatial storms, rifts, meteors, and even small planes— were all devoured.

How powerful was the Shadow World? It was the strongest world in the astral plane apart from the Magus World and the World of Gods. As the monstrous borders began to expand, the dimensions beside it were annihilated. It had already grown half a fold, and these existences of laws had undoubtedly come within its bounds already.



Without the strength to fight against the entire sea of origin force, or the ability to cover half the size of the world in an instant, there was no way these people could escape their fates. A tide of world origin force formed, tens of thousands times more destructive than a tsunami.

The Shadow World had consumed four beings of law in an instant! The expressions of Yuri and the rest changed instantly, because this swallowing came with suppression.

Even if the Shadow World used up a large amount of its origin force, it was still a powerhouse. It had great reserves that allowed it to suppress rank 8 existences at will. Under the powerful intent of the world, all origin force, vitality, elements, energy particles and everything that contained energy in the Shadow World separated from the three beings. They could only rely on their own reserves, but the laws they wielded were suppressed as well. They grew many times weaker than before.

“Advancement of a world! You actually forced the Shadow World to advance! This is crazy, wouldn’t the Shadow World be afraid of its origin force being depleted? Why would it allow you to do this?” The Trial’s Eye sent a message.

The Shadow World was a large world. An attempt to expand once more would put it on par with Dreamscape. Nothing good would come of doing such a thing without sufficient energy; most of the world would turn desolate and barren.

And now the Shadow World had forced an advancement. Without enough origin force to advance, the World Will would

only suffer! The Trial's Eye could not figure out why the Mistress of the Night was allowed to do this.

“Haha... Because I represent the Shadow World's Will!” Shar took a step forward. Everything before her had been consumed by the Shadow World, and she was considered its core. A large amount of origin force converged at this point.

Even if it was weakened, the origin force allowed Shar to reach the peak of her power. A black crack appeared on the crystal inside that palace within the sea of origin force, the one that contained Shar's true body. Now that she'd activated the origin force of the world on behalf of its will, her strength grew close to the peak of rank 8.

On the other hand, Trial's Eye and the rest were weakened, almost dropping below rank 8 in power. The tables had turned!

“Let's go!” Trial's Eye, Yuri, and Massa tried frantically to leave through the edges of the world.

“You've come to my home. How could I let you leave without attending to you well?” Glee spread on Shar's face, and she moved her hands like a master of the zither.

Chi! Chi! The true form of the Shadow Weave revealed itself, different from the one she'd conjured before. This Weave permeated the entire Shadow World, using the support of origin force to allow even the commoners of the Empire to cast spells.

The three beings of laws were like fish in a net. Repelled by the origin force, they were like caged beasts.

“I’ve caught you guys...” Shar walked up leisurely, and smiled with a wide grin. “So what if the origin force would be depleted? As long as the three of you are sacrificed, most of the origin force would be replenished, wouldn’t it?”

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“It is indeed a world advancement!” Protected by an invisible barrier in the red villa, Leylin sighed. “Those three are in danger...”

“We warned them of the trap early enough. At least one of them should be able to escape...” The Snake Dowager said with indifference, only able to predict the future.

“Massa has the least chance. After all, her element is suppressed the most. Outside of this world she can control shadows with darkness, but within the sides switch. Even if Shar doesn’t manage to catch the other two, Massa will not escape...” Leylin added as he stroked his chin.

# Chapter 1097 - Chess Piece

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“The contract requires us to rescue them. You’re not getting ready to move?” The Snake Dowager stared at Leylin with her beautiful eyes. The power of law surrounding them was weakening, their powers being chipped away.

This was the penalty for violating the agreement. Still, it didn’t contain any malice or deliberate harm, only causing a slight drop in power which Leylin could handle.

“Not now. Shar has control of the situation, and within the Shadow World itself she’s currently invincible,” Leylin heavily shook his head.

Shar was a shrewd goddess, with a plan to solve all her problems in one fell swoop. She would surely have her ways to handle Leylin and the Snake Dowager, so if they rushed forward now they would effectively be falling into her trap. Even the Snake Dowager had no choice but to be prudent when facing this crazy and savage goddess.

“I feel the same way...” the Snake Dowager sighed.

But then, she was startled by a layer of large black clouds that covered the skies. Crimson lightning flashed as a precursor to a rain of blood, and a bloody storm fell upon the Shadow World.

Leylin could feel the entire world cheering with In the rainstorm, the depleted World Origin Force recovering before it fell below

dangerous levels.

The Snake Dowager suddenly sighed, “Massa has fallen... I felt the annihilation of her truesoul...”

Shar’s cunning and power had obviously exceeded her imagination, causing her to lose confidence in her plan. A second rainstorm struck not long after.

The intellectual creatures of this world could feel grief and pain in a terrifying roar that resounded from the rainstorm, “AHHHH! MISTRESS OF THE NIGHT! ALLSNAKE! YOU...”

“Yuri couldn’t manage to escape either...”

“Trial! Trial! Trial!” A golden light shone through the western skies after Yuri’s death, and phantom vertical eye appeared in mid-air.

Violent lightning tore through the Shadow Weave, and the huge eye instantly split into two. One was surrounded by the Shadow Weave, while the other took the chance to escape the bounds of the world into the astral plane.

“The Trial’s Eye managed to escape, but with serious injury,” Leylin sighed, “Two fell, and one escaped with heavy injuries. Three existences of law lost their power in a split second. Such effort and scheming is truly worthy of the Mistress of the Night.”

Crack! The imprint of a jar shattered in the Snake Dowager's hands. She furrowed her brows as she told Leylin, "I just received news from the Trial's Eye. It plans to return to the Purgatory World, and won't be coming back."

"Seems like it suffered heavy injuries," Leylin nodded, fear lingering within him. The Trial's Eye had been quite unlucky this time round. Of course, compared to the other two who fell, it could be considered lucky.

"However, with a lack of preparation to advance the world itself, this would be suicidal behaviour on the part of the World Will. We can conclude that Shar has more than 50% control over the world."

The Snake Dowager nodded imposingly at Leylin's conclusion.

The advancement of a world was no joking matter. Even if it expanded in size, the current Shadow World would face great danger if it tried to advance without accumulating enough origin force or making progress in its civilisation.

The cities that had originally been brimming with elemental power were affected by the advancement, dropping in energy concentration. A chain reaction was triggered, but its effects were yet to show themselves.

Leylin believed this move would render half of the original Shadow World barren, and the soil would lose its fertility. Without sufficient food, the humans would suffer heavy casualties.

With the reducing number of intelligent creatures and the death of the flora, the World Will would weaken. It would have to suffer the consequences of all this damage, so it was effectively committing suicide. An independent World Will would never do such a thing. This made it clear that the majority of the World Will was now under Shar's control.

Leylin faintly felt like this was only a half-advancement, merely an expansion of size. The energy it required for this was much smaller, so the situation could be stabilised, albeit barely, with a few existences of law as sacrifices.

.....

Within the imperial palace, Princess Ling rushed to Emperor Aragon's side, "Father!"

"Yes. What happened? Rest assured, I can handle the news!" Emperor Aragon ordered impatiently.

"Yes..." Ling glanced secretly at the emperor, taking a deep breath before reporting the bad news, "The data says this is a level 9 earthquake. Half the capital has already fallen into ruin. We don't have data about the other cities yet, but the situation there isn't looking good either. We've lost contact with several coastal cities that have experienced both earthquakes and tsunamis..."

"Estimates say more than ten billion citizens were affected, and the damage extends throughout the empire. It poses a fatal blow to

our economy, and experts are saying that the famine and plagues that will follow are going to exhaust our food reserves. In the worst case scenario... in the worst case scenario...”

Ling couldn't continue speaking, but her trembling voice already made everything clear— this disaster was enough to destroy the whole empire.

“Haha...” Emperor Aragon instead calmed down after hearing the news, his laughter like that of an injured wolf.

“Great Master, are you prepared to abandon us?” Aragon's bleak expression ultimately turned into madness. “Ling! Don't you think it's best chance now? No matter how hard we try to remedy the situation, the whole empire won't be able to avoid the fate of destruction. We might as well do it ourselves!”

Ling silently pondered over the matter. Indeed, what her father said made sense. This terrifying disaster would be the root cause of the empire's destruction anyway, but if the Tree of Life Project was initiated the entire empire could grow immortal and wipe out the rebel existences.

“Moreover... that voice at the end, you heard it as well, didn't you?” Emperor Aragon's eyes sparkled. “The Allsnake has returned alongside an unknown existence. This follows the prophecy left behind in the Book of Salvation by Ari!”

“That indeed is an astonishing power... If it weren't because of the disaster, I'm afraid that it we would have questioned its



existence...” Ling couldn’t help but think back to the voice that rang out in the hearts of all intelligent creatures, as well as that unresigned roar. Especially the name of Allsnake, it was exactly the same as in Ari’s prophecy.

“With the arrival of our mistress of ancient times, the flames of rebellion will rise,” Emperor Aragon mumbled. He then waved suddenly, “Ling, go out and reveal the second half of the Book of Salvation to the rebel soldiers.”

“What do you intend to do?” Ling hesitated. The existence of a rebel organisation was no secret in the army.

“Release the news to the rebel organisation. We need them to attract the attention of the ancient master and restrict her. We might earn enough time to complete the alternate Tree of Life...” Aragon’s eyes flashed with cunning. To scheme against multiple existences of law at the same time was like dancing on sharp knives.

“I shall obey!” Ling left after a moment’s hesitation. Outside the secret chamber, she moved to a high platform where she could see the entire capital in a mess. Even with the protection of advanced technology and the Shadow Weave, half the city had been destroyed.

More than ten million people were wandering the streets aimlessly and crying. It had a serious impact on social security. Even though the empire’s special disaster relief team backed by its wealth could appease millions, the scale of the disaster greatly exceeded even their limits.

“Alas... Is such a beautiful and glorious empire in its twilight? What awaits us at the end of this path, total darkness or the light of dawn?” A single tear dripped down her face.

.....

Night time. Leylin and Allsnake were seated in a hall, enjoying a candlelight dinner as Crowley waited on them from the side with humility and respect.

“Mistress!” Crowley had received some news from the Bloodline Alliance, “People from the Bloodline Alliance have contacted me hoping to receive your guidance.”

“Do they know of our existence?” Leylin wiped his lips with a white napkin. He felt like the technological advancement of the Shadow World had spilled over into their culinary skills.

“Yes. Bobbi’s saying a member of the rebel soldiers gave her a part of the Book of Salvation that details Mistress’s existence. The prophecy says you are the one true saviour!” Crowley said with excitement.

“Blind Ari?” The Snake Dowager gently closed her eyes, seemingly trying to sense something. “Familiar yet strange... This prophetic power, is she a reincarnation of the prophet Kalle?”

“So, what do you plan to do?” Leylin laughed. Their dinner done,

Xavier tidied up the table and placed a chessboard on it. He was dressed like a waiter.

“What do you think?” The Snake Dowager gazed at Leylin

“We’re currently the king and queen,” Leylin pointed to the core of the board, “the most important cards. We shouldn’t throw that away so easily, instead sending some pawns first to test the waters.”

Having said that, he picked up a pawn and moved it one step forward.

# Chapter 1098 - Motion

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“Indeed!” The Snake Dowager looked at the board and nodded before she turned towards Crowley.

“You are henceforth my representative, able to command all rebel forces.” Dark red bloodline force formed a serpentine black eye that surrounded Crowley, causing his strength to rise several degrees once more.

“Yes, Mistress. Your will is my command!” Crowley knelt down.

“You go follow him,” Leylin told the slightly fervent Xavier.

“Re- Really? Thank you, Master!” Xavier hurriedly responded. The unbearable pressure had made him subservient somewhere along the line, especially now that he was in the presence of two of these terrifying existences.

“You served us well, so here’s a tidbit of information. Your sister is currently inside the palace as well. Try harder, kid!” Xavier hadn’t left yet, and this news caused his body to tremble as he picked up his pace.

Once the two of them left, a strange atmosphere enveloped the surroundings of the villa.

“What do you think of their chances of success?” the Snake Dowager broke the silence. She stretched her body, causing Leylin

to smell a unique scent that caused his heart to skip a beat.

Leylin opened his mouth after a moment of silence, “Project X has been in progress for so many years, and a big portion of the natural world has been taken over. The Shadow Weave’s influence has also permeated the whole world... Our opponent can choose to act at any time.

“Instead of leaving the button in the hands of the Mistress of the Night, why not have the subordinates detonate the bomb in advance? Isn’t now the best opportunity?”

It was impossible for the Mistress of the Night to have taken care of three existences of laws without paying a certain price. The opponent would definitely be weakened, so the chances of their success were much higher. Things would grow more unclear once she made a complete recovery.

“The Mistress of the Night squandered away a great amount of the world’s accumulated origin force, it’ll be difficult for it to recover soon.” Leylin grasped a wisp of air while revealing a bizarre smile.

The advancement of the Shadow World this time had failed. Its reserves of origin force were insufficient, and the civilisation itself wasn’t prepared either. Shar naturally understood this, so instead of causing it to advance she’d had the place expand. The World Origin Force had yet to condense, and there were numerous other missing factors as well.

Because of all this, the Shadow World had been weakened by nothing. The sacrifices of Massa and Yuri only allowed it to recover slightly.

However, if Shar had enough time on hand she could lead the Shadow World to recovery, causing it to burgeon with origin force. At that time, the Mistress of the Night would not be so easy to handle.

.....

The Blood Nest had changed greatly by the time Crowley and Xavier arrived at the capital. Although the earthquakes hadn't caused much damage to their core base, a large number of strangers had gathered in the basement's inner conference hall.

Among these strangers were people dressed in black Chinese gowns, witches with sharp hats, knights clad in armour, and expert martial artists. The ones that attracted Xavier's attention were the group of people clad in army uniform that occupied the area. Everyone there had an aura of blood and iron that was unique to the armed forces.

'This should be the rebels Clive mentioned before...' Xavier noticed that several members of the Bloodline Alliance interacted with the rest of the groups, whereas the soldiers waited silently without any communication whatsoever.

The situation in the hall was chaotic, with many people arguing over the changes that occurred a few days ago. Everyone had been

frightened by that disaster that seemed able to destroy the world. Project X and the Tree of Life were brought up frequently as well.

“Everyone, quiet down!” The arrival of Crowley and Xavier immediately attracted a great deal of attention. The thousands of eyes in the hall caused every pore in the younger one’s body to tense up.

After all, none of those gathered here were exactly ‘ordinary.’ Any other citizen of the empire, even your average soldier, would’ve collapsed under the immense pressure.

Bobbi pushed the other members of the Bloodline Alliance aside, her face filled with expectation, “How is it? Did that person agree?”

“No, but she didn’t reject us either...” Crowley shook his head. “The ancestor appointed me to act on behalf of her will to overthrow the decadent empire.”

“Without their assistance we won’t be able to resist the mastermind behind the empire.” Clive shook his head from within the group of levels. Only the higher-ups of the empire truly understood how terrifying the Mistress of the Night was.

With her support, the imperial family held absolute power. If not for the threat of Project X and the Tree of Life, these soldiers would never have done something so arduous and thankless as rebelling unless their brains had gone haywire.

“What age are we in right now? To believe the existence of ancient myths based on some prophecies? Isn’t that ridiculous?” A questioning voice sounded out from the crowd, attracting numerous opinions in favour of the ridicule. Although they all held extraordinary powers themselves, they still had their reservations about ancient myths.

“This is a treasure the empire retrieved at the cost of their largest submarine. The Book of Salvation was left behind by the blind prophet Ari, and we managed to decipher the prophecy. As all souls become one, the day of doom approaches. That’s already happened. We need the help of the Snake Dowager!”

Clive tossed a stone tablet out, translating the words and images upon it.

“These mysterious ancient relics have no credibility!” The same voice spoke out.

“What about this?”

Hssssss! A terrifying hiss resounded in the massive hall, and turbulent bloodline energy formed a gigantic chimera made up of over a hundred different snakes, seemingly covered by various grotesque scales.

“This bloodline?” Many of the bloodline carriers in the Bloodline Alliance descended from the Snake Dowager. Looking at this scene, they’d immediately knelt down.



They felt the will of their ancestors surround Crowley, his bloodline causing them to swear allegiance by instinct. As the origin of their bloodline, the Snake Dowager could subdue Crowley and the rest with but a wisp of her aura.

Such was the absolute control of a higher bloodline. It afforded more power than any spells of the soul, and it was impossible for the weaker bloodline to break out of their superiors' grasp unless they managed to extract the source of their bloodline from them. However, Leylin was the only one in history who'd managed to do such a thing.

“He's surpassed the energy limit!

“He broke through the rumoured energy limit just like that?” someone else muttered, and everyone changed in complexion. Crowley looked down upon the kneeling bloodline carriers like he was an emperor.

The so called energy limit was propaganda created by the empire. Technology and the Shadow Weave could only do so much, and they hadn't been able to pass a certain threshold. Because of that, they'd called this threshold the energy limit.

The empire's strongest energy weapons were only equivalent to a peak rank 6 Magus in power. Nobody had broken through that barrier.

And yet, Crowley managed to break through that rank with mere borrowed power. His body and spirit had been transformed by the

Snake Dowager, increasing his capabilities to the peak of rank 6. With the help of the temporary authority from the Snake Dowager he could use some bloodline power to pass the bottleneck and become a half-step rank 7.

Although near rank 7 strength still left him having to kneel down in front of other beings of law like Leylin, Crowley was now undoubtedly the strongest person in the empire. He opened a path up with ferocity and violent imposition, instantly finding the fellow who'd been speaking all along.

“Do you have any opinions?” Strong winds blew to accompany his kingly demeanor.

“No! Not at all!” The person who spoke was a youngster with dyed hair and pierced ears. In the face of the terrifying pressure, he couldn't even speak properly.

Boom! The floor shattered, and Crowley's silhouette instantly appeared in mid-air. The hall overflowed with the arrogant and overbearing aura of the hundred snakes, and the other bloodline carriers felt it difficult to even breath.

“I'm the best proof of her existence. Her help allowed me to break through that so-called energy limit, entering a new realm...” Crowley gazed upon everyone from above, “Furthermore, that existence agreed to stop the Mistress of the Night mentioned in the prophecy. Can all of us not even handle the imperial family?”

He roared in a loud voice, “Everyone here is aware of the

existence of the two projects. Thus, now it is time for us to make a choice. Die loyal to that empire, or join me... In rebellion!”

# Chapter 1099 - Initiation

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Crowley's oratory wasn't particularly outstanding. It neither caused their blood to boil nor attracted their attention. By all rights the speech was a failure that couldn't even fool little kids.

Fortunately, he had great assistance. The Shadow Empire's recent actions had enraged the heavens and the peoples. Project X and the Tree of Life Project were too wide-spread, affecting everyone be they nobles, peasants, or prisoners. The upper class couldn't be blamed for instigating a rebellion.

If someone was disturbed in the comfort of their home by a stranger who told them they were but clones who would be assimilated to a whole, and that they'd become complete idiots, it was only to be expected that they'd grow mad. This was just a disaster occurring in broad daylight.

Although this wasn't really the fault of the imperial family, the others would still lump them together. The Empire had already disparaged the Bloodline Alliance and other organisation, causing great distrust from the public. Now it seemed like they were psychopaths plotting to bring about the end of the world.

This situation endangered ordinary citizens and government officials alike. Rebel funding grew greatly, developing further. If they'd planned such a huge counterattack on the outskirts of the Empire before, they would've been killed by the imperial guards who came knocking on the door. Now, however, things were different. The refugees who's jumped ship felt bitter as well.

They had to support the rebel groups with all they had. What would assisting the Empire achieve? Good politicians would never believe that the empire would leave their souls free after assimilating them into the whole.

As a result, it could be said that the Empire had given birth to the rebel army.

“Down with the Empire!” “Overthrow the Empire!” Under the pressure of death, the heads of several major organisations had quickly reached a consensus.

“Excellent!” Seeing the many faces flushed with righteous indignation, a smile bloomed on Crowley’s face. He pressed a button, and a map was projected behind him.

“This is the imperial capital!” Unlike before, the city was now devastated. The surrounding regions had been thrown into disarray as well, “We only have one target this time, the Imperial Palace! We have to thoroughly destroy the core of all evil!” Crowley vehemently clenched his fist.

“There are at least 300,000 troops surrounding the capital on normal occasions, not to mention the police and the Special Forces. We’d never be afforded such an opportunity in that case. However... General Clive!”

“I will only say two things!” The grey-haired Clive was filled with bloodlust, and like a true military man he didn’t mince his words. “Firstly, the horrific disaster hurt the army greatly. Many soldiers

are still participating in the relief efforts, and their information network has been broken up. While us old fellows who are held in some prestige cannot incite the troops to march with us, temporarily stalling them won't be an issue...

“Second. As a result of a lack of support for the royal family, our people have already maneuvered themselves into key positions, including several major transport hubs and the Ministry of Defence.”

Hearing Clive speak, the eyes of the audience came alive. With so many favourable conditions stacking up, they finally saw a glimmer of hope for success.

“We can't delay. Let's plan this operation out immediately!” Bobbi said. She then glanced at Crowley, “We should also designate a chief for us.”

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Kerallen, within the Imperial Palace.

Emperor Aragon was sat on his throne, glancing down at a rare scene of numerous royals enjoying a sumptuous dinner in one place.

The Empress was here, alongside his several sons and daughters, the Secretary of State, the Minister of Maritime Affairs, and the Minister of Defence.

‘Which of these people is truly loyal to me?’ Emperor Aragon suddenly felt a sense of melancholy. He completely lost interest in the wine within the crystal flask.

“Father!” Ling walked in just then, dressed in military uniform. Jarvis was following behind her like a loyal dog. She performed a salute before making her report, “The Special Forces learned that the Bloodline Alliance is conspiring to attack the palace.”

“Hmm?” Emperor Aragon’s brows twitched, and Jarvis immediately knelt down, “I can vouch for the credibility of the news with my life!”

“Sigh... These are truly troubled times!” Aragon put down the crystal flask, massaging his brows with his right hand in helplessness. The entire hall was silent, as if they could only hear the heavy breathing of their monarch.

Just when everyone assumed that the Emperor would order the capture of the rebels, he instead made a shocking decision, “Alright then. Initiate Project X and the Tree of Life Project immediately!

“Sigh... Everyone please follow me. All the entrances of the palace are to be shut. Without my orders, no one is allowed to enter or leave!” A long sigh escaped from Emperor Aragon. Upon bringing a wave of important ministers out of the palace, numerous high-ranking guards followed after.

All the forces of the Empire, be it the Special Forces, the intelligence team, or other elites fell into order under Ling's command. The whole place wound up, as if a machine.

"It's ready!" The other royal family looked at each other, and a strange silence soon followed. The older princes' gazes were fixed on Princess Ling, their thoughts unknown.

The princess herself told Javis to leave, moving alone to another meeting room. A few miserable cries sounded out, and complete silence followed them.

"I didn't think that the Minister of Defence would have betrayed me. Ha, and to think he was my best friend..." Emperor Aragon walked out a few minutes later, sighing as he used a white handkerchief to wipe the bloodstains off his body.

"My path is destined not to be understood by others, but I have no choice!" Emperor Aragon couldn't help but sigh as he looked at the only child to whom he could entrust this task.

"All preparations have been completed, father. Please follow me." Ling didn't betray any emotion on her face, the calm in her eyes making it impossible to guess her thoughts. The two arrived at the imperial garden, all the vegetation within flattened to form a huge plaza.

"Let's begin!" Emperor Aragon commanded, holding back the excitement in his heart.



The entire plaza began to tremble, the earth gradually splitting open as it formed a box. A fantastic white tower appeared from the ground, its interior completely solid while its exterior was filled with light. It dazzled with a gorgeous lustre.

Twelve bright pearls could be seen atop the tower, forming a circle connected by thick black metal chains to the centre. A girl was sleeping in each pearl, and Jill was amongst them. They were curled up like babies in their mothers' wombs, and their eyebrows furrowed from time to time. And just like a womb, there was a large amount of translucent liquid around them, a crystal clear thread from within connecting to their bodies.

“The console of the Tree of Life!” Emperor Aragon looked at the metal console in front of him with a crazy and fervent expression. “Look at it, Ling, such a beautiful crown...”

“Yes,” Ling’s eyes were filled with a radiance as well. She had to admit, the brilliant tower with its twelve pearls looked like a massive crown.

However, she was very clear that this was a test for her father. If the Mistress of the Night appeared here at this point, she and her father would be fated for death.

‘No... Perhaps father might survive, but I’ll definitely die.’ Ling looked at her father’s hands. Only she knew that the array from the strongroom had been transferred to his body, Kalle’s eyes and the mermaid scales on his person.

Before he continued, Emperor Aragon called out to his daughter, “Go activate the final X mutation before the Tree of Life Project begins. No matter who our opponents are, they’re likely to face great trouble.”

Ling’s body trembled as she received this command, one that was equal to setting the devils loose. Still, she managed to retreat respectfully from the place.

“Sword Saint, Night Devil, follow closely!” Emperor Aragon commanded immediately after. Two silhouettes appeared behind his back, his final line of defence. Right now, he’d sent the two of them out.

The two old men saluted to Emperor Aragon, slowly blending into the breeze. Emperor Aragon looked at his surroundings and revealed a trace of smile as he walked into the plaza.

Ding! A layer of pure white energy instantly separated the plaza from the outside world.

“All the unstable factors have been removed.” Emperor Aragon looked around, seeing that he was alone at the console tower. He couldn’t help but reveal a smile of satisfaction, “I will definitely be able to devour the assimilated soul body, becoming a God!”

He walked towards the centre of the metal tower with unswerving determination.

# Chapter 1100 - Break Through

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By this time, the rebel army had successfully infiltrated the capital under Clive's lead. They were heading towards the palace as Clive's communication device rang out. Several words were transmitted over, causing Clive's facial expression to change immediately.

"It's a code from the palace, we've been found out! The palace has been closed down, and the imperial forces were mobilised..." Clive's expression grew unsightly, "Without those insiders it'll be much more difficult for us to break into the palace..."

"We didn't expect to avoid much trouble in the first place. In fact, just being able to infiltrate the capital is worth being excited over, isn't it?" Crowley looked behind him.

They were currently in the capital's streets, those behind them all bloodline carriers and warriors armed with firearms, along with a portion of the military. This motley crowd radiated grandeur as they walked forward.

Even more surprising was that the capital's citizens were all hiding behind closed doors, glancing occasionally at them but not standing out. It was like the guards of the capital had all perished. The group felt strange, as if the imperial army and the entire capital accepted their presence.

"Looks like revealing the existence of Project X and the Tree of Life to the public has indeed been effective..." Bobbi looked at her

surroundings, “At least those lower-ranked soldiers will not fight against us.”

“More important is that outing the royal family destroyed their trust in their government. We now have to work separately. Cut the palace’s power; even if they have a spare we can still take advantage of the confusion.”

An unswerving determination appeared on Clive’s face. “The interior of the Special Forces headquarters contains a detailed map of the palace. It can help us with our plan, I’ll take care of it!”

“Do you want to settle your grudge with your brother?” Bobbi rolled her eyes. “It’s up to you. Although I’ve had problems with them for a while, our target right now is the palace.”

“Thanks!” Clive straightened his back, an unyielding and determined look on his face. “I promise I’ll succeed!”

A portion of the retired and serving officers separated from the rebel army, rushing towards the headquarters of the Special Forces.

“Eh? What’s going on?” After arriving at the Special Forces headquarters, Clive was stunned to discover that it has become a slaughterhouse. Numerous black cloaked bodies fell on the ground with an unbelieving expression.

“This was all done by one person, and...” Clive stood up and

walked past a dead body while entering the headquarters.

“You’re finally here, my benevolent brother!” Jarvis had long been waiting here, his eyes containing an evil sneer.

Preventing the others from indiscriminately rushing into action, Clive spoke with a heavy tone. “You killed those people outside? Why?”

“They were a group of fools. They started to panic and think of rebelling after hearing the rumours, so I had to send the useless trash off personally.” Jarvis blew his fingernails while speaking, as if he had only killed a few ants.

“Even now you still can’t let it go? I’m sorry for what happened, but our brother should not be the reason for you to turn to evil. It’s time to stop!” Tears brimmed in Clive’s eyes as he spoke.

“Stop? Are you kidding me? The project is going to succeed, and third brother’s soul is about to come back. At this point in time, you are telling me to stop?” Clothes ripped apart, and a cloud of black energy emerged from Jarvis’ body. “I’ll turn you into a corpse!”

“Sigh... I didn’t expect that it would come to this between brothers...” Clive sighed, “You were a genius from birth. However, you lacked the most important quality of the strong as you advanced on your road for power... Love, and forgiveness...”

One of the soldiers raised his laser gun, firing a warning shot towards Jarvis.

“It’s not too late for you to change your mind,” Clive tried to persuade him for the last time.

“You should be the one changing their mind, not me!” Even surrounded by the rebels there was not a trace of fear in Jarvis’ eyes. Instead, he seemed like he was watching a good show.

“Not good!” Clive understood his brother well, and he’d noticed the abnormality. Still, he couldn’t make out what it was.

Thud! One of the rebels suddenly fell to the floor, twitching unconsciously.

“What’s wrong?” Clive’s astonishing eyesight allowed him to instantly notice a layer of dark green spreading on the surface of the soldier’s neck.

Thud! Thud! The condition seemed to spread, numerous rebels starting to fall one by one. The rest were left staring at each other.

“The X gene mutated! Have they begun to act?”

Javis seized this moment’s opportunity to attack. “Shadow Wind!”

Whoosh! A violent tornado suddenly blew everyone away. A cluster of shadows suddenly turned those who remained standing into a fog of blood.

“Guards!” Jarvis’ rampant laughter was oddly obvious in the wind.

Creak! Creak! The metal floor opened up, rows of armed robots moving out to surround Clive and the rest.

“How now? Who’s surrounding who?” Jarvis looked at at his brother. “To be absent minded with the fall of a few soldiers, you haven’t changed indeed. Still so hypocritical!”

“Even if I’m being hypocritical, it’s still my duty. Just like I rushed here, not to save the country but to prevent you from falling further. Come back, brother!” Clive suddenly stood up.

“Annoying preaching...” Jarvis dug his ears and turned back. “However, I can give you a chance.

“A showdown between the two of us, where both our people are not to interfere. If you can defeat me, I can give you anything you want. Be it the palace plans or the most important of intelligence...”

“Just what I had in mind!” Clive clenched his fists, and a terrifying aura exploded in the air.

“Well, then come with me!” Jarvis walked in and brought Clive to an ancient colosseum. “So how’s this for an arena? It’ll serve well as your burial place, won’t it?”

“If death can save you, I will not hesitate.” Clive finally understood that his brother had changed long ago. He’d become a moment he joined the Special Forces.

\*Boom!” Two silhouettes rammed ferociously into each other in the dusty sky, a terrifying battle aura flooding the whole colosseum.

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During this time, a majority of the people in the capital had quietly fallen to the ground. Be they merchants, officials, or even royals, nobody was spared. Everyone who fell foamed at the mouth, a layer of dark green spreading around their bodies. The change was especially pronounced in their eyes. Blood vessels thickened as their pupils lost colour, the eyes turning a complete white.

It wasn’t just the humans facing such a situation. The entirety of nature and the ecosphere had suffered from disaster. A majority of insects and other small animals broke out with the symptoms immediately, while those with larger bodies soon followed. The dark green spots spread continuously around their bodies, finally forming a huge mark— the letter X!

“X Gene! This damned Empire, they really did dare to act!”



Crowley looked in fury as his men fell to the floor without end.

Still, it was the soldiers, martial artists, and knights that suffered the heaviest casualties. The protection of extraordinary power allowed the Bloodline Alliance and the Coven of Witches to escape the calamity with minimal losses.

“With Project X activated, the Tree of Life won’t be far behind. We need to break through the palace as soon as possible and get rid of the evil!” Crowley gazed at the huge capital. The masses that were crying due to the previous disaster had received another blow, half of the city dead silent while the other half screamed.

The X gene had spread through more than 60% of the population. About sixty amongst every hundred people had fallen under the Empire’s control the moment it activated the program.

“It seems like they’ve only lost their mobility and consciousness? They might still be saved!” Bobbi released a sigh of relief.

“No. Don’t you feel like this is suspicious?” Crowley’s facial expression was instead imposing. “Look at the current situation. Doesn’t it look as if the Empire is purging their original consciousness to pave the road for the Tree of Life’s activation?”

“Report!” Just then, a liaison officer ran over. “Our front lines have reached the palace, but the enemy robots are holding us back. We’re currently in a stalemate!”

“Sure enough, the Empire has prepared for this situation!” Crowley waved his hands. “Let’s rush there... We can only hope Clive deals with Jarvis more quickly...”

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The entrance of the Imperial Palace.

Xavier, who was in the midst of battle, suddenly noticed the defensive forcefield of the palace weaken, the robots losing the radiance in their eyes. A pleasant smile surfaced on his eyes.

“Clive’s succeeded! Everyone, rush in with me!”

The morale of the rebels rose instantly. Although the Empire had a reserve energy source for moments like this, they didn’t have the time to switch. Their defence was suddenly broken.